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ART. I. *A Treatiſe on the Coins of the Realm, in a Letter to the King.* By Charles Earl of Liverpool. Oxford, at the Univerſity Preſs, for Cadell & Davies, London. 1805. 4to. pp. 268.

BY the publication of this volume, Lord Liverpool has rendered an acceptable ſervice to the ſtudent of political economy, and to the nation at large. It contains a conciſe and luminous ſtatement of almoſt all the facts that deſerve our notice in the hiſtory of the Britiſh coinage; a conſiderable body of information upon this intereſting topic, derived from original ſources to which few authors can have acceſs; a reference, for the moſt part exceedingly correct, to the general principles of political ſcience which bear upon the queſtions regarding currency; and ſome counſels relative to the further reformation of the circulating medium, which highly merit the conſideration of the exalted perſonage to whom the tract is addreſſed, as well as of the people committed to his care. It is now upwards of thirty years ſince the noble author's attention was directed to theſe ſubjects. He had a principal ſhare in forming the plan which was adopted in 1774 for the reform of the gold coinage. The ſucceſs of the meaſures then purſued is well known; and they were intended only as part of a more general ſyſtem of reformation. Various accidents, however, prevented the further proſecution of the deſign, until the year 1798, when it was revived, and a committee of the Privy-Council appointed to conſider the ſtate of the coins, and propoſe ſuch improvements as might appear ſalutary. Among the members of this commiſſion, Lord Liverpool was deſervedly included; and he had begun to take that lead in their deliberations which his experience qualified him to aſſume.

'At this period, I was ſeized with a violent diſeaſe, which has now confined me to my houſe, and generally to my couch, for more than four years;—unable to hold a pen, or to turn over the leaves of a book, from which I might derive information. At intervals, however,

when I have of late providentially obtained ſome reſpite from pain and extreme weakneſs, I have endeavoured to reviſe ſo much as I had before occaſionally written;—to arrange other materials previouſly collected;—and to reduce the whole to a form not unfit for peruſal. A Treatiſe, written on ſo abſtruſe and complicated a ſubject, by one expoſed to great infirmities, muſt contain ſome repetitions, ſlight inaccuracies, and other imperfections. Arrived as I now am on the verge of life, I haſten to preſent what I have thus written, though not exempt from errors, to Your Majeſty, as my laſt ſervice,—if it ſhall deſerve that name;—in grateful remembrance of the generous protection, which Your Majeſty has never ceaſed to afford me, and of the many and great favours, which You have graciouſly conferred upon me.' p. 7. 8.

A work, written under ſuch circumſtances, deſerves a large ſhare of indulgence. But we have really found ſo few occaſions on which lenity might be ſhewn, and ſo much reaſon in general to commend, that we ſhall diſregard our author's peculiar claims to favour, and both indicate, without any ſcruple, the faults which preſent themſelves, and ſpecify very plainly the points where we differ from him, while we endeavour to guide our readers through the various information contained in his performance. The ſubject, we acknowledge, is ſomewhat dry, and not often fruitful in general diſcuſſions. Its importance, however, can in nowiſe be queſtioned; and ſome of its parts will be found to afford the materials of more enlarged ſpeculation.

The uſe of metals, as a medium of exchange, was obviouſly no improvement upon the rude kinds of barter by which commerce had previouſly been conducted, unleſs the practice of aſſaying, as well as of weighing or meaſuring the maſſes of thoſe metals, was at the ſame time introduced. Each tranſaction of buying and ſelling muſt therefore have involved a difficult and expenſive experiment upon the fineneſs of the commodity in which the price was paid; and thus an improvement, ſcarcely leſs neceſſary than the former, was to manufacture a number of pieces of a known fineneſs, which might paſs in exchange by weight, the quality having been previouſly determined once for all. It is probable that this ſtep in the diviſion of employments was, like all the reſt, firſt made by individuals; that perſons of approved reſpectability and known ſkill betook themſelves to the occupation of refining the precious metals, and affixed to the bars into which they faſhioned them, a certain mark, denoting the quality of the maſs. In proceſs of time, however, the governors of the community found ſufficient inducements to take this branch of induſtry excluſively into their own hands. They were always the chief conſumers and principal creditors in the country: they had, therefore, more concern in the accuracy of the ſtandard than any other individuals. Beſides, where there were mines, they had generally found means to appropriate

propriate them; and where there were none, they ſaw that various benefits, ſimilar to the gains of the mines, might be derived from a controul over the preparation of the currency. The difficulty of preventing great impoſture upon the public, ſo long as a matter of this nicety was left in the hands of private individuals, afforded a plauſible pretence for introducing the monopoly, and, in the early ſtages of commerce, at leaſt, was even a reaſon of ſome real weight. By theſe ſteps, the hiſtory of which is in all countries entirely loſt, the ſovereign of every civilized ſtate has become the ſole aſſayer of the metals uſed in commercial exchanges. The other branches of the coinage have, in almoſt all caſes, been introduced by himſelf, at a ſubſequent period. The profits of dividing the metals into pieces of a known weight, were not at firſt very obvious. The power of regulating their fineneſs was much more beneficial, and its abuſes more difficult to be checked. But the advantages of fixing the quantity of metal in pieces of a certain denomination, or of fixing the denomination of certain pieces, were ſoon found to be conſiderable, at leaſt where the rulers had come under obligations to any of their ſubjects, and wiſhed to relieve themſelves without an act of open and violent injuſtice. Hence, in all civilized countries, the excluſive management of the coinage in every branch, and, in general, the regulation of all things relating to the medium of exchange, has become a favourite prerogative of the Sovereign. Lord Liverpool details, in the outſet of the work before us, the particulars of this part of the Royal prerogative in England.

In ancient times, the right of coinage was ſometimes uſurped by the more powerful barons; but Henry II. appears finally to have ſuppreſſed this abuſe; and, ſince his time, no ſubject has ever interfered with the coinage, except in ſo far as the Crown has, at different periods, delegated the right of coining to certain great corporations, who were always bound to exerciſe it according to the rules preſcribed in the grant, and were never permitted to vary either the alloy, the denomination, or the device. This practice of devolving the coinage upon ſubjects, has, however, been entirely relinquiſhed ſince the reign of Edward VI. Various ſtatutes have recognized the rights of the Crown, both to fix the value of the coins as iſſued from the mint, and to alter that value after they have become current. In particular, the 19th Hen. VII. c. 5. enacts, that 'all gold and ſilver coins ſhall paſs for the ſum they were coined for;' and the 5th and 6th Edward VI., c. 19., prohibits the exchanging of any coined gold or ſilver for more than the King's proclamation has or ſhall have declared to be its value. Nor is it neceſſary, in general, that the Sovereign ſhould publiſh his notices with reſpect to the rate of the currency which he iſſues.

Whatever coins come from his mint, with his ſtamp or other authenticating marks, are held, in the ordinary caſe, to be of the value affixed to them in the indentures which he enters into with the officers of the mint. A royal proclamation is only neceſſary when baſe coins, or money below the ſtandard of ſterling, are to be made current; when coins already in circulation are to be raiſed or lowered in nominal value, or decried altogether; and, laſtly, when foreign coins are to be rendered legal currency at a certain rate. But, although the prerogative regarding coinage is thus ample, and apparently well fixed by the theory of the conſtitution, our author admits, that it ought, in practice, to be exerciſed with the moſt ſcrupulous caution; and, notwithſtanding the more recent inſtances of its exertion without conſulting Parliament, particularly in 1717, when guineas were lowered from 21s. 6d. to 21s. by proclamation, he obſerves, that the Crown ſhould, in all important operations affecting the coin, proceed according to the advice of the great national council.

We are fully aware of the futility of abſtract diſcuſſions of conſtitutional right, more eſpecially in times when no proſpect whatever exiſts of any actual conflict, between the different branches of the government upon ſuch grounds. But we muſt be permitted to offer one remark on this part of the ſubject, which has not been attended to, probably becauſe no practical conſequences have appeared likely to flow from the prerogative under conſideration. It ſeems to us eminently abſurd to ſtate the alteration of the nominal value of coins, already current, as a branch of prerogative. The Crown may certainly ordain that certain coins ſhall, for the future, paſs by different names, and that obligations incurred ſubſequent to the ordinance, ſhall be interpreted according to the new ſignifications annexed to thoſe names. But if it gives a new valuation to the currency abſolutely, it exerciſes a retroſpective influence, and puts a new interpretation upon conditions previouſly made. It, in effect, ordains that A ſhall owe B five, when he borrowed ten; or commands the parties *to have done* one thing when they did another; which is evidently not of the nature of power at all, and is truly a contradiction in terms. We might as well aſſert, that the crown or the government (for the caſe is the ſame) has the prerogative of making two and two equal to ſix. When, therefore, a government abſolves contracting parties from their obligations, by what is called changing the denomination of the currency, it is commiting an act of violent injuſtice,—not exerting a power;—and, inſtead of ſaying that it alters the nominal value of money, we ſhould ſay that it forcibly breaks certain contracts exiſting among individuals. To range ſuch acts under the title of any prerogative is an evident abuſe of terms. Were the

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crown or the legiſlature (for it is the ſame thing) to enact that a guinea ſhould be reckoned equal to two pounds Sterling, our courts of juſtice would not be bound in law to abſolve a debtor who owed two pounds, and paid a guinea: they would be obliged to take the ſenſe of the contracting parties for the rule of payment, in the ſame manner as they would be bound to recur to the original meaning of the words, if cuſtom ſhould have altered it ſince the contract was made.

Before entering upon the ſketch which we propoſe to give of the hiſtory of Engliſh currency, it may be proper to premiſe, that the old ſtandard of fineneſs for ſilver coin is 11 oz. 2 dwts., with 18 dwts. of alloy, and that this has been uniformly the proportion, moſt probably from the Conqueſt, with the exception of a ſhort period, from 34th Henry VIII. to 2d Elizabeth; that the old ſtandard for gold was 23 carats $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains, with $\frac{1}{2}$ a grain of alloy; and that this proportion continued till 18th Henry VIII., when the new ſtandard was introduced of crown gold, or 22 carats 2 grains, which has been the only proportion uſed in our gold coinage ſince the 15th Charles II.

Silver coins were, till nearly two centuries after the Conqueſt, the only money of Britiſh manufacture. Henry III., towards the end of his reign, coined a few gold pieces, which were ſo little circulated, that, until an accident brought the fact to light in the year 1732, Edward III. had always been ſuppoſed the firſt of our kings who made gold money. At the Conqueſt, the pound Sterling was equal to a Tower pound * of ſilver of the old ſtandard, and it continued of this weight till the 28th of Edward I. It was divided into twenty ſhillings, and each ſhilling into twelve pennies, of the weight of twenty-four grains each. Nothing, therefore, could have been more ſimple or convenient in every reſpect than this ſyſtem of coinage, which ſubſiſted unaltered for two centuries, and till ſeveral years after a ſecond metal had been introduced into the circulation. The ſucceſſive and rapid changes which were, from this period, made in the currency, may be ranged advantageouſly under three heads;—the debaſement of the ſilver coins by diminiſhing their weight, their denomination being retained;—the debaſement of the gold coins, both by diminiſhing the weight of new iſſues, and by raiſing the denomination of thoſe in circulation;—laſtly, the violent changes made on both ſilver and gold coins, chiefly by alterations in the ſtandard of the metals, during the period which elapſed from the 34th Henry VIII.

* The Tower or Rochelle pound, uſed in our mint until 18th Henry VIII., was $\frac{1}{4}$ of an ounce leſs than the pound Troy. Since that year the pound Troy has been uſed.

to the 6th Edward VI., or rather to the 2d of Elizabeth, and which our author juſtly regards as a ſort of convulſion in the monetary ſyſtem.

1. Edward I. firſt debaſed the pound ſterling, by coining it into twenty ſhillings and threepence. Edward III. by three ſeveral reductions, brought it to twenty-five ſhillings in tale; Henry IV. reduced it to thirty; Edward IV. to thirty-ſeven and ſixpence; Henry VIII. to 42s. $2\frac{1}{4}$d. in the 18th year of his reign. Paſſing over the changes which happened between this and the ſecond of Elizabeth, ſhe, by two reductions, brought the Tower pound to 58s. $1\frac{1}{4}$d., or the pound Troy to 62 ſhillings, at which it ſtill remains. Other operations of the ſame kind have ſince been in agitation at different periods; James I. had taken meaſures for a new reduction, when he was induced to give it up, chiefly by the ſage counſels of Lord Bacon. The ſpeech of Sir Robert Cotton to the ſame purpoſe, in the reign of Charles I., and its ſalutary effects, are well known; and Mr Locke had the honour of cruſhing the laſt attempt of this nature, which has been made with any proſpect of ſucceſs, by his celebrated treatiſe on the value of money.

2. The debaſements of the gold coin have been made both by a diminution of their weight, and an increaſe of their denomination; but principally in the latter way, and with the view of adjuſting them to the value of the ſilver currency during its ſucceſſive changes, both real and nominal. The adjuſtment was made in the former way, at the two laſt debaſements of ſilver in Edward III.'s reign, and at the debaſement of Henry IV. In the ſubſequent debaſements it has been made by the latter method; but when the nominal value of the current gold was raiſed, the Sovereign generally found it expedient to iſſue new gold coins of the former nominal value. Thus, when Edward IV. debaſed his ſilver, he raiſed the gold noble from 6s. 8d. to 8s. 4d.; but he ſoon after coined *angels* at 6s. 8d. the old value of the noble, and *angelets* equal to the former half nobles; and when Henry VIII. firſt raiſed the angel from 6s. 8d. to 7s. 6d., he coined *george-nobles* of 6s. 8d. When the laſt reduction of the ſilver took place in Elizabeth's reign, ſhe fixed the rate of gold to ſilver in coins of the old ſtandard, at $10\frac{6}{12}$ to 1, and in thoſe of the new (or of crown gold) at $10\frac{6}{11}$ to 1. Since that period, the changes in the gold coin have only been calculated to keep pace with the gradual alterations in the relative real values of the two precious metals. It is remarkable that no ſuch alteration ſeems to have called for a readjuſtment of the coinage till the beginning of James I.'s reign, although America had been diſcovered above a century, and even the richeſt of the ſilver mines, thoſe of Potoſi,

toſi, upwards of fifty years; nay Elizabeth, about the beginning of the ſeventeeth century, valued the gold at a lower rate, in proportion to the ſilver, than Edward III. had done; yet it is well known that the average ſilver price of wheat, during the laſt half of the ſixteenth century, was nearly five times its ſilver price during the firſt half. (See the digreſſion concerning the value of ſilver in the Wealth of Nations, particularly the tables at the end of Book I. chap. 11.) We ſhould expect to find the whole gold coin exported, therefore, during this period, in conſequence of the mint prices of the two metals being ſo much nearer each other than their market prices. But although no great exportation of gold ſeems to have been the reſult of this diſcrepancy, ſoon after James's acceſſion, it was found neceſſary to raiſe the mint price of gold; and, by three ſeveral operations, that prince brought the proportion between gold and ſilver to $13\frac{2}{19}$ to 1, in coins of the old ſtandard, and $13\frac{11}{12}$ to 1, in thoſe of the new. After the Reſtoration it was raiſed ſtill further; and the whole riſe, during ſixty years from the union of the crowns, was $32\frac{5}{8}$ *per cent.* But notwithſtanding the great depreciation of ſilver, from the middle of the ſixteenth to the middle of the ſeventeenth century, the ſilver price of gold ſeems to have riſen with a very unaccountable ſlowneſs. The firſt reduction in the weight of the gold coin which James I. made, was found ſufficient to create an unprecedented abundance of that currency for ſeveral years; yet it amounted to no more than 10 *per cent.* of riſe in the mint price of that metal. This was indeed, in ſome years more, found to be inſufficient; and in the ninth year of his reign, he augmented the mint price 10 *per cent.* further, by raiſing the nominal value. No ſooner had this meaſure been adopted, than it was found that the riſe was much too great; the ſilver coin began to diſappear, and continued diminiſhing rapidly for many years, to the great diſcomfiture of the government, as we find by various proclamations againſt the manufacture of plate and the exportation of bullion, '*in reſpect of the exceſſe of forraigne commodities, which is a thing in itſelfe intolerable.*' Yet the price of ſilver was all this time continuing to fall, and did not, in fact, reach its loweſt point before the year 1640 or 1650. It was not till this laſt period, or about the time of the Commonwealth, that the depreciation of ſilver was able to counteract the effects of the too great riſe in the mint price of gold, effected by the two operations of James, and by another reduction which he very injudiciouſly made at the time when ſilver was moſt quickly diſappearing. After this, the market ſilver price of gold continued to riſe, ſo that Charles II. once more reduced the weight of the gold coin; the guinea was iſſued at 20 ſhillings value, but

it became current at a higher rate, and was allowed to vary with the relative market prices of the two metals. The ſilver coin, during the remaining part of the century, ſuffered extremely from clipping; and at laſt this evil roſe to ſuch a height, that the guinea paſſed for 30 ſhillings; all commodities became dear in proportion; and ſilver bullion was exported to buy gold. The recoinage was now undertaken at a great expence; and during the interval, the people became more accuſtomed to gold than to ſilver coins, which were beſides diſliked in general on account of their late degradation. Guineas were at the ſame time prohibited from paſſing for more than 22 ſhillings; they ſoon fell to 21s. 6d.; but this was ſtill higher than the market price of gold bullion, and the new ſilver coins were accordingly exported: ſo that in 1717, when government referred the conſideration of the matter to Sir Iſaac Newton, he was of opinion that, in a ſhort time, payments in ſilver would not be made without a premium. In purſuance of this great man's advice, the nominal value of the guinea was reduced to 21s., and it was fixed at this rate as legal tender. Still it was ſomewhat too high; he had been perfectly aware that the diminution might be too ſmall, and had only recommended it as the firſt ſtep, and for the ſake of experiment. But ſince that time no further change has taken place; the mint ſilver price of gold has been always kept higher than its market ſilver price, by about $1\frac{1}{10}$ *per cent.*; the good ſilver coin has of conſequence been all melted down or exported; what remains of it is imperfect in an extraordinary degree; ſcarce any ſilver bullion has been brought to the mint; and gold has become the ſubſtantial currency of the realm.

In tracing the hiſtory of our preſent gold coin, we have taken occaſion to remark the ſlowneſs with which the diminution of the value of ſilver affected the relative values of the precious metals in coin, as a fact of which no explanation whatever is offered by Lord Liverpool. We ſhall afterwards have an opportunity of recurring to this point; but, in the mean time, we muſt ſtop to notice a general obſervation of conſiderable moment, ſuggeſted by the details which his volume furniſhes. We allude to the conſtant ineffi cacy of all the meaſures taken by the government, with a view to create any ſudden or violent changes in the ſtate of the circulating medium, and the care with which it was always found neceſſary to conſult the public opinions or prejudices. When Henry III. firſt iſſued gold coins, the people refuſed to give them currency. A precept was directed to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London to enforce their circulation. Soon after, the citizens made repreſentations againſt the money, and a proclamation was publiſhed by the King, declaring that nobody was obliged to take

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the pieces, and that the holders of them ſhould receive the full value from the treaſury, deducting the charges of coinage. The firſt gold coins which Edward III. made were thought to be over-valued, and therefore refuſed. A proclamation was iſſued, ordering them to be taken only with the conſent of the receiver; and another was ſoon after publiſhed to call them in. A new coinage was then made, in which the gold was, if any thing, undervalued; but ſtill the people, unaccuſtomed to gold coins, refuſed them; and they were ordered only to paſs in large payments. The prejudice, however, wore away; and they were then ordered not to be refuſed in any payment. We have already ſtated the particulars of another fact belonging to the ſame claſs, viz. the iſſue of new coins, of the old nominal value, as often as any change was made in the denomination of the old coins. The effects of the debaſement of the ſilver coin by clipping, during the latter part of the ſeventeenth century, illuſtrate the ſame general remark. It ſhould ſeem that coins of that ſort then came into bad repute; and this prejudice, aſſiſted by the ſcarcity of ſilver during the recoinage, as well as by the increaſing wealth of the country, ultimately changed the circulating medium from ſilver to gold. For the government, after the recoinage, only fixed the *maximum* of 22s. as the price of the guinea, originally eſtimated at 20s, and it fell to 21s. 6d., which was ſtill ſo much higher than the market ſilver price of gold, that the new and good ſilver was ſoon driven out of circulation; and thus the prejudice againſt ſilver coins, now rendered quite groundleſs, kept up the mint price of gold, without any law to derange the natural level.

3. The violent changes which took place in the monetary ſyſtem, during the interval between the 34th Henry VIII. and the 6th Edward VI., were of a different deſcription from thoſe hitherto under conſideration. They conſiſted in alterations of the ſtandard. By three ſeveral debaſements, Henry VIII. reduced the ſtandard of ſilver from 11 oz. 2 dwt. and 18 grs. alloy, to 4 oz. and 8 oz. alloy; and Edward VI. brought it down to 3 oz. and 9 oz. alloy; ſo that the pound of old ſtandard ſilver was now coined into 13l. 6s. $4\frac{1}{4}$d. Nor was any regard paid to the relative values of gold and ſilver during theſe alterations. The proportion in 36th Henry VIII. was $6\frac{8}{11}$ to 1; in 3d Edward VI. it was $5\frac{5}{11}$ to 1; and in 5th Edward VI. it was only $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1: So that enormous profits, ſometimes above 350 per cent., were made by melting and exporting the gold coin; and accordingly it all diſappeared from circulation in a very ſhort time. The following paſſage deſcribes ſome of the evil conſequences which theſe operations on the coin produced.

' All commerce was nearly at a ſtand. The farmers were unwilling

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to bring provisions to market; and when they offered them to sale, they did not know what price to set upon them. Merchants and tradesmen also greatly increased the price of every article which they had to sell. The government tried every method to keep up the value of the debased coins then in circulation; and proclamations were issued for that purpose, which were not obeyed. To enforce obedience, Parliament passed a law, already quoted, for inflicting penalties on those "who should exchange any coined gold or coined silver at a greater value than the same was, or should be, declared by his Majesty's proclamation to be current for, within his dominions." Other proclamations were issued, for obliging persons, under severe penalties, to bring their corn and provisions to market, and for setting prices on all the necessary articles of consumption. The Parliament passed laws for regulating the manner of buying and selling all sorts of beasts and cattle, as well as butter and cheese; and for limiting the prices at which all sorts of wine should be sold. There was an act also subjecting fuel to an assize, which, in order to exclude from this trade such as were disposed to monopolize, forbade any person to buy fuel, "except such as burn it, or retail the same." The law against regraters, forestallers, and engrossers, which has some time since been repealed, was passed on that occasion, and owed its origin to the obstructions to which every species of internal traffic was at that time exposed. The farmers were disposed to export to foreign countries many of the most necessary articles of life, rather than bring them to the country markets to be sold and exchanged for the base coin; and on this account the exportation of these articles was prohibited.' p. 91. 92.

For these complicated evils, it appeared that a reform of the coin was the only remedy; and it was undertaken at the end of Edward's reign, upon very judicious principles, and to the fullest extent. He left this salutary change nearly completed; and Elizabeth, by putting the last hand to so great a work, obtained, as often happens in such cases, the glory of the whole enterprize. Indeed, there is nothing really admirable in the general policy of this renowned Princess with respect to the coinage. If she finished the reform of her brother, she departed from some of its wisest principles; and, after restoring the standard of fineness, she reduced the weight of the currency by several operations, and was only prevented from executing still greater changes, by the firmness and sagacity of Burleigh. The issue of base coin in Ireland during Tyrone's rebellion, is a measure scarcely to be paralleled in the history of public frauds, and leaves us in doubt whether most to admire at its violence, its impolicy, or its signal failure. If we except the extravagant imitation by James II., it stands unmatched in the annals of the coinage. *

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* The inefficacy of the plan was remarkable. The Irish were ready for every species of submission after the defeat of the insurrection; but the

It is ſcarcely neceſſary to conclude this ſketch of the hiſtory of our currency, by ſtating the motives that produced all the changes which it has undergone. Not content with levying a ſum ſufficient to defray the expences of the coinage, or, as it was anciently termed, a *braſſage*, the ſovereigns of all countries have wiſhed to increaſe this income, and, by the right of ſeignorage, to render it one of the ordinary branches of revenue. From raiſing a ſmall regulated ſum in this way, they have proceeded to extort large and ſudden ſupplies, by fraudulently adulterating the coin, or openly and compulſorily raiſing its nominal value. Lord Liverpool has collected a number of curious facts illuſtrative of this leading view. But the falſe theory of political economy, which frequently aſſiſted its operations, and was the ſubject of a controverſy at different periods of the eighteenth century, though more honeſt, was marked with a ſtubborn blindneſs altogether unpardonable, even in the infancy of political ſcience. Our readers will recollect, that not only Mr Locke's two maſterly treatiſes upon money, were called forth by the prevalence of ſuch groſs errors among ſtateſmen of a higher order; but alſo, ſo late as the Seven-years' war, the ſame doctrines appear to have been broached with an alarming frequency, and gave riſe to the ſecond part of Mr Harris's able work upon coins. That part is wholly occupied with an examination of the evils reſulting from alterations in the eſtabliſhed ſtandard of money. * But, notwithſtanding the long ſubſiſtence of ſuch opinions, and the various unjuſtifiable meaſures which we have been contemplating in the hiſtory of Britiſh coinage, it is ſatisfactory to obſerve, that no nation has erred ſo little in theſe matters as ourſelves. Our preſent pound Sterling is ſomewhat more than one third its original value; the florin, the money of account in moſt parts of Germany, has ſuffered leſs than that of any other foreign ſtate; yet it is now ſix times leſs than it originally was. Scotland, prior to the Union, had debaſed its pound to a thirty-ſixth part; the French livre has been reduced to a ſeventy-fourth of its original value; the Spaniſh

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the baſe coin was univerſally rejected, and would not paſs, even at its real value. See *Pacata Hibernia*, and *Rice Vaughan's Diſcourſe*, p. 53. James II., after the revolution in England, forced a copper and pewter coinage upon the Iriſh, at the rate of above 660 times its intrinſic value.

* It was publiſhed in 1758, and dedicated to Mr Legge. It contains much valuable matter and ſatisfactory argument, mixed with ſome incorrect and confuſed views of the nature of currency. Rice Vaughan was, we believe, the firſt who diſtinctly ſtated the argument in this queſtion, in 1675.

nith maravedi to leſs than the thouſandth; and the Portugueſe re has ſuffered ſtill more. The ſuperiority of England, in this reſpect, can only be aſcribed to the early commercial proſperity, and the ancient liberty of the realm.

We now come to what will probably be conſidered as the moſt able and original part of this work,—the general principles of coinage laid down by the noble author, and the practical rules which he recommends to be adopted in the preſent ſtate of our economy. We willingly admit the truth of a large proportion of his doctrines; and, through the whole courſe of them, we find every reaſon to commend the perſpicuity of his ſtatements, and the forcible manner in which he illuſtrates his poſitions. On certain material points, however, it is our chance to differ from him; and we ſhall frankly ſubmit our reaſons of diſſent as we proceed. He divides this branch of the ſubject into three heads. Under the firſt, he proves that the current coin, which is to be the meaſure of property, and inſtrument of commerce, ſhould be made of one metal only; in the ſecond, he inquires what metal this ſhould be; and the laſt is occupied with remarks upon the coinage of the other metals.

I. It is perfectly evident, that as the precious metals vary continually in their relative value at the bullion market, the coins, which are only thoſe metals in a manufactured ſtate, muſt likewiſe change continually in their proportions to each other. If gold bullion is fifteen times as dear as ſilver bullion to-day, and the former is coined according to that proportion, into guineas, ſay of twenty ſhillings value;—to-morrow, when gold may be ſixteen times dearer than ſilver, the guinea muſt be worth more than twenty ſhillings. The merchant who contracted to pay a hundred of thoſe guineas, and would have performed his contract as readily in gold as in ſilver, had the relative value of the metals remained ſtationary, will now gain by paying in ſilver upon the former footing, and his creditors will loſe in proportion. Therefore, when they bargained about a hundred guineas, they muſt have meant either gold or ſilver money, or ſome other money, valued at a known rate, and not any of thoſe metals indifferently. In the one caſe, they uſed a definite and fixed,—in the other, a variable and uncertain language. No man will bargain to be paid for his labour in ſo much Weſt India produce, generally, unleſs he means to receive the cheapeſt kind, and to take his chance of all changes of price to the term of payment: and if a hogſhead of ſugar were worth two hogſheads of rum at the time of contracting, and then roſe to three hogſheads; ſhould he bargain to be paid a hogſhead of ſugar, or its value in rum, he would naturally demand three hogſheads of rum, and not two, if his debtor refuſed

refuſed to pay in ſugar. There is, indeed, one variation inſeparable from all ſuch meaſures of value. Though the coin be made only of a ſingle metal, its relative value to other commodities muſt vary from time to time. This is quite unavoidable; but, by introducing two metals, and fixing their rates at the mint, a new ſource of uncertainty is added; and beſides the variations of either metal in reſpect of other commodities, we are encumbered with their variations in reſpect of each other. We, in fact, give a double meaning to the words expreſſing ſums of money of account. The two meanings may coincide at the moment that the rate is eſtabliſhed; but there is an abſolute certainty that they will very ſoon change, and keep always varying to a greater or leſs diſtance from one another. Now, ſuppoſe that, after a relative value has been affixed to gold and ſilver at the mint, and both coins have been declared legal tender according to this rate, a change takes place in their relative market prices; it is clear that the coins of the metal which has become dearer in the market than at the mint, will diſappear; they will be melted down, in order to be ſold at the market price for the other metal. When both coins are legal tender, no man will pay his debts in the metal which is undervalued; becauſe, by doing ſo, he would loſe the difference between the mint price and the market price of that metal, eſtimated in terms of the other. Thus it has always happened, that a change in the relative market prices of the precious metals has cauſed one of them almoſt entirely to diſappear from the circulation; and this, we conceive, muſt ever continue to happen, ſo long as government fixes the rates at which thoſe metals, when coined, ſhall be exchanged for one another. We ſhall preſently ſee how far Lord Liverpool limits this inference, although he is clearly of opinion that only one of the metals can conſtitute the ſtandard meaſure of property, as he calls it, or general inſtrument of commerce; a propoſition which, to our minds, conveys no meaning whatever, unleſs in the ſenſe to which, following the doctrine of Mr Locke, we have juſt now puſhed it.

II. Our author's attention is mainly directed to demonſtrate, that gold coin has now become, in this country, the meaſure of property. In order to make out this point, he firſt takes a view of the law reſpecting tenders of payment. It is quite manifeſt, that, immediately upon the introduction of gold coins, in the reign of Henry III., they were made legal tender equally with ſilver, at the rate eſtabliſhed in the mint indentures. Lord Liverpool ſays they continued to be ſo till the 15th of Charles II.; but in this there is ſome inaccuracy; for he has himſelf ſtated, in the hiſtory of the coinage, that Henry III., finding the people averſe to the innovation, ordered the new coins only to be taken at the option

option of the receiver; in other words, he declared them not to be legal tender; and on this footing they remained, if they continued at all in circulation, till the 19th of Edward III. Since that time, they have been legal tender at the mint rate, till 15th Charles II.; and from that year to the 3d George I., at any rate above a certain *minimum* fixed by law. They were then once more made legal tender at a fixed rate, equally with silver; and in the 14th of the King, the silver coins were ordered to be legal tender for sums exceeding twenty-five pounds, only according to their weight, at the rate of 5s. 2d. an ounce. This regulation was renewed in 1798, and continues in force. The copper coins are only legal tender for sums not exceeding a shilling; some of them only for sums not exceeding sixpence. We may remark, in passing, that the statutes which limit the sum for which silver coin shall be legal tender, do by no means enact that silver itself shall not be legal tender to any amount. Silver coin, in fact, is still legal tender for all sums, only not by tale; and it cannot even be said to pass as bullion; for the price at which it shall be received is specified, and not left to the market standard. An ounce of this coin is to pass for the nominal sum of 5s. 2d., or for a quarter of a guinea wanting $\frac{1}{51}$ of a guinea. We do not therefore see what our author's argument gains by the view of the subject, which considers it 'as a question of law.' No one can doubt that gold coins have long been legal tender; he has not disproved that silver coins are so likewise. There cannot be a doubt that they were originally the sole tender, and that, to this day, the money of account here, as well as on the Continent, bears reference, in its name at least, to the weight of silver, of which it once consisted. But, considering the discussion as a question of fact, Lord Liverpool has a better argument. We have already traced the change which happened about the beginning of last century, in the customs and opinions of the community regarding coins. Partly from that circumstance, and partly from the overvaluation of the guinea in 1717, which soon banished the greater part of the silver coin from circulation, the gold currency has, for a hundred years past, formed the great bulk of our specie, and regulated all the rest. The complete revolution which has thus taken place in the kind of the circulating medium, is very happily illustrated by our author from a variety of topics. Before the recoinage in King William's reign, the defective state of the silver coins produced the utmost inconvenience. All prices were raised, and a guinea sold for thirty shillings. Now, when the silver is as defective as it was then, prices are not at all affected by its deficiency, and the value of the guinea suffers no change. Before the recoinage of King William, foreign exchange was kept constantly

conſtantly at leaſt 20 *per cent.* againſt this country, by the ſtate of the ſilver. Nothing of this kind has happened in conſequence of the preſent imperfections of our ſilver coin, though, prior to the recoinage of 1774, the deficiency of the gold coins conſtantly and materially influenced the rate of exchange. In like manner, the price of both gold and ſilver bullion has been regulated by the ſtate, not of the ſilver, but of the gold coins. It never was affected by the deficiency of the former; but it roſe when the latter were defective, and fell again after the laſt recoinage. 'Thus it appears,' ſays Lord Liverpool, 'that not only the people of Great Britain, but the merchants of foreign nations who have any intercourſe with us, and even thoſe who deal in the precious metals of which our coins are made, concur in opinion, that the gold coins are now the principal meaſure of property in this kingdom.'

This change, our author imputes to the increaſed affluence and commercial proſperity of the country; remarking, that in the early and leſs wealthy ſtages of ſociety, copper coins alone are known; that by degrees ſilver is introduced, and, as mercantile tranſactions become more frequent and important, ſilver coins of a greater value are uſed; that gold then takes its place; and even this precious metal being found burthenſome for conſtant uſe, in the moſt refined ſtate of commerce, a ſubſtitute is provided by the reſources of paper credit.

The hiſtory of the Engliſh ſpecie throws great light on this view of the ſubject; and one obſervation which it furniſhes, is ſo appropriate to the illuſtration of the foregoing deductions, that we cannot forbear ſtating it more particularly. At the Conqueſt, the value of ſilver, compared with other commodities, was not much leſs than that of gold is at the preſent day. Commodities have ſince riſen to fifteen times their nominal ſilver price in that early period. Our author infers from thence, that there was nearly the ſame difference between goods and ſilver then, that there is between ſilver and gold now. He forgets, however, that the riſe of fifteen times includes the alteration in the real value of the currency, and that therefore the intrinſic value of ſilver was only five times greater than it is now. But this difference is ſufficient to illuſtrate the connexion between the progreſs of wealth, and the change of the currency, and to ſhew that a gold circulation is not much more coſtly now than a circulation of ſilver was formerly.

But, not only has the gold coin become in fact the circulating medium of this country, and for that reaſon, according to our author, deſerves to be retained in the ſame function;—there is another point in which he thinks it poſſeſſes a decided preeminence over

ſilver

ſilver coin, as a meaſure of property;—its value is much leſs liable to variation. The proofs of this material propoſition are drawn partly from the records of the Bank of England, and partly from the information of a reſpectable dealer in bullion, Mr Garbett of Birmingham, and of ſome other well-informed perſons. By the former, it appears, that the bank has purchaſed gold during twenty years, ending 1797, with no more than a half *per cent.* variation of price at any time. By Mr Garbett's account, gold purchaſed with, or ſold for bank notes, has varied during forty years no more than 5¼ *per cent.* in the London market; while ſilver exchanged for the ſame article has varied in ten years, ending 1793, more than 19¼ *per cent.* By other information, it is ſhewn, that the price of dollars varied during 41 years, ending 1796, nearly 16½ *per cent.*, and during 22 years, ending 1797, nearly 12 *per cent.* Whence, Lord Liverpool infers, that gold varies a great deal leſs in its price from time to time than ſilver, and is on this account the moſt proper of the precious metals for a ſtandard of value and inſtrument of commerce, and that the others ſhould only be uſed in exchanges below the value of the gold currency.

Without examining, for the preſent, what is really meant by the advice here offered, 'to make gold the principal meaſure of property in our coinage;' and before entering on the remaining parts of our author's plan, we ſhall ſtop to notice the great fallacy of the demonſtration juſt now analyzed, to eſtabliſh the propoſition that gold varies more than ſilver in its market price. When the bank purchaſed gold bullion, it muſt have paid for it either in ſilver or in notes, or in ſome other kind of paper currency or ſtock. If the equivalent was ſilver, then the variation in the price of that metal, was the very ſame with the variation ſtated to have taken place in the price of gold, and no other. Conſequently, the propoſition that gold varied only one half *per cent.* in its value during twenty years, means equally that ſilver varied no more during the ſame period, or that the relative values of the two metals continued ſteady within thoſe limits. If the gold was bought with notes or any other paper currency, it is clear that, previous to the reſtriction (and the ſtatement refers to twenty years before 1797), the paper medium was altogether regulated by the ſpecie, either gold or ſilver, for which it was exchangeable, but principally by the gold coin; and as long as it continued eaſily exchangeable for gold, its price could never vary conſiderably from the price of that coin; therefore, the price of gold bullion, eſtimated in paper currency, muſt have been always, in thoſe circumſtances, nearly the ſame, being in truth the price of gold bullion eſtimated in gold coin; and, in ſo

ſo far as the paper may be ſuppoſed to have been influenced by the ſilver currency, the former argument applies. As for any kind of ſtock in which the bank may have paid for gold, its value is always reſolvable into ſpecie or paper: whence we may infer, that the ſtationary rate of the bank prices of gold, proves only one of two things,—either that the gold coin and gold bullion kept nearly equal in value, as muſt always happen,—or that the ſilver varied as little in price as the gold. But Mr Garbett found that gold bought with bank notes varied only $5\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.* during forty years; whereas, ſilver purchaſed in the ſame way, varied $19\frac{1}{4}$ *per cent.* during ten years. The forty years muſt have included a period of twenty-one years before the recoinage of gold in 1774, for it was forty years ending 1793. This variation of $5\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.* in the paper price of gold, then, only ſhews, either that the paper was affected by the ſtate of the gold coin at that time, or, in general, that the circulation was not ſo little influenced by the ſilver as it has been ſince. But when we are told that the paper price of ſilver varied $19\frac{1}{4}$ *per cent.* during ten years ending 1793, while the paper was entirely regulated by the gold currency; we are told at the ſame time that the gold varied preciſely as much in its ſilver price. And ſo of the ſtatement regarding the price of dollars from 1774 to 1797:† it muſt either have been paid in paper or gold. It is rather ſingular, that ſo acute an obſerver as Lord Liverpool almoſt always ſhews himſelf, did not conſider, that in ſtating the accounts of the purchaſers of ſilver bullion, he was always ſtating at the ſame time the accounts of the ſellers of gold, or of that which is regulated by the gold coin; and that a perſon could not buy ſilver much dearer or cheaper than he had formerly done, unleſs another perſon at the ſame time bought gold, or the repreſentative of gold, at a price equally different from its former price. It is manifeſt from the whole, then, that no proof whatever has been offered of the ſuperior ſteadineſs of gold. The bank directors, indeed, are ſaid to keep its price ſomewhat more upon a level, by their rule of only purchaſing at a certain price; but if the proportion between its ſupply and the demand for it, were to vary conſiderably, this rule muſt be broke through. In that caſe, the price of gold might be ſaid to vary; and the ſame might be ſaid of the ſilver given for it. The eaſe with which the bank has maintained its rule in ordinary times, may, on the other hand, be accounted a proof, that the proportion between the ſupply and demand of gold,

† It is worthy of remark, that the year of greateſt variation in this period was 1797, when the ſtate of the bank paper was changed. *See* p. 150.

or its real price, has been ſteady; and the very ſame may be affirmed of the real price of the ſilver given for it. No account ſtated between the two metals can ever prove any thing reſpecting either excluſively. We muſt have a compariſon inſtituted between the relative value of ſilver and corn, for example, as well as between ſilver and gold, or paper, in order to prove that the one metal has fluctuated in price more than the other.

It may perhaps be thought, that certain general conſiderations, alluded to by Lord Liverpool, furniſh a ſafer criterion for determining the queſtion,—as, the greater uſe of ſilver in manufactures, and its annual exportation to the Eaſt,—which circumſtances tend to make it more an article of commerce than gold. But we muſt not forget, that, in proportion as any article is much uſed in commerce, the ſupply is always more likely to accommodate itſelf to the demand, and to retain that adjuſtment. The ſupply of the ſilver mines is probably much more conſtant than that of the gold; becauſe the ſilver ore is diſpoſed in larger veins, varying little in richneſs; and the gold, chiefly found in a virgin ſtate, is ſcattered up and down in ſand, or maſſes of clay, where it is found by a kind of random ſearch; it is, in fact, leſs the produce of regular induſtry than any other metal. But, independent of this difference, the demand for ſilver is peculiarly conſtant. Not only is a regular exportation carried on to the Eaſt, but the money of moſt countries is made of this metal. With the exception of England and Portugal, by far the greateſt part of the ſpecie in the European markets, conſiſts of ſilver coin. Theſe circumſtances, therefore, render ſilver rather a more ſteady meaſure of value than gold. It ſhould ſeem, indeed, that within the laſt ten or twelve years the value of ſilver has been falling conſiderably. There is ſcarce any other mode of explaining the univerſal, and, in general, proportionate riſe in the money price of commodities; and, no doubt, the improvements which have been introduced into the Spaniſh American mines, may ſuggeſt an eaſy explanation of this fact. * But if the ſupply of ſilver has thus exceeded the demand for it, a great quantity of gold has, within the ſame period, been thrown looſe, by means of the increaſed paper currency of this country, which had formerly abſorbed the greateſt portion of that metal; and this has certainly prevented any riſe in the ſilver price of gold, or any greater fluctuation in the price of ſilver, than in that of the

* We allude to the adoption of the amalgamation proceſs, particularly, borrowed from the admirable eſtabliſhments of Baron Born in the Hungarian mines. A ſpecimen of this improvement may be ſeen at the ſilver mines of Freyberg, near Dreſden, where a great increaſe of produce has been effected by it.

the more coſtly metal. Upon the whole, therefore, we ſee no reaſon whatever to conclude, that gold is a better ſtandard of compariſon than ſilver, for the eſtimation of other commodities, in conſequence of its ſuperior ſteadineſs of price; and if there is any difference in this reſpect, we are pretty clear that it is in favour of ſilver.

III. Having maintained, by the reaſoning which we have juſt now analyzed, that the gold coin ought to be the meaſure of property in this country, the noble author proceeds to ſtate the details of his plan for reforming the monetary ſyſtem. The gold coin ſhould be kept, he thinks, as perfect as poſſible, and ſhould be made at the public expence, without any charge in the manner of a *braſſage*; much leſs with any deduction for *ſeignorage*. The ſilver coins, on the contrary, ſhould pay for the charges of manufacture; they ſhould only be a legal tender as change for ſingle pieces of the gold coin; and the copper ſhould bear the ſame relation to the ſilver. The inferior coins ought to be regulated by the relative value of the metals of which they are made to gold, obtained from a compariſon of many years, and of the bullion prices in foreign countries, as well as at home. But it is ſtrongly maintained, that this value ſhould be fixed at the mint, and not left to the regulation of the market,—partly becauſe perſons reſiding at a diſtance from the bullion market, and, in general, the poorer orders, muſt be ignorant of the changes in the relative value of the precious metals,—partly for a very ſingular reaſon, becauſe, allowing the comparative prices of the coins to be fixed in the market, is 'contrary to law, and transferring the right of ſetting a rate or value on the coins from the Sovereign to individuals.' In adjuſting the rate at the mint, he wiſely conceives that the preſent denominations and nominal proportions ſhould be retained, but that any alteration which the real market price of the metals may render proper, ſhould be effected by a change in the weight of the new ſilver coin. He cloſes his ſtatement with a variety of details reſpecting the preſent ſtate of the circulating medium, and the particulars of the meaſures required for its reformation upon the general principles previouſly laid down. The amount of the gold in circulation, he endeavours to compute from the returns of coinage ſince 1774, and from certain general conſiderations relative to the increaſed trade of the country. There were recoined, at that time, nearly twenty millions and a half, and five millions might remain in currency. Since that time, upwards of 36 millions have been coined, of which above 18,700,000 were of gold recoined from having become deficient; of the remaining 17,500,000, our author eſtimates, that only four millions and a half have been clear addition to the gold coinage as it ſtood immediately after 1777; the

reſt of the bullion, he thinks, was our own guineas exported and brought back; ſo that, according to this ſtatement, he 'cannot venture to eſtimate the quantity of gold coins now in his Majeſty's dominions at more than thirty millions in nominal value.'

How Lord Liverpool could bring himſelf to admit ſo high a ſtatement, entirely ſurpaſſes our comprehenſion. After all the changes that the new ſyſtem of paper credit has introduced into our circulation—when the number of country banks has increaſed within eight years from 230 to 517—when the iſſues of bank paper in England, and ſtill more in Ireland, have been altogether unexampled—when country bankers' notes have confined the circulation of the London and Dublin bank notes almoſt entirely to thoſe two cities—when country bankers are only obliged to pay in bank paper, and the great banks themſelves are abſolved from paying at all—when no material difference has ariſen between the commodity price of paper currency, and that of gold, the only means by which any conſiderable quantity of the latter could have been retained in circulation under all the foregoing circumſtances;—truly it is ſurpriſing, that Lord Liverpool ſhould adventure ſo hardy an eſtimate of the amount of our gold currency, and maintain that it has increaſed nearly a fifth part ſince the general recoinage. We have no deſire to hazard a computation on a ſubject where the *data* are neceſſarily ſo imperfect; but, rather than call the quantity of gold now in circulation thirty millions, we ſhould be diſpoſed to deny that it can poſſibly amount to one million. The cath paid by London bankers, we are informed by the noble author himſelf, does not in ſome caſes exceed a thirtieth, in others a fortieth, and in others a hundred and fortieth, of what they pay in notes; and, in many parts of the kingdom, guineas are ſcarcely ever ſeen.

After this extraordinary calculation, which has forced us to ſtop in our abſtract, Lord Liverpool mentions ſome particulars in the art of aſſaying, as practiſed at the mint, which ſhew how accurately it is carried on, and how perfect both the weight and ſtandard of our gold are kept. The remedy is indeed forty grains, which is certainly too large; but in ſeveral trials of the pix, made upon iſſues of twenty-eight millions, no deviation has been detected in the ſtandard, and not above four grains in the weight. The admirable experiments of Meſſrs Cavendiſh and Hatchett, which we formerly gave an account of (No. VI.), proved that the nature of the alloy at preſent in uſe was, if not the beſt that could be adopted, at leaſt ſo near it, as to preclude all temptation to alter it. The quantity of ſilver now in circulation cannot, our author thinks, exceed four millions in nominal value, and is probably much leſs. The deficiency of theſe coins in weight is very conſiderable. In

1798,

1798, it amounted to $3\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.* in crowns, $9\frac{8}{11}$ in half-crowns, $24\frac{1}{2}$ in shillings, and $38\frac{1}{2}$ in sixpences; in 1787, it was smaller, and has therefore, in all probability, increased since 1798. Yet so great is the want of these coins, that a premium is sometimes given for them above their nominal value. What compensation should be made to the holders of the clipped silver, in the event of a recoinage, our author does not precisely state; but from the precedents which he discusses, it should seem as if he thought a small relief sufficient. Indeed, any large compensation, such as was made in King William's time, would not only cost a great sum to the nation, but operate as a powerful encouragement to coiners of base metal, and clippers of the lawful coin. The issue of bank dollars,* he vindicates upon the necessity of the case; and says, that 'the blame, if any such is to be imputed, falls not on those who permitted these dollars to be issued, but on those who neglected to supply your Majesty's subjects with a sufficient quantity of legal silver coins:'—a proposition which we must confess is not intelligible to us. The amount of the copper coins in circulation, he thinks, may be from half a million to 550,000 nominal value; and the counterfeits of this description amount to a much greater sum: So great is the deficiency of that coin for the

* The objections which were stated, in the session 1804, to the issue of bank dollars, always appeared to us considerably exaggerated. They came in the form of arguments against the bill for punishing the counterfeiting of those tokens; and there can be no doubt, that, considering the bank merely as a trading company, the crime of falsifying the dollars was as great as that of forging their notes, or any common bills of exchange. Besides, the bank was answerable for them at par; so that they were only new bank notes for ninepence, with this difference, that nobody was compelled to receive them in payment. It is another question, how far they were likely to remain in circulation, while the other currency of the country was in its present situation. In 1798, shillings were current for $24\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.*, and sixpences for $38\frac{1}{2}$, above their intrinsic value. If the clipping has gone on since that time at its former rate, shillings are now current for 28 *per cent.*, and sixpences for 40 *per cent.* above their value. But the dollars were only current for 15 *per cent.* more than their value: it was difficult, therefore, to conceive how they should retain their place in a silver circulation, composed chiefly of coins, the metal of which was so much more overrated. Almost all the crowns coined in King William's time have disappeared, though they might now pass for nearly 4 *per cent.* above their value; and a similar premium of 11 *per cent.* has not retained, perhaps, above one third of the half-crowns coined at the same time. The effects of the diminution of the inferior coins could scarcely be less considerable upon the bank dollars.

purpoſes of the retail trade. Before any recoinage can be effected, ſome alterations muſt be made in the eſtabliſhment of the mint. The ſtandard requires no rectification, as was already noticed, and the alloy is ſufficiently perfect. The machinery, however, is on all hands allowed to be very faulty. While the greateſt progreſs has been making in every mechanical contrivance uſed by individuals, and more eſpecially in the very department of ſtamping and coining, the machinery of the mint, alone, moves on in the old and clumſy faſhion, and fulfils the common fate of government manufactories, by remaining ſtationary in the midſt of univerſal improvement. The adoption of Mr Boulton's admirable inventions, which foreign ſtates have been eager to naturalize in their mints, would both increaſe the beauty and accuracy of our money, and enable a recoinage to be effected with at leaſt tenfold deſpatch. It would enable the government to regulate the profits of the officers employed in the monetary eſtabliſhment, and give room to a dynaſty of talents and learning in that important department. Our author moſt laudably inculcates the neceſſity of calling forth the firſt ſcientific abilities in the nation to the aſſiſtance of the executive in theſe reforms; and lays it down as a maxim, 'that the mint of every country ſhould be a ſort of college, compoſed of men of ſcience in the ſuperior departments, and, in the inferior, of eminent artiſans in their reſpective branches of buſineſs.'

When the coinage ſhall have been placed on a perfect footing, by the reforms already ſketched out, it will be neceſſary to make ſuch arrangements, as may prevent the recurrence of the preſent evils, from the practices of clippers, and other unfair dealers in the precious metals. An eſtimate may be formed of the low profits on which theſe perſons will trade, from ſome facts ſtated by Sir Iſaac Newton in his report of 1717. It appears that the louis-d'or was brought into general circulation during King William's reign, from being rated at $5\frac{1}{4}$d. above its real value, compared with our coins; and that a ſimilar profit of 5d. on the moidore inundated the weſt of England with thoſe pieces. The louis d'ors were utterly baniſhed from circulation, by being decried to three farthings below their real value; and the moidores by being brought to one penny below that value. Where men will trade on ſuch ſlender gains, it is ſcarcely poſſible entirely to prevent the injuries with which their operations affect our coins. The only remedy for this evil ſeems to conſiſt in ſome regulations for conſtantly weighing the currency given in payments. In the early periods of our hiſtory, when the pounds by weight and by tale coincided, a method of this ſort was adopted for keeping the money entire. The *compenſatio ad penſum* was only a practice of receiving ſpecie by weight, when the currency had

had become debaſed; and the *compenſatio ad ſcalam* was a certain general allowance made without weighing, in conſideration of the damage ſuſtained by the currency, and calculated upon an average. In after times, various laws were made for preventing the circulation of money which ſhould have ſuffered more than a certain diminution by wear, and for enforcing the weighing of coins received in payments. The diminution was frequently denominated, generally, 'reaſonable wear,' and left to be determined by the magiſtrate of the diſtrict. But, in the year 1776, a more definite rule was promulgated by a proclamation, (founded on the 14th of the King, cap. 70.), declaring that the guinea ſhould not paſs, if it weighed leſs than 5 gr. 8 dwt.; the half-guinea, 2 gr. 16 dwt.; and ſo of the other coins in proportion. This regulation has certainly not been duly enforced at the great public offices where ſpecie is received and paid out in the greateſt quantities; and much of its good tendency has in conſequence been defeated. But our author ſeems to think that it furniſhes the only unexceptionable remedy for the evil in queſtion, by affording a conſtant check to the arts of thoſe who tamper with the ſpecie of the country, and by cauſing a gradual renewal of the coins as they happen to be worn in the ordinary courſe of circulation. He conceives, too, that an allowance, after the manner of the ancient *compenſatio*, might be eſtabliſhed in the caſe of coins much worn; twopence might be deducted for every grain which the gold coin wanted; and ſo in proportion for ſilver—a *minimum* being fixed, below which neither ſhould be current at all. This arrangement would, on the one hand, remove the neceſſity of too frequent a recoinage, and prevent, on the other, the extreme degradation of our ſpecie.

This work concludes with ſome general remarks upon the preſent ſtate of our paper circulation. A pretty decided opinion is delivered againſt the extent of this currency, which has almoſt baniſhed the precious metals from the retail trade of the country. It is, however, to the iſſues of ſmall notes, and the currency of the country banks, that our author chiefly objects. The former interfere moſt with the coins of the realm; and as the latter only paſs within particular diſtricts, a perſon cannot travel through different parts of the kingdom without changing his money ſeveral times over. Nor has the market price of bullion fallen in conſequence of the coin being thrown out of circulation; it has, on the contrary, riſen conſiderably above the mint price; and thus all influx of bullion into the mint has neceſſarily been ſtopped. Now the Bank of England, he contends, is the great repoſitory of unemployed caſh, and muſt always be called upon for ſupplies when the failures of private bankers or

other cauſes contract the circulation. 'It is thereby reſponſible not only for the value of its own notes, but in a certain degree for ſuch as may be iſſued by every private banker in the kingdom, let the ſubſtance, credit, or diſcretion of ſuch a banker be what it may.' But when the market price of gold is ſo much higher than its mint price, the bank cannot afford to purchaſe that metal for coinage; and if it could, whatever was coined would be melted again; ſo that until this evil is remedied, the bank cannot ſafely reſume its caſh payments. And Lord Liverpool confirms his unfavourable view of country banks, and the exceſs of our preſent paper currency, by a ſketch of the hiſtory of paper credit; in the whole of which, he can find nothing at all reſembling it, not even in the late hiſtory of France; for there the government, or the great corporate bodies of the ſtate, and not private individuals, iſſued the new paper money. No ſpecific method of checking this practice is pointed out. We are only left to conclude, in general, that according to his Lordſhip's ſentiments, the legiſlature ſhould interfere, and that the reform of the coinage, the great object of his plans, can never be completely effected until ſome check is given to the traffic of the country banks.

We have now finiſhed the analyſis of all the ſpeculations into which Lord Liverpool enters, upon the ſyſtem of Britiſh currency; and have, in paſſing, ſtated ſuch ſubordinate objections as required a more immediate attention while going through the details to which they refer. We proceed to bring under a ſeparate head, thoſe more general and fundamental exceptions which we muſt take to ſeveral of his poſitions. And although he has anticipated ſome few objections, and given anſwers to them, yet, as they happen not to be thoſe to which we think him chiefly liable, we have deemed it unneceſſary to detain our readers with any account of them. They are to be found at p. 163, *et ſeqq.* Ours are of a different complexion, and relate to the following points:—the ſcheme for making gold the 'chief meaſure of property'—the relation propoſed to be eſtabliſhed between that and the other coins—the opinions delivered reſpecting braſſage and ſeignorage—and the arguments upon paper currency.

In the *firſt* place, we apprehend that a conſiderable incorrectneſs prevails through all the reaſonings by which Lord Liverpool recommends it to the government to make one of the metals, rather than any of the others, a ſtandard, or, as he calls it, a meaſure of property. In oppoſition to Mr Locke, who contended that ſilver was the money of account all the world over, our author maintains that, in this country, gold has become the ſtandard money; and having, by the natural courſe of events, uſurped

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in fact the place of ſilver, ought, he thinks, to be confirmed in its new capacity by the public authority. We ſuſpect there is no ſmall inaccuracy of language in this diſpute; and that the combatants, as often happens, were their terms defined, would be much nearer one opinion than they are aware. If regard is had to the origin and etymology of the language in which all modern contracts are conceived, and if this is allowed to be a fair teſt of the ſenſe in which the words are taken; then, no doubt, ſilver is the commodity meant to be conveyed away in every bargain of ſale, and referred to as an equivalent or common meaſure in all comparative eſtimates of value. In this caſe, he who promiſes to pay ſo many pounds ſterling, or livres, promiſes a certain quantity of precious metal, in the words which once ſignified that preciſe weight of ſilver, when no other precious metals were in uſe, but which cuſtom or law has ſince transferred to mean, indiſcriminately, a much ſmaller weight of ſilver, or a certain weight of gold. Thus, too, a Roman would promiſe to pay ſo many pounds of copper, (the only commodity that originally he could have exchanged), when in fact he meant to promiſe thoſe ſubſtitutes which the increaſed wealth and varying inſtitutions of the ſtate had provided for it. It happens always, then, that the words uſed to denote pecuniary value, are retained from the commodity of which money was firſt made. What new meanings they ſhall in the courſe of time acquire, muſt depend altogether on the change of circumſtances. Theſe muſt determine as well the quality as the quantity of the commodity really expreſſed by the antiquated terms. Since Mr Locke wrote, certain events, formerly related, have almoſt baniſhed ſilver from the circulation of this country, and ſubſtituted gold in its place. But we ſtill contract to pay pounds ſterling; only, we bind ourſelves to pay optionally either ſo much ſilver, or its value in gold, at a rate fixed and known at the time of making the bargain. The proportion between the ſupply of, and demand for gold, too, will regulate the price of that article, and fix the real value of the money alluded to in the contract, more or leſs excluſively as it may happen more or leſs completely to have uſurped the place of ſilver in the currency; and thus, the caſe may occur in every country which has occurred here, that in bargaining nominally for ſilver, the ſeller will have the real value of gold only in his eye, knowing that his price will be paid in that metal. And the caſe is preciſely the ſame with paper money.

There are, however, ſome occaſions on which the new names are uſed in contracting or in keeping accounts. All gambling tranſactions are ſtated in guineas, and ſo are many contracts of inſurance; nay, in ſome parts of the country, particularly in Scotland,

Scotland, where bank paper has long formed the bulk of the currency, the lower people are accuſtomed to reckon in '*notes*,' meaning '*pounds*.' In theſe caſes, there is an end to the queſtion; for the money of account coincides with the medium actually circulating. Yet, ſtill, he who promiſed to pay twenty guineas, may perform his contract by giving twenty-one pounds in ſilver currency; and he who became bound for twenty-one *notes*, will find his creditor very ready to accept twenty guineas. It is, therefore, a matter of mere indifference in what language bargains are made and accounts kept, provided the terms uſed are always defined. So long as there is a double circulation in any country, when we talk of one metal, we in truth mean either of the two at a known relative valuation, which may be fixed by law, or left to be ſettled in the market; and when we call one of them the common meaſure of property, we can only mean to aſſert, that the other having nearly diſappeared from the circulation, the real price of the one which remains is alone attended to in all contracts. It is abſurd to call one a ſtandard or meaſure rather than the other, if both continue in circulation. They are both meaſures and ſtandards. Each of them may be compared with all other commodities; and they may both be compared together. The value of either may thus be meaſured by the other; and the value of ordinary property may be meaſured in either, or in terms applicable to both. A guinea is equal in value to twenty-one ſhillings; and a certain quantity of wheat is equal in value to twenty ſhillings, or to $\frac{20}{21}$ of a guinea, or to a pound, which, though it once ſignified only ſo much ſilver, now ſignifies indifferently twenty ſhillings, or $\frac{21}{20}$ of a guinea, or, finally, a piece of paper equivalent to either. But what do we mean by 'appointing' one of the metals 'the ſtandard or meaſure of property?' If both metals are to be allowed circulation, both muſt equally meaſure; and all that government can do, is to order that certain words ſhall be uſed in expreſſing tranſfers or valuations—a command which will probably be little attended to. If one metal forms the bulk of the circulation, all prices will be regulated by it, whether the government orders thoſe prices to be ſtated in terms of this metal or of the other, or of ſome third which is ſcarcely in actual uſe. The government may, indeed, attempt to drive a metal out of circulation, by ordering that it ſhall no longer be a legal tender; but though ſuch a meaſure might produce much injuſtice toward the debtors in exiſting contracts, it would only make men alter the language of their future tranſactions, ſo as to retain the uſe of that metal which was previouſly found the moſt convenient. Nor would any other effect follow from the meaſure propoſed by Lord Liverpool, with the view of limiting the uſe of ſilver

ver to the ſmaller tranſactions of trade. The propoſition, therefore, that only one metal can be the ſtandard of value, appears to us quite unintelligible, if it means any thing more than that only one metal can have its value fixed in reference to the money of account, or any other third mean of compariſon. But if either gold or ſilver (it matters not which, in any conceivable ſtate of the circulation) is valued, or reckoned, or named, (for that is all the matter at iſſue) with reference to the ideal commodity, a pound ſterling, which has long been the language of our accounts, and if the coins of the other metal are allowed to take their value in reference to the ſame pound ſterling, by their real value in reference to the metal already named, we have a complete ſtandard or meaſure, compoſed of parts, but of parts whoſe proportions never vary. We have two meaſures, but only in the ſenſe in which every one commodity is a meaſure of all others. The abſurdity is, to attempt fixing the relative value of the two metals uſed as meaſures.

But, in the *ſecond* place, we may obſerve, that Lord Liverpool has to a conſiderable degree admitted this abſurdity into his ſyſtem. He is for fixing the number of ſhillings in a guinea, as well as the quantity of ſilver in a ſhilling. And though he would try to limit the uſe of the ſilver coins, yet ſo long as he retains this fundamental error, that is altogether beyond his power. When the comparative value of the precious metals is conſtantly varying, the government will in vain attempt to regulate their relative prices by any mint arrangements, or public laws. Admitting, what the whole hiſtory of our coinage proves to be ſcarcely practicable, that, at the moment of coining, the executive ſhould be able accurately to adjuſt thoſe prices according to the market rates; in a ſhort time theſe will vary; one of the metals will be overvalued, and the coins of the other will of courſe be driven out of circulation. The facts already ſtated, more particularly the hiſtory of James I.'s operations, may convince us how hopeleſs a taſk it is for a government to attempt following the changes of the bullion market, and how much better it would be to ſave at once the double expence of coining in two metals, than to coin in ſuch a manner as muſt enſure the ſpeedy baniſhment of one of them. But Lord Liverpool argues, that the idea of leaving the coins to find their relative values, is a mere ſpeculative notion, and quite unauthoriſed by practice. It may be ſo; and accordingly we find, upon looking to practice, that by fixing the relative mint prices of the precious metals, and fixing them wrong, which is almoſt the ſame thing, we have loſt the benefits of a double circulation, and acquired our preſent ſilver currency. While this *practice* continues, we can no more expect to ſee ſilver carried to the mint, or retained in circulation after government has coined

coined it, than we could hope for a ſupply of foreign wheat, were we to follow out the principle, and fix its price below the level of the home market.

Still the noble author contends, that the relative prices of gold and ſilver ſhould be fixed, becauſe the lower orders of the community, and eſpecially thoſe reſiding in diſtant parts of the country, cannot poſſibly know the variations of the bullion market; and this is indeed a reaſon by which many have been ſeduced. But nothing can be leſs ſolid. The bullion market exiſts every where, and all men are traders in it. Why ſhould the lower orders, according to Lord Liverpool, be left expoſed to the ſame ignorance in buying their bread and ſelling their labour, both of which are exchanged for ſilver? He propoſes, indeed, that the guinea ſhould be made the ſtandard; in other words, that twenty real guineas ſhould be denominated by authority equal to twenty-one ideal pounds ſterling; for this we have ſhown to be the only intelligible ſenſe of the propoſition. And therefore, he concludes, that if the ſhillings are left to find their relative value to the guinea, much more confuſion will be introduced among the lower people, than if the ſhillings were fixed in relation to the pound ſterling, and the guinea left to take its relative value to them. But this is very inaccurate. It is manifeſtly preciſely the ſame thing in reality, whether the ſhilling is called the twentieth part of a pound, and the guinea left to find its value in terms of the ſhilling, or whether the guinea is denominated the $\frac{21}{20}$ of a pound, and the ſhilling left to find its price in terms of the guinea. So long as the real value of the pieces is retained, their proportions to each other, however named, cannot affect any perſon; and, even ſuppoſing a real difference, the labourer will both demand and receive as many good ſhillings of wages when the price of gold has made the guinea worth 20 ſhillings, as he did when that metal was a little dearer. It is the buſineſs of government to coin both guineas and ſhillings of the known fineneſs; and, to ſave trouble, the weight alſo of the pieces ſhould be retained. A regulation reſpecting wear might probably be added with advantage; and it ſhould be underſtood, either that the guinea is $\frac{21}{20}$, or that the ſhilling is $\frac{1}{20}$ of a pound Sterling; it is abſolutely indifferent which. Government has then done all which it ought to attempt; and the number of ſhillings in a guinea muſt afterwards be regulated by the market. It might be an additional convenience, if the relative prices of the metals were from time to time inveſtigated, as matter of fact, for the aſcertainment of contracts made indefinitely, and for the general publication of ſuch information. This plan might be purſued on the model of the frars or corn prices in Scotland, which are examined twice a year by the Sheriffs, with the aſſiſtance

assistance of juries.—We can divine no other remedy for the present evils of our smaller circulation, than leaving the silver and gold to find their relative value, under these regulations.

In the *third* place, we do not entirely agree with Lord Liverpool upon the subject of *seignorage*, or rather of *brassage*; the part of seignorage set apart for defraying the expences of the coinage. That the government should wave all ideas of a clear profit from this source, we may admit; though, it will be recollected, that Dr Smith was rather disposed to favour this branch of revenue. But we are not aware of any solid reasons against ranking coins with every other manufactured commodity, and charging for working up, as well as for the cost of the raw material. At present, the coin is manufactured entirely by taxes levied from the whole community; and they who use it most, are certainly not those who contribute the most towards its cost. We are aware but of one objection, and that only a comparative one, to the introduction of a *brassage*—the new issues would be valued differently from the coins now current, and a general recoinage might be necessary; or the old ones would be clipped down to the weight of the new ones. But Lord Liverpool's plan of making the silver coins pay for the charges of the mint, and coining the gold as formerly at the public expence, is in every respect objectionable. Such an arrangement would in fact be the introduction of a constant error into the mint estimation of the relative values of the metals. The silver would always be rated higher than its real value, by the amount of the *brassage*; the gold would either be driven from circulation, or a new adjustment of its value would be necessary in order to retain it; and this would be exactly the operation, so long ago exposed, of violently altering the denomination of the current coin. Whatever scruples, then, we might have about introducing a general brassage, we can have no hesitation in rejecting Lord Liverpool's scheme of a partial one.

In the *last* place, we must be permitted to enter our protest against the noble author's opinions relative to the actual state of paper currency in this island. They are, indeed, the portion of his speculations which we admire the least, and almost the only part * where

* There is one other opinion maintained, perhaps from oversight, which comes within this description. In order to obviate any danger which might arise from his new silver coinage, of too great an issue of that metal, he suggests the idea of allowing only certain persons or corporations, as the Bank, for example, to carry their silver to the mint, and to have, in this way, the monopoly of the silver coinage. (p. 169—173.) But, surely, what he calls 'too much silver coin,' can have no real existence, so long as the precious metals are exportable and fusible; unless, indeed, another undue interference of government fixes their relative prices.

where we can accuſe him of inattention to the beſt doctrines of modern political ſcience. Any general and permanent reform of our coinage, we are ready to admit, would be a vain attempt in the preſent unnatural circumſtances of the paper circulation. But the danger, or the inconvenience, does not come from the quarter to which Lord Liverpool looks. It is not at all from the country banks that any miſchief is to be apprehended: theſe are entirely under the controul of the Bank of England, whoſe paper is to them, what ſpecie formerly was to all bankers. The virtual '*reſponſibility*' of that great corporation for the iſſues of all the private traders, is ſomething beyond our comprehenſion. What riſk can the Bank run from the moſt unqualified reſponſibility, when it has, at the ſame time, the moſt abſolute controul? Even the paper of the joint-ſtock bank in Scotland is not legal tender; and that company is bound to diſcount it in Engliſh bank notes. But we have, on former occaſions, diſcuſſed ſo fully the general prejudices againſt country banks, that we muſt now be content with referring the reader to the remarks then delivered. The ſubſtance of the argument will be found in the concluſion of our review of Mr Wheatley's tract on Currency and Commerce, (No. V.) Lord Liverpool, indeed, has added an objection of a ſubordinate kind, which we have not had before an opportunity of conſidering; but it will not occupy us long. He complains of the inconvenience ariſing from the varieties of the circulating medium; and ſays, that England is now as ill off in that reſpect as the petty ſtates of Germany. We regret that he ſhould have overlooked two circumſtances which fully anſwer this objection. Firſt, the currency in this country, however various, is all of equal value, and the ſame denomination; which reduces the utmoſt inconvenience to the very trifling operation of changing bank notes or guineas now and then for country paper; and, ſecondly, there is no quarter of the iſland where Bank of England notes are not legal tender, or where any other currency can poſſibly come into competition with them.

But, inſtead of wondering that Lord Liverpool has, in one or two particulars, been inattentive to the later improvements of the ſcience, we ſhould rather admire that this has occurred ſo rarely. It is, indeed, pleaſing to find one who muſt neceſſarily have been bred among the exploded doctrines of the elder economiſts, ſhaking himſelf almoſt quite looſe from their influence at an advanced period of life, and betraying, while he reſumes the favourite ſpeculations of his early years, ſo little bias towards errors which he muſt once have imbibed. It is no leſs gratifying to obſerve one who has been educated in the walks of practical policy, and grown old amidſt the buſtle of public employments, embelliſhing the decline of life by purſuits which unite the dignity of ſcience with the uſefulneſs

of

of active exertion. Under the impreſſion of ſuch ſentiments, we take our leave of this valuable work, and may be permitted to expreſs our hopes, that it will not prove his laſt contribution to the ſcience of political economy.

ART. II. *An Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taſte.* By Richard Payne Knight. 8vo. London. 1805.

IT is a ſtriking characteriſtic of thoſe pleaſures, which the exerciſe of a cultivated taſte ſupplies to us, that they greatly exceed in intenſity the unpleaſant ſenſations which correſpond to them. In the bodily organs, pain, far leſs exquiſite than what man is ſometimes doomed to endure, would be ill purchaſed by all that the moſt refined voluptuouſneſs could ſuggeſt; the rewards of ambition and induſtry are ſought through care and trouble, and commonly fail us when poſſeſſed; even in the walks of ſcience, wearineſs and diſappointment may perhaps wait upon that labour, for which the high price of our health and time ſhall have been thrown away. But while the delight which a ſuſceptible mind enjoys in reading an excellent poem, is moſt keen, the uneaſineſs of reading a bad one (beſides that it is ſeldom neceſſary), is very trifling; the lover of painting is charmed with a maſterpiece, and turns away with no real pain from an indifferent picture; the beautiful and magnificent objects of nature fill us with emotions of joy, but we feel no diſtreſs in travelling among ſtraight hedges and corn fields. Surely this is no feeble argument in favour of the purſuit of thoſe pleaſures, and of that education by which we are beſt prepared for their enjoyment: eſpecially if we remember to chaſtiſe thoſe feelings to which they give birth, and guard againſt certain ill effects on the mind, which may ſpring from their unlimited indulgence, by the more hardy diſcipline of ſerious and ſcientific reſearch.

Whether Taſte, in the ſenſe in which we have been uſing the term, is a diſtinct faculty, or a mode of judgment, has been a ſubject of much controverſy. The facts ſeem to be; that pleaſurable emotions are excited by certain objects or conceptions; and that, when we embody our feelings in words, we uſe expreſſions of compariſon, and reference to a ſtandard, as in other propoſitions. Feeling and judgment therefore go together; but to which the word *taſte* ſhould be peculiarly applied, we ſhall not ſay: the primary ſenſe of the word, and of its equivalents in modern languages, ſeems to imply the former; as the word *criticiſm* manifeſtly refers to the latter meaning. Taſte may certainly be applied to the works of nature; but the fine arts are its peculiar province,

province, and to those we shall chiefly confine ourselves. The arts which are its objects, seem to be principally the eight following: 1. Poetry. 2. Eloquence, including all sorts of prose composition. 3. Music. 4. Painting. 5. Sculpture. 6. Architecture. 7. Gardening, including the art of improving grounds. 8. The Stage. Those arts are distinguished from those which are merely mechanical, as well as from the speculative sciences, by this; that their main end is neither utility, in the common sense of the word, nor instruction; but to minister to the pleasures of the imagination, by means of words, or of sensible images, or of both of those combined. But their most eminent characteristic, perhaps, which runs through all of them, is, that many of their principles, though in one sense founded upon nature, since their only object is to delight the imagination of man, are yet not derived from ordinary nature; but require a good deal of attention, and the formation of habits, before they can be relished or understood. This is the ease even in those which are strictly arts of imitation; in which, strange as it may seem, the utmost exactness of resemblance is not deemed the highest excellence, by those whose taste has been refined, and, as it were, sublimated by practice. It is the case more conspicuously in poetry and eloquence; the higher styles of which lie so much out of the beat of ordinary minds, that they are apt to consider the pleasure expressed by men of cultivated understandings as unintelligible, if not affected.

When we say, however, that these eight arts are the proper objects of taste, it is not to be understood that their principles are altogether in common; or that he, who is thoroughly acquainted, for example, with the theory of painting, will be necessarily a good judge of poetry or architecture: since all of them have a great number of rules originally arbitrary, the accurate knowledge of which has become indispensable to the man of taste; and which, in many cases, suggest pleasures to the imagination, not inferior to those which appear more directly natural. We do think nevertheless, that a man who has applied that niceness of discrimination, delicacy of feeling, and habitual reference to an acknowledged standard, in which the exercise of taste consists, to any one of these arts, can hardly fail, by sufficient attention and experience, to become a judge of all the rest.* It is of import-

ance,

* An exception should be here made for music, which no one, whose ear is naturally very imperfect, can ever come to understand. We take this occasion of confessing, that many other limitations and explanations are wanting in different parts of this article; but we hope the candid reader will pardon our unwillingness to encumber an argument, which will, as it is, perhaps, seem too parenthetical and diffuse.

ance, in our opinion, to keep in ſight this extended view of the objects of taſte; becauſe many definitions, and many trains of reaſoning, in works of philoſophical criticiſm, have been rendered defective, by regarding only one of the fine arts; poetry for inſtance, or painting; even while the concluſions were laid down very broadly, as to the nature and properties of taſte in general. In an inductive proceſs, it is ſurely deſirable to have as great a variety of experiments as poſſible; and our confidence in the reſults at which we arrive, will be the greater, when we find them verified in all thoſe arts, which bear a manifeſt relation to each other.

Before an inquiry can be undertaken into the principles of taſte, the firſt queſtion is, whether taſte has any principles at all. This queſtion, which is rendered obſcure by the equivocal meaning of the words, *taſte* and *principles*, may be reduced to the following: Whether, when Caius thinks the poetry of Milton better than that of Blackmore, the Banqueting Houſe a finer piece of architecture than the Horſe-Guards, and the Transfiguration a more excellent picture than the ſign of the Red Lion, and Titius thinks directly the contrary, there is any ground for ſaying, that the taſte of the one is better than that of the other. We cannot ſee any unfairneſs in this ſtatement of the queſtion, becauſe thoſe, who deny *any* poſitive ſtandard of taſte, muſt ſubmit to the moſt extreme caſes. If this is determined in the negative; if we can go no farther than to ſay, that Caius thinks one thing, and Titius another; it is quite an idle waſte of time to make any reſearches about taſte; which, like an indeterminate problem in algebra, would give us only a heap of ſolutions, from which nothing could be learned. We were ſurpriſed, therefore, that the learned author of the book before us, a fair-ſized octavo volume about taſte and its principles, ſhould ſet out with an introduction, the ſcope of which, as far as we underſtand it, is to ſhew, that taſte is perpetually fluctuating, and that nothing poſitive is to be laid down about it. There is ſomething in this, like diſmiſſing us through the ivory gate; it carries an intimation, that all the fair fabric of the book is but a dream and a deluſion, and will leave us at the end as unprovided with ſubſtantial truth as we were at firſt. We have hinted above, that the word *taſte* is highly equivocal. It is uſed in at leaſt three diſtinct acceptations. It ſometimes means, that peculiar mode of ſenſation, which reſides in the tongue and palate; ſometimes, the power of diſcrimination in the fine arts, or the feeling aſſociated with it; ſometimes, in a ſenſe derived from the latter, it means liking or opinion in general. It is obvious, that we have no concern at preſent but with its ſecond ſenſe (which it

is itself twofold), and to that we should cautiously limit ourselves. Mr Knight, however, in his 'Introduction, containing a sceptical view of the subject,' has taken the ground which Hume occupied before him; and descanted on the variations of sentiment, which have occurred in different ages, and among different nations, as to personal beauty, dress, furniture, &c.

'There is scarcely any subject, upon which men differ more, than concerning the objects of their pleasures and amusements; and this difference subsists, not only among individuals, but among ages and nations; almost every generation accusing that which immediately preceded it, of bad taste in building, furniture, and dress; and almost every nation having its own peculiar modes and ideas of excellence in these matters, to which it pertinaciously adheres, until one particular people has acquired such an ascendancy in power and reputation, as to set what is called the *fashion*; when this *fashion* is universally and indiscriminately adopted upon the blind principle of imitation, and without any consideration of the differences of climates, constitution, or habits of life; and every one, who presumes to deviate from it, is thought an *odd mortal—a humourist* void of all just feeling, taste, or elegance. This fashion continues in the full exercise of its tyranny for a few years or months; when another, perhaps still more whimsical and unmeaning, starts into being, and deposes it; all are then instantly astonished that they could ever have been pleased, even for a moment, with any thing so tasteless, barbarous, and absurd. The revolutions in dress only, not to mention those in building, furnishing, gardening, &c. which have taken place within the last two centuries, afford ample illustration; and it is not the least extraordinary circumstance in these revolutions, that they have been the most violent, sudden, and extravagant in the personal decorations of that part of the species; which, having most natural, has least need of artificial charms; which is always most decorated when least adorned; and, which, as it addresses its attractions to the primordial sentiments and innate affections of man, would, it might reasonably be supposed, never have attempted to increase them by distortion and disguise. Yet art has been wearied, and nature ransacked; tortures have been endured, and health sacrificed; and all to enable this lovely part of the creation to appear in shapes as remote as possible from that in which its native loveliness consists. Only a few years ago, a beauty equipped for conquest, was a heterogeneous combination of incoherent forms, which nature could never have united in one animal, nor art blended in one composition: it consisted of a head, disguised so as to resemble that of no living creature, placed upon an inverted cone, the point of which rested upon the centre of the curve of a semi-elliptic base, more than three times the diameter of its own. Yet, if high-dressed heads, tight-laced stays, and wide hoops, had not been thought really ornamental, how came they to be worn by all who could afford them? Let no one imagine that he solves the question by saying, that there have been errors in taste, as there have been in religion and philosophy:

loſophy: for the caſes are totally different; religion and philoſophy being matters of belief, reaſon and opinion; but taſte being a matter of feeling, ſo that whatever was really and conſiderately *thought* to be ornamental, muſt have been previouſly *felt* to be ſo: and though opinions may, by argument or demonſtration, be proved to be wrong, how ſhall an individual pretend to prove the feelings of a whole age or nation wrong, when the only juſt criterion which he can apply to aſcertain the rectitude of his own, is their congruity with thoſe of the generality of his ſpecies?' p. 1.

He comes afterwards to perſonal beauty, eſpecially of the fair ſex; and aſſures us, that the moſt perfect beauty of St James's would excite diſguſt at Tombuctoo, her ſkin being 'unnaturally bleached by ſhade and ſeclusion, and the baneful influence of a cold humid climate.' In anſwer to all this, we firſt call in queſtion the univerſality of the facts. It is neither true, that the faſhions of our anceſtors in dreſs were *univerſally* approved while they were prevalent, nor that they appear *univerſally* ridiculous at preſent. But we do not wiſh to dwell on this; becauſe we readily admit, that in a plurality of inſtances, the opinions of men as to *theſe* ſubjects have depended upon the particular cuſtoms of their age. But we do not allow, that dreſs and furniture are, generally ſpeaking, the objects of that mode of judgement or feeling, which we call taſte. We do not ſee that there is any thing naturally gratifying to the imagination, in the ſhape and workmanſhip of a chair or a cheſt of drawers, a peliſſe or a petticoat. Though ruffs have given way to lawn handkerchiefs, and velvet ſuits to plain broad cloth, it may ſtill be true that Homer was the beſt of Grecian poets, and that the tragedies of Shakeſpeare excel thoſe of Dryden. What then? Are there no real grounds, in ſuch matters as theſe, for preferring one faſhion to another? There are very frequently; and for the following reaſons. Good ſenſe, which is a neceſſary ingredient in good taſte, preſcribes that every work of human art ſhould be calculated to promote its own proper end; whether that be pleaſure, as in the fine arts; or the prevention of evil, as in moſt of the mechanical. Every thing therefore in the decorations of dreſs, building, or furniture, which is repugnant to health, comfort, or convenience, is clearly wrong; and ſuch faſhions have ſeldom been permanent, even with the multitude. And it may be obſerved of ſuch of the fine arts themſelves, as are connected with purpoſes of utility; to wit, eloquence, architecture, and gardening; that any palpable deviation from thoſe purpoſes, even though attended with pleaſure to the imagination, is offenſive to taſte itſelf. Furthermore, if articles of furniture or dreſs can be ſo ordered, as to ſuggeſt delightful trains of ideas to the

cultivated mind; ideas, for example, connected with claſſical or feudal antiquity; or to preſent graceful forms and agreeable combinations of colour to the lover of painting; they become, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, objects of taſte; becauſe they aim at that end, the pleaſure of the imagination, their tendency towards which it is the province of taſte to eſtimate. Fifty years ſince, this ſeems to have been little more thought of in Great Britain, than ornamental architecture in the days of Alfred; and it is as unreaſonable to bring either of theſe *improvements* as proofs of mutability and caprice in matters of taſte, as to infer a like caprice in agriculture and manufactures, from the introduction of the drill-plough and the ſteam-engine. The high ſtate of practical art in this country; and, much more, our increaſing attention to the ſculpture, great and ſmall, of that marvellous people, from whom our knowledge of excellence, in almoſt all the objects of taſte, has been derived, have wrought an uncommon revolution in our decorations of every ſpecies. But this is rather like a newly-acquired ſenſe, than a change of taſte: for it ſhould ever be remembered, that neither an individual nor a nation can be ſaid to ſhew a preference, in point of taſte, to one thing above another, unleſs the two have been fairly ſet before them at the ſame time. Let us now come to conſider the difference of opinion, which is alleged to exiſt, as to perſonal beauty. Here again we might diſpute the facts; for the preference given by the African to his own colour is not, perhaps, quite ſo unqueſtionable as it is commonly aſſumed to be.* But let that be as it may, we are loath that our Britiſh fair, the pride and boaſt of their country, ſhould be diſplaced, by any cold-blooded philoſophy, from that rank among the daughters of Eve, which they have ever poſſeſſed. Even if they muſt reſign all hopes of pleaſing at the Court of Tombuctoo, the ſuffrage of Europe, we truſt, will conſole them for the mortification. The features and complexion of many European nations are very diſſimilar from thoſe of our countrywomen; yet their beauty is acknowledged, by general conſent, from the North Cape to the Straights of Gibraltar. At leaſt, if national vanity ſhould lead each man to prefer the ladies of his own land, our nymphs would, in every inſtance, be placed next: like a famous captain in the Grecian ſtory, who was judged to have behaved the beſt in a notable

* See St Pierre, Etudes de la Nature, tom. III. p. 140, who denies this poſition on the authority of ſeveral travellers of credit. But we have not examined the paſſages to which he refers; and would not lay too much ſtreſs even on the teſtimony of this injudicious, though very pleaſing, writer.

notable sea-fight, because each of the other comanders placed him second.

With great deference to the present chevaliers of Tombuctoo, we cannot help thinking, that the colour of the Europeans is intrinsically superior to that of their sable rivals. This has been proved in an elegant and satisfactory manner by Mr Uvedale Price, in the third volume of his Essays on the Picturesque, a gentleman to whose work we shall have another occasion to recur during the course of this article. Varied and harmonious reflections of light and colours are certainly, what Mr Knight, of all men, should not deem immaterial in beauty, since beauty, according to his theory, p. 69, consists in nothing else. But what is far more important, is; that the physiognomical expression, the eloquence of the countenance, the symbols, which by a kind of natural telegraph, indicate the transitory emotions of love, modesty, and delight, or the more permanent glow of healthfulness and youth;

'The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love;'

are intimately allied with that complexion, which could never be praised in a toast of Tombuctoo. So far therefore we must justify our prejudices in favour of the whites. As to form, indeed, it would be difficult to prove the inferiority of the Ethiopian. Many negroes, in our regiments, from their symmetry, strength, and activity, give us the idea of masculine beauty. But, in the beauty of women, we are led away by sympathies and associations of a peculiar kind, as has been fully pointed out both by Mr Knight and by the author of the Sublime and Beautiful. A woman of a different colour seems at first a creature of a different species; and as our opinion of beauty in that sex, is commonly attended with some degree of love or desire, it cannot exist where any circumstances excite associations of disgust. But this cause can never be fairly tried, unless the two races were intermixed in a state of civil and intellectual equality with each other; an experiment which has not yet been made; since, in the East and West Indies, the moral relations of the two are so dissimilar, that full scope has not been given for the determination of physical preference.

After all this, however, has been cleared away, there still remains a prodigious difference in the sentiments of mankind in matters of taste. This will not be found in the decisions of men as to models of acknowledged excellence, where a hardy rebellion against established authority would bring down on their heads the penalties of critical high-treason. It is not quite safe to call Handel an indifferent composer; and nobody but Mr Pinkerton treats Virgil as a poetaster. But, where the public voice has not had

time

time to declare itſelf, it is ſurpriſing what variety of opinion is ſure to be expreſſed. Let any man, who has been in the leaſt converſant with literary ſociety, go over in his mind the opinions which he has heard from his acquaintance, as to the chief works of poetry that have been publiſhed during his time. How frequently he will find, that of two men, who eſteem alike the great maſters of the art, one will raiſe a living poet almoſt to the level of thoſe maſters, whom the other treats as quite contemptible. Nor is this confined to poetry. The ſtage is deſervedly accounted an object of elegant criticiſm. Yet, as to the art of declamation, we have had very recent experience, that men of diſcriminating and cultivated intellects, may diſcover tranſcendant excellence, where others, equally gifted, can ſee nothing but mediocrity. We have been often ſtruck, at an exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, with the various characters, which are conferred on the ſame pictures by the motley multitude who flock to criticiſe them; till, after ſome days, a few pictures obtain, from thoſe who are real judges, a decided character, which cannot afterwards, without the imputation of bad taſte, be contravened. Even thoſe, however, who, in poetry, claim a right *to pleaſe themſelves*, as their phraſe is wont to be, acknowledge the authority of poſitive rules in painting; and the fact of ſo great a diſcrepancy of opinion as to the latter, may lead us to ſuſpect, that there is ſome way of accounting for that, which exiſts as to the former, without giving up the reality of a right and a wrong in matters of taſte.

There are three cauſes to which we are inclined to aſcribe moſt of this contrariety of ſentiment, with reſpect to the productions of the fine arts. The firſt of theſe is want of feeling; that is, inability to enjoy, in any great degree, the pleaſures of the imagination. Every body knows, that perſons wholly deſtitute of a muſical ear, cannot have any reliſh for the excellences of that art; and their pretenſions to criticiſm in it, if they are unwiſe enough to make any, only tend to render themſelves ridiculous. But it does not ſeem to ſtrike every body, though it is equally true, that the ſouls of a great portion of mankind are juſt as obtuſe, with regard to poetry and other matters of taſte, as the moſt ill conſtructed organ can be to the diſtinctions of tones and ſemitones. The judgements of ſuch men muſt be perpetually wrong, becauſe, as they are incapable of receiving pleaſure themſelves, they can only know by conjecture what will excite it in others. It is true, that there are few candid enough to confeſs this general inſenſibility to the works of imagination. But we are perſuaded, that thoſe who look narrowly, will find it exceedingly common; and the prevailing manner of the time, the contemptuous apathy, which

which ſtops ſo many pleaſures in their ſource, is at once the proof and the effect of what we have advanced. 2. Men are often miſtaken in points of taſte, through want of knowledge. The principles of the fine arts are founded, as we have ſaid before, partly on general nature, and partly on arbitrary rules. But to judge of general nature, requires much attention and experience. Whether, for inſtance, the character of Achilles in Homer is juſtly and naturally delineated, cannot be decided by every one. We meet with no ſuch men in the ſtreets. We muſt previouſly form notions of human nature, as general as poſſible, dropping all local and individual characteriſtics. We muſt enlarge our views of it, by the ſtudy of ancient manners, and of its ſtate in countries remote from our own. Arbitrary rules, again, it is ſtill more evident, muſt be underſtood, before we can know whether they are preſerved. But theſe rules are, in all the arts, numerous and complicated, and very eaſy to be confounded by unſkilful judges. This then is a ſecond ſource of error in the opinions of men in matters of taſte. 3. In addition to theſe, men are often miſled, through haſtineſs of deciſion. It ſeems to paſs for ignorance or dullneſs, if a man heſitates to give his opinion in a moment upon a poem or a picture. We have probably read and reflected as much upon poetry, as moſt of thoſe who ſaunter about bookſellers' ſhops, and feed upon the literature of the hour. Yet we are ſometimes aſtoniſhed at the readineſs, with which theſe gentlemen paſs ſentence upon works, which it would take us ſome days to appreciate. For, when we conſider the compariſon of ideas, the analogies of language, the paralleliſms of former poets, which it is often neceſſary to run over in the mind, before we can aſcertain the juſtneſs of a ſingle metaphor, we may well think the power of deciding inſtantaneouſly on any given paſſage, a ſurpriſing proof of natural genius. It is ſome conſolation to us duller mortals, that Mr Burke ſeems to have wanted this faculty, and not given much credit to thoſe who profeſs to exerciſe it. See Introduction to the Sublime and Beautiful, edit. 1801. p. 110.

Of theſe three ſources of critical error, want of ſenſibility moſt naturally leads men to diſpraiſe what is good; and want of knowledge, to praiſe what is indifferent. This is, however, nothing like a general rule. Some are afraid to cenſure what they cannot reliſh; and a great many condemn what they cannot judge of. Precipitancy is an impartial failing, and ſcatters ſmiles and frowns at random. Women are not often deficient in critical feeling, though it is not often much heightened by exerciſe. They have rarely, however, obſerved with ſufficient comprehenſion, and ſcarce ever reflected with ſufficient ſteadineſs, to become knowing in the laws of taſte. From theſe cauſes, and from having more

modeſty and good nature than men, they are apt to err on the ſide of admiration. In our own ſex, on the contrary, among thoſe who aſpire to be critics, a tone of faſtidiouſneſs ſeems pretty general; of which, perhaps, we may be thought to complain with as bad a grace as the Gracchi did of ſedition.

The remedy for error in criticiſm is preciſely the ſame, as for error of any other kind; a diligent inquiry into truth. Let us be perſuaded, that criticiſm is a ſcience; and that taſte can only be rendered accurate by much ſtudy and attention. As aſtronomy is not learned by caſting our eyes upon the heavens, ſo a taſte in poetry cannot be acquired by lightly running over poems. And we muſt be permitted to ſay, that what is called, ſometimes invidiouſly, metaphyſical criticiſm, is the only real foundation for the principles of taſte. For the more ſuperficial ſtyle, ſuch, for example, as the Prelections of Biſhop Lowth on Hebrew, or the Commentaries of Sir W. Jones on Oriental, poetry (and we mean no diſparagement to two very ingenious works, which give us all that they profeſs to give), will never ſatisfy the reader, who would ſearch to the bottom, nor afford an anſwer to thoſe, who deny the exiſtence of any poſitive ſtandard. Something, indeed, has been ſaid by Johnſon, whoſe critical notions, when not warped by perſonal prejudice, were uſually acute and profound, about 'the cant of thoſe who judge by principles rather than perception.' Without animadverting on the ſtrange phraſe of 'judging by perception,' we muſt regret that he has lent the ſanction of his name to thoſe, who, confiding in their own good taſte, deſpiſe all philoſophical inquiry into principles, as chimerical and unneceſſary. Certain we are, that nothing is more truly *cant*, either in morals or criticiſm, than the language of thoſe, who profeſs to decide from the impulſe of their immediate feelings, without liſtening to ſo cold an arbitreſs as reaſon. And how greatly this practice of 'judging by perception,' (that is, we preſume, deciding according to our firſt impreſſions), has conduced to make taſte itſelf appear uncertain and capricious, will be ſeen by the following conſiderations.

We have obſerved already, that the laws of taſte are partly natural, and partly arbitrary. Under the former claſs fall, in poetry and eloquence, whatever ſuggeſts aſſociations generally delightful and intereſting, or awakens ſympathies which the conſtitution of mankind leads them to feel; in painting, truth of imitation, and forcibleneſs of expreſſion; in muſic, gratification of the ear, and power over the affections. Under the latter may be reckoned, what is called ſtyle, in writing; and the obſervance of thoſe rules with which critics are converſant, in the other arts. Architecture, in particular, mainly depends upon ſuch

such rules; there being scarce any foundations in nature for the exact proportions of columns, limitations of ornaments, and the other *costumi* of the art. But, independently of these principles of approbation and disapprobation in the objects of taste, all men are more or less influenced by circumstances peculiar to themselves. Every one is, in many cases, the slave of accidental associations; and these operate even more powerfully in matters of taste, where few are sufficiently used to reason, than in the conduct of life. The most vulgar instance of this, is in our feelings of the beauties of nature. The house where we were born, the village where we have lived, the trees which have sheltered us, the mountains which we have wandered over, have a claim on our hearts, more powerful than any which mere taste can create, but which we are apt to confound with the dictates of taste itself. It is the same energy of habitual sentiment, that misleads us in many other subjects. In poetry, we often take a casual liking to a passage, for which, if we were to analyze our thoughts, we could give no reason. We repeat lines over, till we cannot get the chime of their sound out of our ears; and though we may gain from them no ideas worth attending to, we make up for it by associations of feeling. Prejudices of education, so very common in critical decisions, seem to fall under this class. It is a general law indeed of our natures, that wherever ideas are the instruments of suggesting, by way of association, sentiments of pleasure or pain, we consider these sentiments as springing from the ideas themselves, without attending to the intermediate associations. It is plain, therefore, that such persons, as have never formed these associations, will not be affected by the corresponding feelings; and will falsely accuse themselves of want of taste, where taste, in a strict sense, has not been applied. The more hastily men judge, it must be clear, the more liable they will be to mistake their accidental associations, for those of reason and comprehensive experience. It is for all men a matter of difficulty, to be on their guard against such delusions. The imagination is the source of all error; and it is hard for taste to keep a rein over so restive a faculty. The state of our spirits and temper will make a mighty difference: a new poem is the worse for an east wind; and we have known a man execrate an actor, when he found nothing but standing-room to hear him.

To illustrate more fully what we have advanced, we will compare these three sources of critical decision, with the several principles of approbation and practice in the conduct of life. As there are rules of taste, which are absolute and universal, and founded only upon the common nature of human beings; so the rules of ethics are universal, and obligatory upon all

all intelligent creatures who have received the ſame conſtitution as ourſelves:

ἄ γράφε τι τῶν τι καὶ χθὶς, ἀλλ' ἀεὶ πρὸ
ζῆ τάλλα.

As there are rules, which were originally arbitrary, and which are obſerved in conformity to certain ſtandards, but the authority of which is not recognized in all ages, nor every where; ſo there are poſitive enactments, and cuſtoms preſcribed by uſage, in each particular country, by which thoſe who live under them are bound to regulate their actions, though they cannot reaſonably condemn others, who have never aſſented to their authority. Finally, as there are prejudices and aſſociations which lead ſome individuals to admire and diſlike, in points of taſte, what would not excite kindred ſentiments in others; ſo there are particular habits of thinking and acting, which every one acquires for himſelf: ſuch as walking with a ſtick, or without one; eating mutton rather than beef, or beef rather than mutton; liking pink ribands better than blue, or the contrary, and ſo forth; in which he does very well to pleaſe himſelf, and very abſurdly if he attempts to impoſe the ſame opinions on his neighbour. But as, from the pride and obſtinacy of mankind, ſuch intolerance, abſurd as it is, is far from unuſual in trifling matters; it cannot be wondered at, that many ſhould ſet down their acquaintance as dull or ignorant, who happen not to have formed the ſame aſſociations with a tune or a poem as themſelves. We muſt throw ourſelves on the indulgence of the reader for this long diſcuſſion; which we cannot deem ſuperfluous, becauſe all other inquiries hinge upon it; though we ſhould certainly have ſpared it at preſent, had it not been provoked by Mr Knight's introduction.

It is now high time to give ſome account of what is contained in the reſt of that gentleman's work. This is however not very eaſy to do. We never met with a book, in which the main ſtream was ſo much divided into by-channels and conduits. It waters all the meadows around, and is 'ſtrangled with its waſte fertility.' Such ſtores of reading and reflection have indeed rarely been brought before to bear on the ſubject of criticiſm; but their effect is ſometimes obſcured, and ſometimes weakened, by want of compreſſion and arrangement. We have turned it over, not once, but repeatedly, and paid more attention to the train of reaſoning, than thoſe who are not reviewers, will uſually be diſpoſed to do; yet we are by no means clear, that we have a diſtinct view of its plan, unincumbered with the numerous epiſodes, which hurry us away at every turning.

'Te

'Ter conatus eram collo dare brachia circum,
Ter fruſtrà dilapſa manus effugit imago.'

The firſt part is entitled, of Senſation; and treats ſucceſſively of its five modifications. Three of theſe are ſlightly touched, as bearing little relation to the principal ſubject of inquiry; and in the chapter upon Hearing, we meet with nothing which we can allow to detain us. That upon Sight is more important.

'Viſible beauty, abſtracted from all mental ſympathies or intellectual fitneſs, conſiſts (he ſays) in harmonious, but yet brilliant and contraſted combinations of light, ſhade, and colour; blended, but not confuſed; and broken, but not cut, into maſſes: and it is not peculiarly in ſtraight or curve, taper or ſpiral, long or ſhort, little or great objects, that we are to ſeek for theſe; but in ſuch as diſplay to the eye intricacy of parts, and variety of tint and ſurface.' p. 69. 'The perceptions of viſible projection and viſible diſtance are artificial.' p. 59. And hence, 'ſmoothneſs being properly a quality perceivable only by the touch, and applied metaphorically to the objects of the other ſenſes, we often apply it improperly to thoſe of viſion; aſſigning ſmoothneſs, as a cauſe of viſible beauty, to things, which, though ſmooth to the touch, caſt the moſt ſharp, edgy, and angular reflections on the eye; and thoſe reflections are all that the eye feels, or naturally perceives; its perception of projecting form, or tangible ſmoothneſs, being, as before obſerved, entirely artificial or acquired, and therefore unconnected with pure ſenſation.' p. 66. 'The reflexions from the poliſhed coats of very ſleek and pampered animals are harſh and angular, and the outlines of their bodies ſharp and edgy: wherefore, whatever viſible beauties they may poſſeſs, do not conſiſt in their ſmoothneſs.' p. 68.

So far we coincide with Mr Knight, and think his diſtinction of viſible and tangible qualities preciſe and accurate. But he takes occaſion from this to touch on another ſubject, which ſeems of ſufficient importance to merit ſome diſcuſſion; and we ſhall take into conſideration together ſome other paſſages of his book, relating to the ſame queſtion. This is the diſtinction between the Picturesque and the Beautiful, aſſerted by Mr U. Price in his eſſays on the picturesque, and ſtrongly denied by Mr Knight. The two champions have broken a lance together before; the one in a note to 'the Landſcape;' and the other in a controverſial dialogue occaſioned by that note.

Of Mr Price's treatiſes it is not incumbent on us to give any general character. The bold attack, which they made upon the prevailing ſyſtem of improvement in ornamental grounds, was ſupported with ſuch taſte and ability, that, though the feeble and querulous old age of Maſon aimed a *telum imbelle ſine ictu*, in the ſhape of an abſurd ſonnet, at the ſyſtem and its author; and though Mr Repton defended himſelf with ſome ingenuity, it ſeems to be gaining ground with the public, and will probably,

in

in a few years, put an end to the tyranny which Mr Brown and his ſchool have ſo long exerciſed over nature. In this practical part, Mr Knight is ſo far from differing with his friend, that a great part of his work is dedicated to the ſame purpoſe; and they cooperate, like Theſeus and Perithous, amicably and heroically, to clear the world of monſters. Their diſagreement is only in theory. The Picturesque, according to Mr Price, has a character ſeparate from that of the Sublime and the Beautiful; and equally independent of the art of painting, though it has been pointed out by that art, and is one of its moſt ſtriking ornaments. The name is not material; the queſtion is, Whether there are certain qualities, which uniformly produce the ſame effects in all viſible objects, and even in objects of hearing, diſtinguiſhable as a claſs from all others. Theſe qualities are, variety and intricacy; the latter of which, in landſcape, may be defined, that diſpoſition of objects, which, by a partial and uncertain concealment, excites and nouriſhes curioſity. Roughneſs therefore, ſudden variation, and a certain degree of irregularity, muſt be ingredients in the picturesque; as ſmoothneſs, gradual variation, and a certain degree of uniformity are in the beautiful. While beauty again acts by relaxing the fibres ſomewhat below their natural tone, and is accompanied by an inward ſenſe of melting and languor, the effect of the picturesque is curioſity, which keeps the fibres at their full tone. If we examine our feelings, ſays Mr Price, on a warm genial day, in a ſpot full of the ſofteſt beauties of nature, the fragrance of ſpring breathing around us; pleaſure then ſeems to be our natural ſtate, to be received, not ſought after; it is the happineſs of exiſting to ſenſations of delight only; we are unwilling to move, almoſt to think, and deſire only to feel and to enjoy. How different is that active purſuit of pleaſure, when the fibres are braced by a keen air, in a wild, romantic ſituation; when the activity of the body almoſt keeps pace with that of the mind, and eagerly ſcales every rocky promontory, explores every new receſs. Such is the difference between the beautiful and the picturesque. One principal effect of ſmoothneſs is, that it gives an appearance of quiet and repoſe; roughneſs, on the contrary, a ſpirit and animation. Theſe are the principal effects of the beautiful and the picturesque; hence, where there is a want of ſmoothneſs, and conſequently of repoſe, there is leſs beauty; and where there is no roughneſs, there is a want of ſtimulus and ſpirit, and conſequently of picturesqueneſs. Mr Price illuſtrates this diſtinction in a variety of viſible objects; in buildings, in water, in trees, in animals, in men, and in pictures. And in muſic, however like a ſoleciſm it may be to ſpeak of picturesqueneſs, yet movements which abound in ſudden, unexpected,

pected, and abrupt tranſitions; in a certain playful wildneſs of character, and an appearance of irregularity, are no leſs analogous to ſimilar ſcenery in nature, than the concerto or the chorus to what is grand and beautiful to the eye. We have taken the liberty to ſelect thoſe paſſages of Mr Price's work, which are moſt accommodated to our own views of the ſubject, ſeldom altering, except for the ſake of brevity, his expreſſions.

This diſtinction of beauty and pictureſqueneſs Mr Knight treats as chimerical and unmeaning. Painting, he ſays, as it imitates only the viſible qualities of bodies, ſeparates thoſe qualities from all others, which the habitual concurrence and cooperation of the other ſenſes have mixed and blended with them in our ordinary perceptions, from which our ideas are formed. Thus, diſguſting and offenſive objects become pleaſing in imitation; ſuch as dunghills, ſhambles, or rags; becauſe they are poſſeſſed of viſible beauty; to wit, brilliant and harmonious tints, though in nature the effect of theſe qualities is overpowered by diſagreeable aſſociations. The fundamental error of Mr Price conſiſts in ſeeking for diſtinctions in natural objects, which only exiſt in the modes and habits of viewing and conſidering them. He miſtakes ideas for things, and the effects of internal ſympathies, for thoſe of external circumſtances; and thus grounds the beſt practical leſſons of taſte upon falſe principles and falſe philoſophy. 'A ſingle ſentence in his laſt publication, has given me,' ſays Mr Knight, 'a key to his ſyſtem, by which I had long been puzzled. *All theſe ideas*, ſays the interlocutor who ſuſtains his own part in the dialogue, *are originally acquired by the touch, but from uſe they are become as much objects of ſight as colours.* Where there is ſo little diſcrimination between the operations of mind and the objects of ſenſe, as that ideas become objects of ſight, the reſt follows of courſe.' There is really in this, what, if it did not come from a friend, we ſhould call very like ſneering. But, in juſtice to Mr Price, we muſt ſay, that, if he is not as well read in metaphyſic lore as our author, he is not a man to take ideas for objects of ſight. The ſentence is inaccurately worded: it ſhould have run, 'from uſe they are become as invariably connected with objects of ſight, as the very perception of their colours themſelves.' The truth is, that both theſe writers are very deficient in preciſion, while treating of nice philoſophical diſtinctions. Perhaps they may deem it characteriſtic of gentlemen, to diſregard that plebeian accuracy, which poor ſcholars muſt adhere to. In this however they will be miſtaken: let them write as carelеſsly as they will, there is an unfortunate air of reading and thinking about them, which will weigh them down like a millſtone, and prevent their riſing above the level of mere men of ſenſe and learning, to the more exalted ſphere of

faſhionable

fashionable dilettanti. To return to the point. We have faithfully, to the best of our power, represented Mr Knight's opinion upon the picturesque; which to us, we own, is not satisfactory. It does not meet that part of the opposite argument, which we have pieced together out of Mr Price's essay; and which contains, in our judgment, a proof not less just than ingenious. Perhaps the latter gentleman has, in his dialogue, rather descended from his vantage-ground, and rested the cause on less irrefragable reasoning. In illustration of what we have selected above, we beg the reader's indulgence for the following remarks.

One primary source of pleasure to the human mind, both in its acts of perception and conception, is novelty. This is felt most evidently by children; and often with a degree of exquisiteness, which the pleasures of association, however cultivated in after life, perhaps never counterbalance. But, as we grow up, the mind becomes callous to mere novelty; or rather, from experience, scarce any thing seems new. Stronger stimulants must be applied, to excite its jaded sensibility, and supply, drop by drop, that delight, which flowed in a constant stream upon the cheerfulness of youth. There is a refined degree of novelty, which acts in a lively manner on the mind, and often, by sympathy, on the nerves; for which we shall venture to coin the name of *unexpectedness*. This character must naturally consist in marked and sudden change, whether in the course of our sensations, or of our ideas. Again, there is another primary source of pleasure to the mind; which is *repose*. It is in a main degree by the alternate operations of the love of ease and of activity, that the complicated machine of man is wrought up to what it is. 'Les hommes ont un instinct secret,' says the wild and melancholy Pascal, 'qui les porte à chercher le divertissement et l'occupation au dehors, qui vient du ressentiment de leur misère continuelle. Et ils ont un autre instinct, qui reste de la grandeur de leur première nature, qui leur fait connoître, que le bonheur n'est en effet que dans le repos.' It is to the pleasure of repose that we refer some part of that, which arises from uniformity, symmetry, and fitness, (though much undoubtedly depends upon association), where the mind anticipates the cause of its perceptions, and lets them pass without effort or laborious attention. And this is perhaps the secret link, which connects the sentiment of beauty with mathematical theorems, or mechanical contrivances. How differently the mind is affected, by what has the character of unexpectedness, and what, on the contrary, keeps the imagination in repose, has been happily illustrated by Mr Price, with respect to visible nature, and the art of painting. As to music, we disclaim any musical science, and even musical ear. But one must be deaf, or averse to the 'concord of sweet sounds,' who

is not aware of the use which is made, in that art, of the two principles, unexpectedness and repose, and of the difference in the states of feeling which they produce. Let any man compare the character of a lively spirited movement, full of change and transition, which strike any ear in the general effect, though only a microscopic one, (to use as bad a term as picturesque), can distinguish them in detail, with that of such music, as is described in the following lines; lines, which, had they, and those among which they stand, been found in Lucretius, would have been quoted as among the loftiest efforts of his genius.

' Ac veluti melicæ voces, quando auribu' sese
Infinuant, animæque resignant mollia claustra,
Compositæ metus omneis, faciuntque dolorum
Obliviscier, ac dulci languescere leto.'

We think he will acknowledge that, however unhappily picturesqueness may express the properties of sound, *some* name should be applied to the causes, which excite sentiments so widely remote. To this we will only add, that what answers to picturesqueness in poetry and eloquence, is the quality called *animation*; which often gives a charm to incorrect writing, that more faultless productions cannot reach; and which, though it is of a very subtle and indefinable nature, will often be found to resolve itself into unexpectedness.

The second part of Mr Knight's work bears for title, the Association of Ideas; and is divided into three long chapters; on Knowledge or Improved Perception, on Imagination, and on Judgement. By improved perception, he seems to mean, though the phrase is not happily chosen, the mixture of associated ideas with organic perceptions, especially in objects of sight; and upon this association, according to him, all refinement of taste depends. There is however a more obvious sense of improved perception, which he seems to have overlooked: it is certain, that the same impression is made by a picture on the retina of an ignorant person and a connoisseur; and yet, from an acquired habit of attending separately to the objects of perception, the latter will observe, and in a popular sense, may be said to see, what wholly escapes the notice of the other. Imitation is one of the most universal sources of pleasure, derived from association; and the pleasures which the ignorant derive from mere imitation, are, in our author's opinion, more keen than those which the learned receive from the noblest productions of art.

'These feelings of nature, however, are of short duration: for when the novelty of the first impression is over, and the interest of curiosity and surprise has subsided, mere imitation of common objects begins to appear trifling and insipid; and men look for, in imitative art, something

thing of character and expreſſion, which may awaken ſympathy, excite new ideas, or expand and elevate thoſe already formed. To produce this, requires a knowledge of mind, as well as of body; and of the interior, as well as exterior conſtruction of the human frame, or of whatever elſe be the object of imitation; whence art becomes engrafted upon ſcience: and as all the exertions of human ſkill and ingenuity are indefinitely progreſſive, and never ſtop at that point, which they originally aimed at, this art of ſcience, or ſcience of art, has been extended, particularly in painting and muſic, to the production of excellences, which are neither of imitation nor expreſſion; but which peculiarly belong to technical ſkill, and can only be reliſhed or perceived by thoſe, who have acquired a certain degree of knowledge in thoſe arts. Such are, in general, the compoſitions of Bravura, as they are called, in muſic; and ſuch, in painting, the works of the great Venetian painters; whoſe ſtyle of imitation is any thing but exact; whoſe expreſſion is never either dignified or forcible; and whoſe tone of colouring is too much below that of nature, to pleaſe the mere organs of ſenſe; but whoſe productions have, nevertheleſs, always held the higheſt rank in the art; and, as far as the mere art and ſcience of painting are concerned, are unqueſtionably among its moſt perfect productions. The taſte for them, however, is, as Sir J. Reynolds has obſerved, entirely acquired, and acquired by the aſſociation of ideas: for, as great ſkill and power, and a maſterly facility of execution, in any liberal art, raiſe our admiration, and conſequently excite pleaſing and exalted ideas; we, by a natural and imperceptible proceſs of the mind, aſſociate theſe ideas with thoſe excited by the productions of theſe arts; and thus tranſfer the merit of the workman to the work.' p. 96.

This is juſt and philoſophical criticiſm. One diſtinction might be made with reſpect to our admiration of technical ſkill. Our ſympathy with natural or acquired command of the bodily powers, is very different from that, which we feel with intellectual ability; and indeed can hardly be reckoned within the province of taſte. Hence mere powers of voice in bravura ſinging, and mere feats of ſtrength and activity in ſtage-dancing, of which the London opera preſents too many inſtances, neither afford ſuch pleaſure, nor excite ſuch admiration in men of taſte, as the diſplay of mental energies, regulating as well as cooperating with thoſe of the body. If to ſurmount that difficulty of execution, which is ſimply phyſical, be a title to the admiration of the lover of art; let us remember, that no dancing is ſo difficult as that which is performed upon a rope; and that Mr Lee Sugg the ventriloquiſt, and Mr Highmen Palatine the conjurer, may expect to ſit down upon the ſame bench with Haydn and Titian.

In the latter part of this chapter, Mr Knight flies from painting to poetry. His remarks both on that art, and on language, ſeem for the moſt part very reaſonable: there are ſome, however, which

which will ſtrike many readers with ſurpriſe, and many with indignation. Theſe are, his ſtrong cenſures of Milton's verſification, and ſtructure of ſentences. Highly as we reverence Milton, we muſt confeſs, however, that we cannot fall quite ſo ſeverely on Mr Knight's ſtrictures, as we could have wiſhed. We certainly think him injurious, when he quotes with approbation from Johnſon, that 'the Paradiſe Loſt is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again:' that 'none ever wiſhed it longer than it is:' that 'its peruſal is a duty rather than a pleaſure.' Yet we are compelled to admit, that 'the irregularity of his pauſes, which certain critics have ſo much commended, often gives the character of proſe to his verſe, and deprives it of all fire and enthuſiaſm of expreſſion.' It is alſo, we acknowledge, too true, that 'Milton has often employed an inverted order of collocation, merely to ſtiffen his diction, and keep it out of proſe; an artifice, of all others, the moſt adverſe to the genuine purpoſes of a metrical or poetical ſtyle; which, though known to be the reſult of ſtudy and labour, ſhould always appear to flow from inſpiration.' It cannot be denied, that the paſſage which Mr Knight has quoted from the fifth book, has as little the characteriſtics of metre, as it has of poetical beauty. In ſhort, we ſee very clearly, and long have ſeen, that there is, even in the moſt beautiful parts of the Paradiſe Loſt, a want of that χάρις, ἥτις ἅπασιν τύχῃ τὰ μάλιστα ἡδεῖαν, that charm of eaſe and animation, which runs through the poetry of Homer and of Virgil. The admirers of Milton, and few can be more warmly ſuch than ourſelves, muſt be better pleaſed to lay the fault on his verſe, than on his mind. His lighter poems are often full of grace and ſpirit. The evil days upon which he had fallen, and the influence of a temperament, naturally ſo ſerious and ſevere, that in his mirth, according to Johnſon, there is always ſome melancholy, will certainly account in a great degree for that unbending ſolemnity, which reigns in the Paradiſe Loſt, and which is apt to leave an impreſſion almoſt painful on the mind. But there is ſomething more. Senſible that the inferiority of our own idiom to thoſe of antiquity, proceeded mainly from its want of inverſions; he made a ſtruggle, both in proſe and poetry, to naturalize a more claſſical ſtructure of periods. Had this ſucceeded, ſo as to become the common ſtyle, which, from our want of inflections, and other reaſons, it never could, poetry and eloquence would have been inеſtimably gainers. He failed: and his failure coſt him half the price of his labour. His proſe writings, abundant as they are in eloquence, ſeldom quit the ſhelves of our libraries; the much more ſplendid excellences of his poetry have redeemed that from ſuch oblivion; and by the natural courſe of critical idolatry, his defects have been praiſed by

critics, and imitated by what the world call poets. But never were there, in our opinion, poems less deserving their name, than those written in imitation of the Miltonic blank verse, by some who acquired not a little reputation in their day. The most thorough penury of poetical images, the greatest triteness of sentiment, the hardest and most uncouth diction, seemed with these gentlemen to constitute the true tone of poetry. Nothing was expressed naturally; no verse moved smoothly on, accordant to the fancy and feelings of the reader. A few modes of phrase, generally of classic origin, and imitated from Milton, such as placing the substantive before its epithet, or inverting the verb and accusative case, threw a stiff and cumbrous pedantry over the language. Animation, the great characteristic of good poetry, was utterly wanting. It was in truth verse only to the eye. Happily this school has been exploded. It has been discovered, that un-rhymed verse may possess simplicity of expression, and warmth of sentiment. Among the first specimens of this reformed style were the inscriptions of Akenside. Some living poets have been very successful in it; and shewn the fallacy of that strange notion, that blank verse is adapted only to poems of considerable length. To our ear, it is susceptible, by art and attention, of greater harmony, as well as variety, than rhyme; but we cannot dissemble that, unless where the sentiment buoys it up, its inevitable tendency is to coldness and want of spirit: and, as many parts of a narrative or didactic poem must be destitute of such assistance, it is too much to hope, that any future favourites of Apollo will overcome these obstacles, to which Milton, Akenside, and Cowper have been forced to yield.

The second chapter goes very much at length into the subjects of architecture, and the improvement of grounds. We find here every thing to approve: the doctrine of association has never been more happily applied to matters of taste. It is a mark of the enlargement and liberality of Mr Knight's mind, that, while he warmly contends for leaving untouched the wild and picturesque scenery of nature, he, like Mr Price, is an advocate for the obsolete Italian garden, with its statues, terraces, and architectural decorations, immediately near the house. The mere artists, and the picturesque men of Mr Gilpin's school, will hear this with surprise. There is a good deal of narrowness and pedantry in the race of professional artists, which leads them to depreciate every thing that will not easily bear delineation; they seem to think that this kingdom of visible nature, with all its furniture of woods and waters, was made so passing fair, for little better end, than to enable a few mortals who dirt a plate with bistre and gumboge, to sell their drawings at

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the beſt advantage. With theſe chime in, of courſe, the children of poetry and romance, who admire nothing but rural ſimplicity, and ſicken at all appearance of thoſe terrible things, art and opulence. But it is the privilege of the man, who has opened to his mind, by obſervation and ſtudy, *all* the ſprings of pleaſant aſſociation, to delight, by turns, in the rudeneſs of ſolitary woods, in the cheerfulneſs of ſpreading plains, in the decorations of refined art, in the magnificence of luxurious wealth, in the activity of crowded ports, the induſtry of cities, the pomp of ſpectacles, the pageantry of feſtivals. 'Immediately adjoining the dwellings of opulence and luxury,' ſays Mr Knight, p. 154, 'every thing ſhould aſſume its character: and not only be, but appear to be, dreſſed and cultivated.' We particularly recommend to our readers, that part of Mr Price's ſecond volume of eſſays, which contains a defence of architectural gardens; it is treated by him more at large than by Mr Knight, and, even though it ſhould not convince, will, we are ſure, ſeem liberal and ingenious. We doubt, however, whether ſuch a ſtyle of gardening would ſuit buildings ſo unadorned, as moſt gentlemen's houſes in Great Britain; and perhaps it cannot be introduced with perfect convenience, unleſs where the houſe ſtands on an inclined plane.

Towards the end of this chapter, we meet with ſome opinions to which we cannot ſubſcribe: they are in the ſame vein as the introduction, upon which we have already ſpent ſo much ink, and run down all critical rules in general. This is rather inconſiſtent with the purpoſe of the book, as the author ſeems in one place (p. 247.) to be aware. 'In all matters of taſte and criticiſm,' ſays Mr Knight, 'general rules appear to me to be, like general theories in government or politics, never ſafe but *when they are uſeleſs*; that is, in caſes previouſly proved by experience.' How much philoſophy there is in this, our readers will detect, if they give a little ſhaking to the word *experience*: but we muſt paſs on. What he ſays afterwards of academies for painting, may be very juſt, and ſeems agreeable to experience. We are not equally ſatisfied when he dates the compleate corruption and decline of Latin eloquence, from the appointment of public profeſſors of rhetoric, through all the principal cities of the weſtern provinces, early in the ſecond century of Chriſtianity. Whether the ſtudy of rhetoric as an art be calculated to improve eloquence, is a great problem; though it was none at all with the ancients. Certain it is, that Demoſthenes and Cicero were trained in ſuch ſchools; the one under Iſæus, the other under Molo the Rhodian; ſo that, if we are to impute the decline of eloquence to this cauſe, we ſhould in fairneſs aſcribe its perfection

to the ſame. Britiſh eloquence, both of the ſenate and the bar, is deſervedly celebrated. And yet, when we reflect on the immenſe price which it bears in the Houſe of Commons, it is ſometimes apt to ſurpriſe us, that ſo few are able to attain it in any conſiderable degree. There is a good deal of bad taſte in parliamentary ſpeaking, for which a courſe of Ariſtotle and Quintilian might be no ill corrective. But if a falſe notion of the word did not prevail in the world, we ſhould not have heard the ravings of a notorious Iriſh barriſter, in a late cauſe which has made ſome noiſe, miſtaken for real eloquence; of which, even more ſtrictly than of poetry, the foundation is good ſenſe and propriety. *C. Fimbria ita furebat, ut miraverere tam alias res agere populum, ut eſſet inſano inter diſertos locus.* But our author at laſt, in his averſion to critical legiſlation, falls unmercifully upon reviewers. We turned a little pale at firſt; but finding his attacks confined to 'thoſe bands of critics whoſe labours iſſue *monthly* from the preſs,' took heart again; though perhaps, as an amended act defeats the ingenious contrivances of thoſe who evade taxes, we ſhall find a ſecond edition extend its anathemas to quarterly critics. With an Engliſh publication of this ſort, Mr Knight has a ſquabble, which ends in his offering the world a Greek tranſlation of a few lines from Gray. It is very preſumptuous in us Scotchmen to contend about Greek at all; and eſpecially with a man of Mr Knight's deep acquaintance with that tongue. Nevertheleſs, we muſt not fly from our poſt, though we may be deemed *enfans perdus*. All the world remember the lines in the bard; 'On a rock, whoſe haughty brow,' &c.

πὰρ κελάδοντα ῥέεθρον
ὁ μεληγλώσσος ἀνὴρ
ἕστα προβλῆτι
ἐπὶ σκοπέλῳ προφανὴς,
ὀλάνικος διδορκὼς ὄμμασιν,
ὁ τῶνδε διώκων ἐπίων ἀοιδός·
κραδίῃ δὲ καὶ πολίῳ
γνάθων ἐκπεδασμέναι,
ἀσίδες ἅτε κομᾶται,
ἕβεσαν ἰρὰ σὺν
αἰὲν ἐν θελξῷ·
Διεμὰ δ' ὁ σίγγων δάκρυα σοναχᾷ
ὅλον μέλος Φοβερᾷ
ἴαυδε φωνᾷ.

It is cunning in Mr Knight to write monoſtrophics, which deprives us of the gratification we ſhould have had in ſearching out falſe quantities. The firſt line however is worſe than any falſe quantity: πὰρ κελάδοντα ῥέεθρον is ſomething like *ad reſonantem flumen*. It is true, that Homer has τέκνον φίλε, a figure which Leſbonax calls

calls Euboic; but the case is obviously very different, where the noun expresses an inanimate thing. After all, this may be a *critic-trap*; and there may be a lurking authority for the license.—ὁ μιλάγχλαινος ἀνὴρ, means, the parson, not the prophet. The epithet in the fifth line adds nothing; the article in the sixth is inelegant. There seems, indeed, to be a notion among the Greek poets of Cambridge, that the prepositive article is always necessary. This is not the case however, we apprehend, (in poetry), unless perhaps where the noun expresses an abstract idea. In Homeric Greek, it should be omitted altogether. The sixth line is likewise very weak.—ἐσκιδνάμεναι, in the eighth, seems a less poetical form than σκιδνάμεναι.—ἀστὴρ κομήτης, in the ninth, does not mean a meteor.—ἐφόοντο (we hope he meant to write ἐρρώοντ') is an obsolete Homeric word.—the elision of ἀΐξ' in the eleventh, is too great a license for so short a composition.—ἐολιῇ is wrong; that word means always rainy or muddy, and cannot be applied to the atmosphere: we say that the sky is muddy in a drawing, but hardly in nature. The twelfth line is nonsense. Finally, there is little attempt made at rendering the original; and the epithets, θρεμὰ, ἄλση, φοιῇ, and the like, are common-place and feeble *. Mr Knight prints his Greek without accents; and as in him we cannot suppose ignorance, it must be inferred, that he doubts their antiquity or usefulness.

The next chapter is of Judgement; it is full of temptation to extract and criticize: but we can only select a little. The following is a proof of the author's hastiness in deciding on metaphysical subjects.

'Aristotle has observed that, in poetry, that, which is credible, but impossible, is preferable to that, which is possible, but incredible. This great philosopher's acuteness seems, however, in this instance, to have forsaken him: for in reasoning from experience or analogy, *possibility is only a degree of credibility*; and the greater degree must necessarily include the less; wherefore that, which is thought to be credible, must previously be thought to be possible. A negative too, in its nature, excludes all degrees whatever; for, where there is *none*, there cannot be either *more* or *less*; and though a negative on one side may, in some cases, imply an affirmative, either contingent or absolute, on the other, it is surely most absurdly paradoxical to assert that an absolute negative, on one side, may include a contingent affirmative, on the same side. Yet this is the conclusion, to which we must come, before we can admit of a *credible impossible*: but the nature and extent of human knowledge

* As Mr Knight's translation has all the advantages of *prose*, it should have been more faultless.

ledge had not been ascertained in the time of the Stagyrite;' &c. p. 260.

Possibility, which is here strangely termed a degree of credibility, is used in two senses; one absolute, one relative. That is not possible, in the first sense, which implies a contradiction, and which therefore no power could perform: that is not possible, in the second sense, which human, or some other given power, cannot perform. It is possible, in the second sense, to build a bridge over the Thames at Brentford: it is possible, in the first sense, to remove Brentford into Surrey; that is, it implies no contradiction, and might therefore be done by indefinite power. A credible impossible, πιθανὸν ἀδύνατον, of which Aristotle speaks, is nonsense, if *impossible* be taken absolutely; for what is contradictory, cannot be believed. But it is sense to say that a relative impossibility, that is, an action assigned to a power really inadequate, may be rendered credible in poetry: and of this the Homeric fictions are very good instances. The prowess of Achilles is impossible; that is, beyond the power of man: but, by the art of the poet, we are made, either to overlook that impossibility, or to overcome it, by enlarging our conceptions of the power. And this is so very plain, that we should not have suspected any one, who had but moistened his lips at the streams of philosophy, of falling into such a mistake, had we not discovered a similar confusion of ideas, with respect to the word *possible*, in no less a man than Cudworth. (Intellect. Syst. p. 721. & 732.) But in recompense for censuring Aristotle without reason in this place, Mr Knight adopts from him (p. 95.) the position, that Music and Poetry are imitative arts. How little this is the case, if it does not strike every one at first, may be seen from the dissertations on Poetry and Music, prefixed by that accomplished scholar, the late Mr Twining, to his translation of Aristotle's Poetics.

Homer is in great favour with our author; his observations on the character of Achilles (p. 275. *et alibi*) are particularly deserving of attention. Some of them, however, coincide so exactly both in sentiment and expression with what has been said by Dr Beattie on the same subject, (Dissertations on Poetry and Music, p. 405.), that we can only impute to Mr Knight's haste or oversight, the omission of those acknowledgements, which will doubtless find a place in the next edition. In the glow of his zeal for the times of heroism, he even thinks, that there were giants in those days; 'No one, I believe, ever read the Iliad, without conceiving in his mind ideas of men whose ordinary stature could not have been less than ten feet.' Mr Knight must speak for himself; with all our respect for the heroes of the Iliad, we cannot think that Ajax himself was so big a man as Mr O'Bryen.

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The worſt is, that Mr Knight, like many other critics, cannot extol Homer without depreciating Virgil. After remarking, that in the ſtatue of Laocoon, his throat is compreſſed to ſhow, that he ſuffers in ſilence; he 'maintains, in ſpite of the blind and indiſcriminate admiration which pedantry always ſhows for every thing which bears the ſtamp of high authority, that Virgil has debaſed the character, and robbed it of half its ſublimity and grandeur of expreſſion, by making Laocoon *roar like a bull.*' We deſpiſe, like Mr Knight, the blind and indiſcriminate admiration of pedantry; but muſt point out the difference between the circumſtances of the ſculptor and the poet. With the former, Laocoon was the great object; and it was right to create ſympathy, by giving him the fortitude and energy of a hero. But in the Æneid, Laocoon is not repreſented as a hero; he is a ſubordinate character; and, though not guilty, yet, according to the ſuperſtition of ancient times, piacular, in reſiſting the ſecret ordinances of the gods. His cries add terror to the miraculous circumſtances of his death; and ſerve to work up the reader's mind for the calamities of the enſuing night, and the fall of Troy.

We are too ſenſible of our ignorance of painting, to animadvert on Mr Knight's cenſures of Michel Angelo. If he is right, how ſtrangely muſt Sir J. Reynolds have been deceived! But one ſentence we cannot paſs by.

'Eaſe in deſign ſeems to me to be quite as requiſite to the perfection of art, as eaſe in execution: for, whether the mind, or the hand of the artiſt, diſplay ſymptoms of conſtrained labour, the effect upon the imagination will be the ſame; the *ut ſibi quivis ſperet idem* being the infallible and indiſpenſable characteriſtic of high excellence in both.'

The laſt poſition is ſo far from being true, that we will venture to aſſert that it is, in the higher works of art, preciſely contrary to truth. In poetry, painting, and the reſt, we meaſure the excellence of the workman, and in a great degree of the work, by the ſuppoſed difficulty of its performance, and conſequently the rareneſs of the talents, which muſt have been exerted on it. With the greater eaſe ſuch a work ſeems to have been executed, the greater is our eſtimate of the power applied; but the *ut ſibi quivis ſperet idem*, is quite another ſentiment. Who flatters himſelf, that he could have chiſelled the Apollo, or written the Iliad? And it is on this account, in our opinion, that what is called ſimplicity and eaſineſs, in the lighter kinds of writing, is ſeldom ſufficiently prized by inexperienced perſons. There ſeems to them nothing more than what they could have done themſelves; and it is a curious fact, that, while we ſeldom fail to rate our own productions high enough, we ſcarce ever beſtow much praiſe upon ſuch works of others, as we think ourſelves

capable of equalling. It is not till, by trials of compoſition, or by obſerving the frequent failure of others, we learn its real difficulty, that the maſters of unaffected grace, Xenophon and Cæſar, Addiſon and La Fontaine, acquire that eſteem, which we give at firſt, in an exceſſive degree, by a ſimilar miſconception of the talents required, to a brilliant and figurative ſtyle, whether in verſe or proſe. Of a certain ſort of excellence then, *ut ſibi quivis ſperet idem* may be a characteriſtic; but that which is tranſcendant, ſeldom fails to bear the ſtamp of thoſe rare and inimitable energies, by which it has been created.

In the third part we come to the Paſſions. Three chapters, on the Sublime and Pathetic, on the Ridiculous, and on Novelty, are compriſed in this. The firſt is very long, and one of the moſt important in the book. The leading principle is, that in tragedy, and in all pathetic and impaſſioned narratives, our pleaſure ariſes from ſympathy. This ſympathy, however, is not with the ſufferings of the ſuppoſed characters, but with the exertions which thoſe ſufferings call forth. This he illuſtrates by the combats of gladiators, boxing matches, and bull-baiting; in which the pain ſuffered would of itſelf excite horror and diſguſt; but the energies of ſkill, emulation, and fortitude, which are diſplayed, overpower in ſome minds the unpleaſing ſenſations, and render ſuch ſpectacles intereſting. Of boxing, in particular, Mr Knight ſpeaks *con amore*, and predicts very dreadful conſequences from the obſtinacy of the magiſtrates in preventing it. This is one of the ſubjects where much may be ſaid on both ſides: bull-fights, it ſhould be remembered, do not keep alive the ſenſe of courage in Spain; and combats of gladiators did not become common at Rome, till the days after her degeneracy. There ſeems ſomething peculiar in Mr Knight's notion of the ſympathy excited by tragedy: there is, according to him, no deception; and yet he cannot diſcover, 'how any man can feel fear for danger, which he knows to be unreal, or commiſeration for diſtreſs, which he knows to be fictitious.' We ſympathize, according to Mr Knight, only with the expreſſions of power and energy, becauſe theſe expreſſions are real. Now this we take to be radically wrong. Whatever may be the caſe as to the *pleaſure* we receive from tragedy, there really ſeems to be no room for diſputing about the ſource of the *emotions* which it excites. Theſe are by far too lively and too varied to be reſolved into the ſimple feeling of admiration of energy or excellence; and every one knows it indeed as a fact, that he does ſympathize not only with the ſentiments of the poet, but with the dangers and ſufferings of his fictitious characters. A very ſlight conſideration of the nature of our ſympathy with real ſorrow,

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will ſerve to ſhow how natural it is that it ſhould be extended to that which is merely dramatical. If Mr Knight wiſhes to be conſiſtent in his ſcepticiſm, he ought to call in queſtion the reality of this ſympathy alſo, and to ſay that he cannot diſcover how any man can feel terror for danger which does not threaten him, or ſorrow for ſufferings which he does not experience. The fact is, however, that we do ſympathize with thoſe emotions of which we happen to be ſpectators; and philoſophers have even taken a great deal of pains to diſcover why we ſympathize with them. They tell us, that it is all owing to a certain ſelfiſh illuſion of the imagination; and that we weep at the ſight of diſtreſs, merely becauſe it gives us a lively conception of what we ſhould ourſelves feel in the ſame circumſtances; and thus forces us to place ourſelves for the time in the ſituation of the object we commiſerate. This, we think, is now generally admitted; and if there be any truth in the explanation, it will evidently account for our ſympathy with fictitious diſtreſs, as well as with that which is real. In a ſkilful repreſentation of ſuffering, we ſee exactly the ſame things that we ſhould ſee in the reality; and as in both caſes the ſigns of affliction are merely hints or occaſions by which we are led to form lively conceptions of what our own feelings would be in ſimilar circumſtances, it is evident that the artificial ſigns will be juſt as efficacious in this way as the natural. When we are merely ſpectators of ſuffering, however real and violent, we never *feel* any part of it; we only perceive the ſigns by which it is indicated; and theſe ſigns ſuggeſt to us, in a very forcible manner, the conception of what we ſhould ourſelves feel in ſuch a ſituation: now, a perfect or exaggerated copy of theſe ſigns muſt ſuggeſt the ſame conceptions, with at leaſt as much vivacity; and dramatical repreſentation muſt move the heart exactly in the ſame manner as the ſpectacle of real diſaſter. The fact accordingly correſponds exactly, we believe, with this explanation of it; and we feel diſtinctly in the theatre the ſame ſort of ſympathy with the danger, and diſtreſs, and indignation, and triumph of the characters, as we ſhould experience from the contemplation of ſimilar incidents in real life. The degree of emotion may be ſmaller, becauſe the attention is leſs forcibly arreſted; but it is the ſame kind of emotion; and cannot, we ſhould conceive, be miſtaken by any one who attends to it.

Mr Knight has alſo, it appears to us, rejected too abſolutely the idea of deception in ſcenic repreſentations. That no man is deceived, like Partridge, from entering the houſe to quitting it, we readily admit. We admit alſo, that every man *knows* the diſtreſs repreſented to be fictitious; that is, would acknowledge

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it to be so, if he were asked the question. But we incline to think, that there often is a momentary illusion; in which the mind loses sight of those collateral associations, by which it knows the whole to be fictitious, and gives itself up to the natural effect of perception; which is, to excite belief. We cannot explain our opinion further, without going more deeply into a metaphysical speculation than we should wish. Those who will take the pains to watch children at the theatre, may see, that they hardly know whether to believe or not, what is going forward; and their sympathy is certainly much stronger than ours. At the same time, it is true that strong expressions of passion in the voice and countenance, whether by instinct, as Mr Knight thinks, or by association, excite feelings without any intervening ideas; or, if we may so say, go directly to the heart, without taking the head in their way. But this will not account for the sympathy we feel in reading a fictitious story; which is, perhaps, sometimes almost as strong, as if we knew it to be true.

Disagreeing with Mr Knight as to this point, we coincide with him almost entirely in his notion of the Sublime. The credit which has been obtained by the theory of Burke, which places the sublime in terror, is so great, that we shall prolong this article by one disquisition more, and endeavour to maintain Mr Knight's opinion and our own. There are certain passages in the works of poets and orators, to go no farther at present, which produce in the mind a feeling of elevation, and a sort of swelling and energetic transport, very distinct in its nature from the pleasure which tender, elegant, or beautiful passages impart. This is, according to Longinus, the effect of the sublime: φύσει πως ὑπὸ ταλήθους ὕψους ἐπαίρεταί τι ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχὴ, καὶ γαύρη τι ἀνάσημα λαμβάνουσα πληρῦται χαρᾶς καὶ μεγαλαυχίας, ὡς αὐτὴ γεννήσασα ὅπερ ἤκουσεν. The etymon of the word Sublime evidently leads, by an easy metaphor, to such a description. If we examine the media in nature or art, which give rise to these feelings, they will appear to fall under two heads; the moral, and the physical, sublime. Taking the moral sentiments of mankind as we find them, without dispute about their foundation, it is safe to say, that we do in fact admire all remarkable instances of magnanimity and disinterestedness, and by sympathy assume the character, and consequently the feelings, of those who display them. These feelings are what we call elevated, and therefore sublime. Again, power is what we all grasp at; and sympathy, with the exertion of superior power, of which knowledge is a mode, gives us a sense of self-gratulation and energy. The moral sublime, then, consists in the display of energies exerted by intelligent beings; and our sense of the sublime in sympathy

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with theſe energies. It is neceſſary to uſe ſome illuſtrations, though we cannot do it copiouſly. A ſtriking inſtance of the unmixed moral ſublime is in the famous lines of Lucan:

Ille Deo plenus, tacitâ quem mente gerebat,
Effudit dignas adytis è pectore voces:
Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes? an liber in armis
Occubuiſſe velim potius, quam regna videre?
An noceat vis nulla bono? fortunaque perdat
Oppoſitâ virtute minas? laudandaque velle.
Sit ſatis, et nunquam ſucceſſu creſcat honeſtum?
Scimus, et hæc nobis non altius inſeret Hammon.

Similar ſentiments of grandeur and elevation are excited by the phyſical ſublime; that is, by the great objects of nature; mountains, cataracts, tempeſts, the ocean, the celeſtial luminaries, the expanſe of boundleſs ſpace; and by the deſcription of theſe in poetry. Under the phyſical ſublime, too, may be ranked ſuch works of human art and labour, as emulate the ſcale of nature; as the wall of China, or the pyramids of Egypt. We know not why it is, that Mr Burke and ſome other writers have almoſt confined their induction to this ſpecies of the ſublime. For we ſhall venture to advance, that the peculiar feelings of ſublimity are by no means ſo ſtrongly excited by any inanimate objects, as by direct ſympathy with the moral energies of mind. This has been nobly expreſſed by Akenſide:

'Mind, mind alone: bear witneſs, earth and heaven!
The living fountains in itſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime,' &c. *Pleaſ. of Imag. b.* 1. *v.* 481.

The ſpirit of the Cape, in Camoens, who, encircled with ſtorms, rears his menacing front againſt the bold adventurer, whoſe prow was turned towards thoſe untravelled ſeas, paſſes for ſublime (with thoſe at leaſt, who are not aware, for how ſmall a bounty a dæmon may be had, ready armed and accoutred, by any recruiting ſubaltern of the Muſes); but far more truly ſublime was that intrepid energy of ſoul, which led Vaſco di Gama beyond the bounds of former diſcovery, to aſſert the dominion of man over the elements and the ocean. The majeſty of nature ſinks to nothing in compariſon with the exerciſe of heroiſm and virtue. When did the magnificent ſcenery of the Alps, with its rocks piled on rocks, its reſounding cataracts, its gulfs and precipices, preſent ſuch elevating images to the mind, as when Aloys Reding, on the plain of Morgarton, with firm, but deſpairing valour, led a few militia of Schwitz againſt the diſciplined battalions of the French, and, by an unexpected victory, renewed, after the lapſe of five centuries, the trophies, which had been gained on that very ſpot, in defence of the liberties and independence of Switzerland?

The

The fineſt paſſages in poetry are thoſe, wherein the moral and phyſical ſublime are united. Grand natural objects, ſeem, if we may ſo ſay, the beſt vehicle of energetic moral ſympathies. The Hebrew ſcriptures are confeſſedly the great repoſitories of the poetical ſublime; and they commonly produce their effect, by inveſting divine power with the moſt magnificent images. Their obſcurity likewiſe, notwithſtanding Mr Knight, is a very efficient cauſe of the ſublime, by expanding to the utmoſt our conception of power. To this may be aſcribed the ſublimity of prophetic poetry; as in the whole book of Nahum, or the ſpeeches of Caſſandra in the Agamemnon. After the Hebrew poets come Homer, Æſchylus, Shakſpeare, and Milton. There is hardly any more ſtriking inſtance of the united moral and phyſical ſublime, than the concluding lines of the Prometheus. The higheſt ſort of eloquence rejects poetical imagery, and aims almoſt excluſively at the moral ſublime. The public orations of Demoſthenes are full of this: and thoſe in whom the higher claſs of moral feelings, fortitude, perſeverance, public ſpirit, and diſintereſtedneſs, are extinct or lukewarm, may read Demoſthenes for ever, without diſcovering why he has been admired. For the ſubordinate merits of his orations, a felicitous and appropriate choice of words, and a management of ſounds, almoſt as artificial as that of muſic, are loſt upon us at preſent.

In the mere phyſical ſublime, the notion of mental energies is not ſo directly ſuggeſted. Yet we think it will be found, on looking more nicely, to be the foundation of our ſentiments of ſublimity, in this, as much as in the other branch. 'Beſides thoſe things,' ſays Mr Burke, 'which directly ſuggeſt the idea of danger, and thoſe which produce a ſimilar effect from a mechanical cauſe, I know of nothing ſublime, which is not ſome modification of power.' But power without mind is, in our view, not only unphiloſophical, but inconceivable. It is hard to ſay what others feel; but we have often experienced, that the ſublime of natural objects, after the firſt effect of *unexpectedneſs* is over, leaves a kind of diſappointment, a vacuity and want of ſatisfaction on the mind. It is not until our imaginations have infuſed life, and therefore power, into the ſtill maſs of nature, that we feel real emotions of ſublimity. This we do, ſometimes by perſonating the inanimate objects themſelves; ſometimes by aſſociating real or fancied beings with the ſcenes which we behold. This is that, which diſtinguiſhes the delight of a rich and refined imagination, amidſt the grandeſt ſcenery of Wales or Scotland, from the rude ſtare of a London cockney. The one ſees mere rocks and wilderneſſes, and ſighs in ſecret for Whitechapel: the other acknowledges in every mountain a tutelary

genius

genius of the land, and peoples every glen with the heroes of former times; defends the paſſage of Killicranky with Dundee; or ruſhes with Caractacus from the heights of Snowdon.

If this theory of the origin of our ſublime feelings be true, what can we ſay of Mr Burke's poſition, that ſublimity conſiſts in terror? And by what means was that illuſtrious man led into this opinion? Terror is, after all, no more than fear: and fear is a paſſion, to which many brave men are liable, which is generally reckoned diſagreeable, and which has not been hitherto deemed elevating or ennobling. Certain paſſions, we are told by Longinus, are wholly incompatible with the ſublime; ſuch as, λύπαι, ΦΟΒΟΙ, οἶκτοι. Now the feeling excited by the ſublime is deſcribed by Longinus, in the paſſage we have quoted above, to be ſwelling, elate, enthuſiaſtic. But, if we believe Mr Burke, 'whatever is terrible, with regard to ſight, is ſublime; whether this cauſe of terror is endued with greatneſs of dimenſions, or not.' It is plain, that Longinus and he give the ſame name to two feelings quite oppoſite; yet this is not a verbal quarrel; for nothing is ſo eſſential in metaphyſical criticiſm, as to ſeparate and claſſify the emotions of the mind; and there can be no means of doing this, but by diſtinguiſhing terms. All that we claim is, that the feelings of elation and energy ſhould have a characteriſtic name; and as Longinus had quiet poſſeſſion of the word ſublime (or its Greek equivalent) ſo many years, we think Mr Burke's ejectment is fairly barred. But, as ſomething or other muſt have miſled him, and it is intereſting to trace even the errors of great men, let us give this a moment's attention. If he had looked as much at the moral, as he did at the phyſical ſublime, he could not, we preſume, have made terror its principle. All men agree, that the oath of Demoſthenes, μὰ τὰς ἐν Μαραθῶνι, κ. τ. λ. is truly ſublime; but it would have perplexed Mr Burke to find any terror in it. Unfortunately, he ſaw only part of his ſubject: he perceived that many things, which are ſublime, are alſo terrible; and too precipitately confounded the two. Exertion of power, eſpecially by ſuper-human beings, is certainly calculated to excite terror in us, if we are the witneſſes or objects of it; it excites it alſo by ſympathy, when we place ourſelves, by an act of conception, in the ſituation of thoſe who are liable to it. Here then is the ſolution, if we may dare to ſay it, of the whole problem: wherever our attention is turned towards the being, poſſeſſing or exerting unuſual power, our ſympathy is with that exerciſe, and our ſenſations become ſublime: wherever we look at the objects of that power, and perceive them to be endangered by its exertion, our ſympathy is with their condition, and we feel the ſenſation of terror. As our

ſympathies

ſympathies may ſhift very rapidly from one of theſe to the other, it is very difficult, and, for thoſe who are not uſed to examine their own trains of thought, impoſſible, to diſtinguiſh their effects; and from this we ſuppoſe the confuſion to have proceeded. We are aware that a diſtinction may ſeem unwarrantable, which excludes the ſtory of Ugolino from the claſs of ſublime paſſages. But, before we are condemned, let it be conſidered what there is, in that ſtory, which can be called ſublime. Let any one compare the feelings which are raiſed in his mind by ſuch lines as thoſe which we have quoted from Lucan, with the ſenſations of terror, or rather horror, which are inſpired by the following:

> 'Ed io ſentì chiavar l' uſcio di ſotto
> All' orribile torre: ond' io guardai
> In viſo ai figli miei ſenza far motto,'

And then let him ſay, whether the ſame epithet is applicable to each of them. Admiration, indeed, he may well feel at the genius of the great Florentine; at the maſterly touches of paſſion and deſcription, which affect the feelings ſo forcibly, without ſuperfluous and laboured detail; or at the ſevere and ſerious ſimplicity, and almoſt hardneſs of manner, which is, in poetry as well as painting, a characteriſtic of the grand ſtyle; and which Dante, of all poets, not excepting Milton, moſt eminently poſſeſſed. And this is really a ſublime conception; ſince nothing, according to us, is truly ſuch, but the energy of mind. By transferring thus, to uſe Mr Knight's expreſſion, the merit of the workman to the work, we are often confuſed in our critical deciſions: but we cannot explore this ſource of error at preſent. One word, and but one more, againſt the theory of Mr Burke. The romances of Mrs Radcliffe excite keener and more frequent ſenſations of terror than the Iliad, and that beyond all manner of compariſon. Yet, highly as we rate the talents of that extraordinary woman, we ſhould heſitate a little, before we laid it down that ſhe is more ſublime than Homer. This inſtance is quite deciſive; but there are numberleſs others, and perhaps no two people would hit on the ſame. The ground-work of theſe remarks has been ſuggeſted to us by Mr Knight: the arrangement and illuſtrations are our own.

It only remains to give a character of Mr Knight's ſtyle. And here, we are ſorry to ſay, we have not much to commend. It wants, in our judgement, purity, terſeneſs, and elegance. The periods are long and ſtraggling; and the colon perpetually uſurps the place of a perfect ſtop. No one, we are convinced, could read aloud ſuch a ſtyle, ſo as to be intelligible, much leſs ſo as to give pleaſure. We muſt give ſome proofs. 'Syſtem teaches men

men to work by rule, *inſtead of by* feeling and obſervation.' (p. 236.) Can there be any thing more inelegant, not to ſay, ungrammatical? 'The views *fromwards* the houſe,' (p. 219.) This word is quite obſolete. 'The ſenſation felt upon opening the eyes for the firſt time, muſt be neceſſarily that of the objects ſeen touching them.' (p. 58.) 'The faſhion, *both* of the Engliſh, French, and German theatres.' (p. 188.) This is of courſe an overſight: but we have a more radical objection to the ſentiment of the paragraph. It is, in the unqualified ſhape it wears, perfectly untrue: of all the pretenſions of ariſtocracy, the moſt intolerable is that, which aſſumes a monopoly of moral excellence for the rich and high-born. But what ſhall we ſay of the following ſentence? 'The evidence of two ſenſes to one point, becomes that of a parallax.' (p. 88.) The evidence of a parallax! received, we preſume, in the court of Star-Chamber! Beſides, if Mr Knight has any meaning, he muſt have confounded parallax with want of parallax. *Exactitude*, which he invariably uſes, is not ſo Engliſh as exactneſs. He is ſometimes coarſe. For inſtance, after quoting a paſſage from the Pſeudo-Oſſian, he proceeds: 'Had a blind bard, or any other bard, preſumed to utter ſuch a rhapſody of bombaſt in the hall of ſhells, *amid* (this is poetical, *lege amidſt*) the ſavage warriors, to whom Oſſian is ſuppoſed to have ſung, he would have needed all the influence of royal birth, attributed to that fabulous perſonage, to reſtrain the audience from throwing their ſhells at his head, and hooting him out of company as an impudent liar.' (p. 280.) Mr Knight probably means to write a *ſpoken* ſtyle; but this is ſurely not even the language of converſation; at leaſt of *dreſs* converſation; ſuch as gentlemen and ſcholars would adopt, in diſcuſſing literary ſubjects. But is not eaſe a merit? Yes; but only when united to grace; the eaſe of a courtier, not of a clown; of Addiſon, not of Roger North. But the fault of coarſeneſs, we fear, lies a little deeper than the ſtyle. His alluſions to ſenſual love are too frequent, and not expreſſed with the utmoſt delicacy. There is one paragraph in particular, but we will not by a reference tempt the innocent to pierce the obſcurity of its expreſſion, which, we are perſuaded, the author will conſult his reputation by cancelling in a future edition.

Two caſks, ſaith Homer, ſtand in the palace of Jupiter; from the one of which he ſcatters good upon mankind, and from the other evil. Thus by the ſide of the critic ſtand the two phials of praiſe and cenſure; one, of beaten gold, ſparkling with an infuſion of amaranth and palm; the other, of 'baſe lead,' and filled from the pool of oblivion. If we ſeem to have dipped our pen too frequently into this ill-omened fluid, during our preſent remarks

marks upon Mr Knight's book, we are not to be deemed chary of the golden phial. In a work of great name and circulation, it is more uſeful to point out what is wrong, than to eulogize what is right. Upon the whole, we have met with few works of criticiſm, ancient or modern, ſo richly ſtored with reading and reflection, or ſo full of intereſting ſpeculation, as this before us. The author has taken more advantage of modern improvements in metaphyſics, than any, perhaps, who have gone before him; and certainly has a more comprehenſive knowledge of the fine arts, of ſcience, and of literature. The character of his mind ſeems rather, good ſenſe and manly diſdain of traditional criticiſm, than either delicacy in feeling beauties, or ſubtlety in taking metaphyſical diſtinctions. And the independent ſpirit which we have juſt praiſed, leads him ſometimes into precipitancy and poſitiveneſs, with too much contempt of very conſiderable men, from whom he takes occaſion to differ. A ſecond and corrected edition will, we apprehend, have been publiſhed, before this article meets the light; a proof, not only of Mr Knight's eminent ſtation in the literary world, but of the real merit of his book.

ART. III. *Les Saiſons de J. Thomſon.* Traduites en vers Français, par J. Poulin. A Paris. 1803.

WE are aware, that it is almoſt as dangerous an attempt to criticiſe a foreign work of taſte, as to write in a foreign language. It would be preſumptuous to grapple with a native in grammatical criticiſm; and therefore, in the few obſervations which we are about to make upon this publication, we ſhall not advert to any expreſſions which may appear to us verbally inelegant or exceptionable; nor do we pledge ourſelves that the paſſages we may have occaſion to praiſe, might not be ſucceſsfully aſſailed by the nibbling tooth of a French academician. In that reſpect we deſire to remain neutral; in every other, we claim the right of judging as decidedly as any Frenchman whatſoever. The general relations, which a tranſlation bears to the original work; the comparative harmony of its metre and periods; the beauties which may have been overlooked or inſerted; the expreſſions and ideas which may have been ſtrengthened or weakened, enriched or impoveriſhed, accurately preſerved or perverted, are open to the obſervation of thoſe who may not poſſeſs that nice verbal and grammatical diſcrimination, which in every country is the diſtinct birthright of the natives. At leaſt we ſtand upon a level with French critics of Engliſh productions; their language has more

regularity

regularity than ours; and perhaps we have a clearer perception of the translation, than they could have of the original.

We have seen few translations that have given us more satisfaction than the volume before us. Upon the whole, without being unfaithful, it is perhaps an improvement on the original. Many of those brilliant and masterly expressions have indeed been overlooked, which are scattered here and there, like gems, in the poetry of Thomson; but the general heaviness and encumbrance of his style has been relieved, without any material deviation from his leading thoughts and expressions. The person is the same; the dress not absolutely changed, but better adjusted.

One of the most striking faults in Thomson's versification, facilitated the translation of his Seasons into rhymed verse. Sometimes, indeed, his periods take a wider sweep; but, for the most part, he is contented with blank couplets, interspersed with now and then a triplet, or a broken connecting verse. His lines are not absolutely *bachelors;* but he rarely admits polygamy in his versification. We quote an instance near the commencement of his Spring.

'To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
Till all involv'd in smoke his latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the bloom the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe;
Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest:
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.' &c. v. 127.

These lines are undoubtedly blank poetry, but they have not its peculiar character; and the ear is disappointed at the end of each couplet by the failure of rhyme, which the translator has the advantage of restoring. The objection to rhyme is the restraint which it throws on the fluency of periods; but Thomson has injudiciously sacrificed the ornament, without profiting greatly by the liberty. Some expressions in his description of Lavinia have great beauty; but the whole bears the appearance of having been written with rhymes, and afterwards *done into blank verse;* and here the French poetry has some advantage, we think, over the original.

'L'aimable Lavinie avoit, dès son enfance,
Des caprices du sort éprouvé l'inconstance.
Sa fortune jadis avoit eu des amis:
Mais, perdant tout-a-coup des biens mal affermis,
Et dans le monde entier n'ayant rien plus de reste
Que sa seule innocence et la bonté celeste,

Dans une humble cabane, au milieu des détours
D'un vallon solitaire, elle couloit ses jours ;
N'ayant pour tout appui que celui d'une mère,
Qui traînoit ses vieux ans au sein de la misère.
Là, dans l'insouciance et le contentement,
Loin du cruel mépris du vulgaire insolent,
Ensemble elles vivoient des dons de la nature,
Au sein de la retraite et d'une vertu pure ;
Ne songeant qu'au présent, semblables aux oiseaux,
De qui le chant charmoit leurs champêtres travaux.
La jeune Lavinie étoit comme la rose
Sous les pleurs du matin nouvellement écluse,
Et l'ensemble parfait de sa rare beauté
De la neige, ou d'un lis, avoit la pureté.
Les vertus éclatoient dans ses regards timides
Sur les naissantes fleurs lançant leurs traits humides ;
Ou bien, lorsque sa mère entamoit le récit
Des biens que la fortune autrefois lui promit,
Comme l'astre du soir, ses yeux remplis de larmes,
Dans la nuit du chagrin prenoient de nouveaux charmes.
Une grace native et de simples atours
Voiloient de son beau corps les aimables contours ;
Car, pour plaire et toucher, l'amabilité pure
Dédaigne le secours d'une vaine parure,
Et brille d'autant plus qu'elle a moins d'ornemens.
Sans connoître le prix de ses attraits charmans,
Sans connoître le beau, c'étoit la beauté même
Dérobant aux regards sa puissance suprême.
Comme l'on voit le myrte au pied des Appenins
Exhaler son parfum loin des yeux des humains,
Loin d'un monde imposteur la tendre Lavinie
Passoit obscurément le printems de sa vie.' &c.

Another glaring defect in the work of Thomson was beyond the translator's power to remedy ; we mean, that singular incoherency which pervades the whole poem. The author seems indeed to have thought, that the introduction of the word *Now* was a sufficient link to connect subjects most widely separated by nature. For instance, after more than a hundred and thirty lines upon the golden age, the depravity of modern times, the deluge, and the Pythagorean predilection for vegetables, he suddenly transports his reader to the side of a trout-stream, equipped with rod and line.

'*Now* when the first foul torrent of the brook,' &c.

Again, after a long address to Lord Lyttleton, he abruptly breaks off with

'Flush'd by the spirit of the vernal year,
Now from the virgin's cheek,' &c.

This

This is a radical defect, which could not have been removed or leſſened, without making conſiderable alterations and additions.

The third important error in Thomſon's ſtyle is the laboured, pedantic, and injudicious phraſeology, which frequently deſtroys the effect of ideas the moſt happily conceived and ſkilfully detailed. Mr Poulin has diſplayed his good taſte, by ſoftening ſuch ſentences into more reaſonable language, and at the ſame time preſerving the thoughts and images with ſufficient fidelity. Paſſages of this nature occur ſo often, that the whole poem aſſumes a more cheerful complexion in the tranſlation. The lines have paſſed again through the furnace; and the droſs, which adhered to them, has fallen off; but the pure metal remains unaltered. This obſervation will be eaſily comprehended, by comparing a few lines of the tranſlation with thoſe of Thomſon. Speaking of the deluge, he ſays,

'And o'er the high-piled hills of fractur'd earth
Wide daſh'd the waves in undulation vaſt;
Till from the center to the ſtreaming clouds
A ſhoreleſs ocean *tumbled round* the globe.'

'Auſſitôt à ſa voix les ondes elancées
Engloutirent les monts ſous leur maſſe preſſées;
Et juſque dans ſon centre, avec force entr'ouvert,
D'un océan ſans bords le globe fut couvert.'

And afterwards,

'By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether and imbibe the dew.
By Thee diſpoſed into congenial ſoils
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy tide; a twining maſs of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal ſun awakes
The torpid ſap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent *dance*,
And lively fermentation, mounting, ſpreads
All this *innumerous-colour'd* ſcene of things.' v. 559.

'C'eſt toi qui fais mouvoir cette âme végétale,
Qui puiſe dans l'air pur une force vitale.
Dans la terre, par toi, des ſucs élaborés
Circulent à l'envi par la plante attirés:
A ta puiſſante voix, la sève ranimée
N'eſt plus dans ſes canaux par le froid renfermée;
Elle court; elle emplit mille tubes divers,
Et de mille couleurs embellit l'univers.'

The laſt verſe is very preferable to the original. We may here add a few lines from the *Autumn*, in which the ſuperiority of the French is alſo conſpicuous.

——— ' United thus
The *exhaling* sun, the *vapour-burden'd* air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours in continual *current* draw,
And send them, o'er the *fair-divided* earth
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and *firm* support
The *full-adjusted* harmony of things.' v. 826.

' Ainsi tous les brouillards qui s'élèvent dans l'air,
Les frimats, dont on voit les monts se surcharger,
Les subtiles vapeurs que le soleil attire,
D'une commune loi reconnoissent l'empire;
Se condensent en pluie, et du globe humecté
Nourissant la fraicheur et la fertilité,
Coulent en clairs ruisseaux, ou superbes rivieres
Qui rendent à la mer leurs ondes nourricières;
Et sans cesse éprouvant des changemens divers
Entretiennent les loix, l'ordre de l'univers.'

It is somewhat singular that the French version and the English edition now before us consist alike of 139 pages; the French has 29 lines, the English 25, to the page. The proportion is pretty fair; the ornament of rhyme renders it necessary, in many instances, that a line and half of the English should fill two in the translation; and Mr Poulin does not appear to have been unnecessarily diffuse. Indeed, the only point on which we are inclined to find much fault with the translator, and think that he has not done justice to the English, is, that, in his progress through a long poem, he has trodden under foot many of the little inestimable jewels, which sparkled in his way. To these, however, we think that the original author is in a great measure indebted for the popularity which he still maintains. The mass of his poetry is fatiguing and gloomy; but now and then a sudden ray breaks in upon the reader, and gives him momentary delight; some singular felicity of expression, that glitters perhaps in a single line. For instance, in the description of English beauty, (*Summer*, 1586.)

——— ' The parting lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight.'

This exquisite expression is completely lost in the French.

——— ' Les lys et les roses
Ensemble confondus sur vos lèvres mi-closes.'

Again, in the description of a thunder storm,

——— ' The clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The unconquerable lightning struggles through.' v. 1145.

' Tandis

'Tandis que les éclairs, à travers l'horison,
Du pôle à l'equateur roulent en tourbillon.'

The courtship of birds (*Spring*, 615.) is perhaps one of the passages which will best exemplify Thomson's minute observation of nature and accuracy in description. We shall quote the concluding lines.

'They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.'

——'Prendre un rapide essor,
S'approcher, s'eloigner, puis revenir encor;
Faire briller au loin l'émail de son plumage,
Et parler de l'amour le plus tendre langage.'

The last verse in the English is so exquisitely descriptive, that it would be alone sufficient to repay the reader for a whole page of dulness; but Mr Poulin has let it pass unheeded, and given us paltry common-place in its stead. It is to be regretted, though not perhaps to be wondered at, that where Thomson was unusually fortunate in his expression, the translator fails of success. Perhaps, though not original, the lines on the nightingale ('Oft when returning,' &c. *Spring*, 715.) are the most perfect in the Seasons; but their beauty is completely lost in the translation. Were we inclined to be severe, we might certainly cite some instances of loose and faulty translation, and some sentences in which the sense has been a little misapprehended. *Ast opere in longo fas et obrepere somnum.* In one passage, we observed *lilies* rendered *lilas*. The occasional introduction of a superfluous verse for the sake of rhyme, though it occurs rarely, is to us more offensive. After describing the artifices of birds to decoy the spaniel from their nests, Mr Poulin adds,

'Sans cet art, leur famille auroit cessé de vivre.'

The observation may perhaps be just; to Thomson, however, it appeared superfluous, and it is directly at variance with his style, which does not admit, at the close of a paragraph, a detached remark comprised in a single line. We have stated upon a former occasion, 'that a translator is bound to preserve the thoughts and expressions of his prototype unmixed, and to attend even to his costume.' We are far from intending, however, that the expressions must be rendered verbally, or that nothing may be added to the original conceptions. On the contrary, it is the clear and necessary right of a poetical translator to alter, to enlarge, and to compress; for the same combination of words that forms good metre and good poetry in one tongue, will not succeed in another; the expressions, which are respectable and harmonious in the original, may prove mean and unpleasing

pleaſing in the language of the tranſlator: but it is his duty not to render a dignified and manly ſtyle weak and florid, or a tender harmonious lamentation vigorous and abrupt; it is his duty, whenever he finds it neceſſary to interweave additional ideas or epithets, to ſtudy that they be in uniſon with the tone of the original poetry. In this the diſplay of his ſkill muſt conſiſt, for literal traduction is work of drudgery; true poetical tranſlation the greateſt exertion of the taſte and judgment. To exemplify this ſtrongly, we ſhall cite a couplet from a modern production, which ſtyles itſelf a tranſlation. The original words are, '*Brachia lucebant*,' *her arms ſhone*, which are thus rendered:

'Her arms in marble luſtre ſhone,
And lucid glories danced along.'

We ſhould by no means have deſired a literal interpretation of the two Latin words; and if the tranſlator had modified the expreſſion, or even coupled with it ſome new image, which accorded with the ſimplicity of the original, we ſhould not have quarrelled with his alteration: but here no thought is added; the couplet only gives us to know that the arms did ſhine: but the thought is arrayed in a garb ſo fantaſtical and ridiculous, that its features can be ſcarcely recogniſed.

On the other hand, where Thomſon, ſpeaking of the firſt efforts of young birds, ſays that they

'Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky,'

we are delighted with Mr Poulin's variation, which preſerves the idea, with expreſſions better ſuited to his own language, without falſifying the ſtyle.

'Et les regards remplis d'une nouvelle audace,
Des vaſtes champs de l'air ils meſurent l'eſpace.'

We ſhall cloſe this article with ſome extracts from the French, which may be conſidered as favourable ſpecimens of Mr Poulin's ſtyle; and we truſt they will prove acceptable to our readers.

'Dans ces temps fortunés, l'aube à peine naiſſante
Eveilloit des humains la famille innocente;
Et ne rougiſſoit point d' éclairer leur ſommeil.
Ils ſe levoient entiers, forts comme le ſoleil,
Pour aller dans ſon temple adorer la nature;
De la terre docile ils preſſoient la culture,
Ou ſe livroient gaîment au ſoin de leurs troupeaux,
La joie et le bonheur animoient leurs travaux:
Le chant, les ris, les jeux, la danſe, l'allégreſſe
Préſidoient aux leçons de l'aimable ſageſſe;
Tandis qu'en un vallon, ſéjour des vrais plaiſirs,
L'amour encore enfant exhaloit ſes ſoupirs,
Et n'inſpiroit aux cœurs que cette douce peine,
Que ce tendre interêt qui fait chérir ſa chaine.' p. 11.

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The whole description of the effects of love upon mankind is incomparably good; we can only quote a part of it.

' Toi, sur-tout, crains l'amour, jeune homme audacieux,
Crains le charme trompeur d'un œil insidieux:
Penses-tu dans ton sein rappeler la concorde
Lorsqu'un torrent de feu sur ton cœur se déborde?
Helas! il n'est plus temps—Tel qu'un songe léger,
L'honneur n'est plus pour lui qu'un voile mensonger;
Il méconnoit sa voix, et la froide sagesse
S'enfuit, s'évanouit, pour toujours le délaisse.
Mais cependant son cœur, de désirs agité,
Se plonge en une mer de fausse volupté,
Lui peint un doux sourire, une grace touchante
Les superbes contours d'une taille elegante,
Les palpitations d'un beau sein amoureux,
L'irresistible attrait d'un regard langoureux;
Et l'attrait plus puissant d'un œil tendre, modeste,
Qui, recélant l'enfer sous un rayon céleste,
Va bientôt le livrer au plus affreux tourment.
Son oreille n'entend que le gazouillement,
Que les tendres accens d'une voix de syrène,
Qui sur un bord perfide et l'appele et l'entraine,
Et jette à-la-fois dans un gouffre d'erreur.
Près de l'objet aimé, dans le sein du bonheur
Nonchalamment couché sur un lit de molesse,
Les sens ensevelis dans une douce ivresse,
Au milieu des parfums, des vins les plus exquis,
Des sons harmonieux qui flattent ses esprits,
Le serpent du remords vient soulever sa crête;
Il se sent tourmenté d'une angoise secrète;
L'honneur, l'ambition, par un fréquent retour
Contre lui révoltés l'irritent tour-à-tour.
Mais, dans l'absence, ô ciel! que de maux fantastiques
Viennent remplir son cœur de tourmens chimériques!
Abreuvé de sanglots, d'amertumes nourri,
Violent par accès, par accès tendri,
Il est pâle, defait, et la melancholie
Desséche dans son sein les sources de la vie.'—
' Tandis que du désir les rapides élans
Le transportent au lieu qu' embellit son amante.
Il penche sur son sein et sur sa bouche absente;
Il sent errer son âme: égaré par l'amour,
Il soupire, languit sans espoir de retour.
Revenu d'une erreur si charmante, si chere,
Il revoit à regret le jour qui nous éclaire;
Il court chercher des bois la sombre profondeur
Qui seule sympathise avec son tendre cœur.

Là, près d'un noir torrent qu'une forêt antique
Embraſſe en ombrageant ſa chûte romantique.' &c. P. 39.

We may add the following character of the Engliſh nation;

'Durcis par le travail, tes valeureux enfans
S'exercent à braver les dangers menaçans:
Parmi tes pavillons ils fixent la victoire,
Et ſur les vaſtes mers portent loin ta gloire.
Cette gloire s'accroit quand de l'heureuſe paix
Leur eſprit éclairé calcule les effets.
Vertueux par nature, et fiers de leur genie,
Des autres nations ils excitent l'envie;
Ils ſont ſincères, bons, hoſpitaliers, aimans,
Mais plus prompts que la foudre ils frappent les tyrans;
Et le foible opprimé trouve en leur bienfaiſance
Un vengeur de ſes maux et de ſon innocence.'

It is rather ſurpriſing, that the cenſors of Napoleon have allowed thoſe lines to be printed and read at Paris.

ART. IV. *The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* By William Roſcoe. 4 vol. 4to. Cadell & Davis. London. 1805.

THE hiſtory of the revival of letters during the pontificate of Leo X., has been repeatedly projected, under different forms, by Engliſh writers of diſtinguiſhed reputation. The deſign was firſt entertained by Collins the poet, whoſe wild and ſublime imagination ſeems to have been but ill adapted to the ſobriety of hiſtorical narration. It was revived by the Wartons; and the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry by Thomas Warton was only a branch, as we are informed by our author, of the Hiſtory of the Revival of Letters throughout Europe. The hiſtory of learning (of its revival we preſume) was recommended to Robertſon, after the publication of his Hiſtory of Scotland; and the Revolutions of Florence under the houſe of Medici, attracted the early attention of Gibbon. Theſe literary projects, which were never carried into farther execution, atteſt ſufficiently the importance of the ſubject, which has been reſerved for Mr Roſcoe. The favourable reception which his life of Lorenzo de' Medici experienced, had laid him under an implied obligation to continue the hiſtory of the family during the pontificate of the ſon; and as he approached the ſubject with a previous ſtore of Italian literature, in which he is excelled by none, the hiſtory of the revival of letters has, for ſome years paſt, been conſidered as peculiarly appropriated to his pen. In a work of ſome expectation, and certainly of ſome importance, he

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has enjoyed the benefit of rare books collected by the curious, and of ſuch extracts from manuſcripts as could be procured by travellers of diſtinction from the Laurentinian Library, the Vatican, and from the National Library at Paris. Nor has he, in general, as muſt be acknowledged to his credit, been leſs induſtrious in the uſe, than indefatigable in the aſſemblage of materials, although it muſt be regretted that he has not been always more rigid as a critic, and more ſevere to himſelf in the execution of the work.

The firſt volume commences with the birth (1475) of Giovanni de' Medici, afterwards Leo X., and contains rather a prolix account of his premature elevation, at the age of thirteen, to the rank of cardinal; a view of the ſtate of literature in Italy at that period; the memorable expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy; the expulſion of the Medici from Florence, and the multifarious tranſactions of the French and Spaniards, and of the Italian ſtates, during the infamous pontificate of Alexander VI. Amidſt ſuch a redundance of important matter, it was very difficult, if not impoſſible, to adhere ſtrictly to the unity of deſign; and, after the firſt chapter, the early life of Leo X. is loſt and almoſt forgotten in the general hiſtory of the times. The only remedy for this defect would have been a conciſe and rapid narrative of thoſe events preceding the pontificate of Leo, in which he had no immediate or perſonal concern; but the nice diſcrimination and ſelection of incidents, form no part of Mr Roſcoe's ideas of hiſtorical excellence. Amidſt a copious and exuberant narrative, in which particular the Italian hiſtorians are ſucceſsfully imitated, all circumſtances are almoſt of equal importance, and the reſult is a general prolixity both in matter and ſtyle. In Leo's firſt viſit to Rome on obtaining the purple, the different ſtages and incidents of the journey are minutely recorded; an abundant ſhower of rain on his entrance into the city is not omitted (I. 35.); and, in the very firſt paragraph concerning his birth, the author informs us, that he 'moſt probably received his baptiſmal name after his paternal great-uncle Giovanni, the ſecond ſon of Coſmo de' Medici, who died in the year 1461, or from Giovanni Tornabuoni, the brother of Lucretia, mother of Lorenzo de' Medici, who was then living.' (p. 1.) Nothing can be more futile than the doubt with which the narrative is thus interrupted, and which even contemporary authors have neglected to determine, viz. whether the name Giovanni was derived from a paternal or a maternal granduncle; unleſs it be a ſimilar doubt in the ſecond paragraph, namely, whether the apellation of *Leo*, which he aſſumed on his pontificate, aroſe from a dream aſcribed to his mother,

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that ſhe was delivered of a *docile lion*, or the dream from the appellation. But the work abounds throughout with *minutiæ* and ceremonials, which are no way conducive to hiſtorical painting, but ſeem to have been adopted from the habit of conſidering all events recorded by others as alike important. As an example of ſuch tedious and trifling prolixity, we might cite the whole of the preface and of the firſt chapter, which laſt, in the hands of a more ſkilful hiſtorian, might have been reduced to a few lively and intereſting paragraphs, without the loſs or omiſſion of a ſingle fact or reflection worthy of being preſerved. The ſecond chapter, on the ſtate of literature at that period, conſiſts merely of the lives of authors who flouriſhed in Italy on the firſt arrival of Leo at Rome; and as this is the only connexion of the chapter with the life of that pontiff, the interruption of the narrative, and the want of all hiſtorical unity, are imperfectly compenſated by ſuch biographical accounts as a dictionary might ſupply, of authors moſtly of obſcure reputation. This deſultory mode of writing, in which hiſtory is reduced to a ſeries of detached eſſays, or rather a bundle of unconnected anecdotes, was firſt introduced by Henry, and in ſome meaſure countenanced by Gibbon; but the author, who is unable to give coherence to the different parts, and to preſerve the connexion of ſucceſſive events, has no pretenſions to the title of an hiſtorian.

The remainder of the volume riſes in importance with that of the ſubject, which has been treated by one of the firſt hiſtorians. The expedition of Charles VII. into Italy is related, chiefly from Guicciardini, with perſpicuity, preciſion, and with ſuch judicious obſervations as Mr Roſcoe, upon other occaſions, has not always been able to produce. Here, however, we diſcover the firſt inſtances of an abſurd intermixture of proſe and verſe which pervades the two firſt volumes, and for which he in vain endeavours to apologize in his preface. It is in vain to tell us, that poetical quotations are adduced, not merely as evidences of hiſtorical facts, but as ſpecimens of the opinions and mode of thinking peculiar to the age, and, conſequently, containing the beſt and moſt inſtructive comment upon thoſe facts, which men of genius, ability and learning, could form at the time. An hiſtorical fact that reſts upon no better authority than a poetical quotation, is entitled to little credit; and it is ſufficient to aſk, whether the hiſtory of the Stewarts, or of the preſent Family, could receive any real illuſtration from the ſtate poems of the period, or even from the ſatyrical compoſitions of Dryden and Pope. But the truth is, that every ſorry ſonnet, unnoticed at the time, is preſſed into Mr Roſcoe's ſervice, in the text or in the notes,

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not to diſplay the opinions or ſpirit of the age, but the abilities of the tranſlator, who forgets his own cenſure of Sanazzaro's Arcadia, that 'the alternate recurrence of proſe and verſe is a ſpecies of compoſition which has never ſucceeded in any age or in any country.' Thus, in p. 186., a laborious apology is made for introducing an anonymous poem on the expedition of Charles VIII. againſt Naples. In pp. 201. 203. 210. 221., the narrative is interrupted by ſonnets of no great merit; and, in p. 282., when the Venetian forces ſurrendered their arms, we are told, 'it was *probably* on this diſaſtrous event that the anguiſh of Piero de' Medici burſt forth in the following ſonnet.' Whether the life and pontificate of Leo be conſidered as an hiſtorical or a biographical work, the ſimplicity and gravity indiſpenſable in ſuch compoſitions, is thus perpetually violated by the introduction of obſcure or anonymous verſes, which bear the ſame relation to hiſtory, that the ſongs of an opera do to the buſy ſcenes and deſcriptions of real life.

In the ſubſequent tranſactions during the pontificate of Alexander VI., we regret the want of a more lucid arrangement, and can find no adequate account of the character or actions of the fanatical Savonarola, the chief opponent of the Medici at Florence. But Mr Roſcoe, in his narrative of the wars in Italy, has judiciouſly avoided every oſtentatious alluſion to the recent events of the French revolution, with which the pages of modern hiſtorians are ſo frequently polluted. The following long extract is ſelected as a favourable ſpecimen not only of the ſtyle, but of thoſe generous and independent ſentiments with which this hiſtorian is uniformly actuated, whenever the intereſts of humanity or of freedom are diſcuſſed.

'Whilſt Cæſar Borgia was thus induſtriouſly attempting by fraud or by force, to eſtabliſh an independent authority in Italy, another event took place, which ſurpaſſed his crimes, no leſs in treachery and injuſtice, than in the rank of the perpetrators, and the extent of the theatre on which it was tranſacted. Federigo, king of Naples, had commenced his reign with the affection of his people; and his diſpoſition and talents were well calculated to promote their happineſs. Even thoſe who had revolted, or quitted the country, under the reigns of Ferdinand I. and Alfonſo II. had returned with confidence to their allegiance; and the princes of Salerno and Biſignano, were among the firſt to ſalute him as their ſovereign. Federigo, on his part, loſt no opportunity of confirming the favourable opinion already entertained of him. Inſtead of perſecuting ſuch of the nobility as had eſpouſed the cauſe of the French, he reſtored to them their domains and fortreſſes. He patronized and liberally rewarded the many eminent ſcholars, by whom the city of Naples was diſtinguiſhed, and who had been injured or exiled during the late commotions; and, as an indication of the te-

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nor of conduct which he meant to adopt, he ſtruck a medal with a device, alluding to the better order of things which he meant to eſtabliſh. But, although the reign of Federigo commenced under the happieſt auſpices, it was not deſtined to be of long duration; and whilſt he ſuppoſed that every day gave additional ſecurity to his authority, the kings of France and of Spain had, by a ſecret treaty, divided between them his dominions, and formed a ſcheme for carrying their purpoſe into effect. This plan, which has ſerved as a model on ſubſequent occaſions, was, that the king of France ſhould aſſert his pretenſions to the kingdom of Naples, as repreſentative of the houſe of Anjou; the infallible conſequence of which would be, that Federigo would reſort for aſſiſtance to Ferdinand and Iſabella of Spain, who ſhould ſend over a conſiderable military force, under the pretext of oppoſing the French; but that, as ſoon as the latter arrived, the Spaniſh troops ſhould unite their arms with their pretended adverſaries, expel the family of Arragon, and divide the kingdom between the two ſovereigns. By this treaty the king of France was to poſſeſs the city of Naples, the provinces called Terra di Lavoro and Abruzzo, with a moiety of the income ariſing from the paſtures of Apulia, and was to aſſume, in addition to his titles of king of France and duke of Milan, that of king of Naples and Jeruſalem. The diſtricts of Calabria and Apulia, with the other moiety of the income, were allotted to the king of Spain, who was to ſtyle himſelf duke of thoſe provinces. This treaty, which bears date the eleventh day of November 1500, is yet extant; and, if the moral ſenſe of mankind be not extinguiſhed by the ſubſequent repetition of ſuch enormities, will conſign the memory of theſe royal plunderers to merited execration.

'Preliminaries being thus adjuſted, Louis XII began openly to prepare for the intended attack, the direction of which he confided to his general d'Aubigny; who commenced his expedition, at the head of ten thouſand foot, and a thouſand horſe. Federigo was no ſooner apprized of this meaſure, than he diſpatched information of it to Gonſalvo the Spaniſh general, who had withdrawn his troops into Sicily, on the pretence that he might be in readineſs, in caſe his aſſiſtance ſhould again be required in the kingdom of Naples. On the arrival of Gonſalvo, the king confided to his care the fortified places in Calabria, which the Spaniſh general pretended were neceſſary for the ſecurity of his army. Federigo had alſo raiſed a conſiderable body of troops, which had been reinforced by thoſe of the Colonna; with which, when joined by the Spaniſh army, he expected to be enabled to oppoſe an effectual barrier to the progreſs of the French. All Italy was in ſuſpenſe, and a conteſt far more bloody than had of late occurred, was expected to plunge that country into new calamities. A ſhort time, however, removed all apprehenſions on this head. No ſooner had the French troops made their appearance in the Roman territories, than the envoys of the allied monarchs met at Rome; where, entering together into the conſiſtory, they notified to the pope and cardinals, the treaty

already

already formed, and the conſequent diviſion of the kingdom of Naples. The convenient pretext of the promotion of the Chriſtian faith, by a war againſt the infidels, for the preparations neceſſary to which, it was aſſerted, that kingdom afforded the moſt convenient ſtation, was the maſk under which their *moſt catholic* and *moſt chriſtian* majeſties affected to hide from the world the deformity of their crime.

The ſtipulations thus agreed upon, met with no oppoſition from Alexander VI. who had now an opportunity of gratifying the reſentment which he had ſo long harboured againſt the king of Naples. On the 25th day of June 1501, a pontifical bull deprived Federigo of his dominions, and divided them between the two monarchs, in the ſhares before mentioned. The intelligence of this alliance, and of its conſequences, ſtruck Federigo with terror; but Gonſalvo, pretending to diſcredit it, continued to give him the moſt poſitive aſſurances of his aſſiſtance. No ſooner, however, had the French army entered the Neapolitan territory, than he avowed his inſtructions, and immediately ſent off from Naples to Spain, in veſſels already provided for that purpoſe, the two dowager queens, one of whom was the ſiſter, and the other the niece of the Spaniſh king. Federigo perſevered in the defence of his rights; and, intruſting the command of the city of Naples to Proſpero Colonna, determined to make his firſt reſiſtance at Capua. D'Aubigny had, however, already poſſeſſed himſelf of the adjacent country; the king was obliged to return with his army from Averſa to Naples; and Capua being taken by aſſault on the twenty-fifth day of July, was ſacked by the French with circumſtances of peculiar cruelty, and unexampled licentiouſneſs. The loſs of Capua was ſpeedily followed by the capitulation of the city of Naples, which purchaſed an exemption from plunder by the payment of ſeventy thouſand ducats to the invaders. Federigo withdrew himſelf into the *Caſtel-nuovo*, which he refuſed to ſurrender till he had effected a treaty with d'Aubigny, by which he was to be allowed to retire to the iſland of Iſchia, and to retain it for ſix months, and was alſo to be at liberty to remove from the *Caſtel-nuovo* and *Caſtel dell' Uovo* whatever he might think proper, excepting only the artillery. In negotiating for his own ſafety, he did not forget that of his ſubjects. A general amneſty was to be granted of all tranſactions ſince Charles VIII. had quitted the city of Naples; and the cardinals of Aragon and Colonna were to enjoy their eccleſiaſtical revenues ariſing from that kingdom. In the commencement of this conteſt, Federigo had ſent his infant ſon Ferdinand, duke of Calabria, to Tarentum, under the care of the Count of Potenza. The reſt of the wretched family of Aragon were now aſſembled on the barren rock of Iſchia. This family conſiſted of his queen Iſabella, and a numerous train of children; his ſiſter Beatrice, the widow of the great Mattia Corvino king of Hungary, and his niece Iſabella, the widow of Gian-Galeazzo, duke of Milan; who, already deprived of her ſovereign rank, her huſband, and her ſon, now ſaw the completion of her ruin in that of her royal relations.

This

'This deeply meditated act of treachery, to which Federigo had fallen a victim, whilst it excited in him the highest indignation against his perfidious relative Ferdinand of Spain, inspired him with a disgust of the cares and the dangers of royalty, and induced him to seek for repose in a less invidious station. Having therefore obtained a passport from Louis XII. he left his family at Ischia, under the care of the Marquis del Vasto, and, proceeding directly to France, endeavoured to conciliate the favour of the King, so far as to afford him the means of fulfilling his wishes. No longer regarding him as a rival, but as a suppliant, Louis acceded to his request, and an annual income of thirty thousand ducats, with the title of Duke of Anjou, secured to him opulence and repose during the remainder of his days. Historians have accused him of pusillanimity, in thus relinquishing, for an inferior title, his pretensions to a crown, which, in the dissensions that soon afterwards arose between the two successful monarchs, he might in all probability have recovered; but Federigo had sufficiently experienced the treachery and ingratitude of mankind; and, having in vain attempted to promote the happiness of others, he perhaps chose a wise part in securing his own.' (Vol. I. p. 310—16.)

But this dignified narrative of a most infamous transaction, concludes with the following frivolous observation; the sole purport of which is, to introduce a long poetical quotation from Sanazzaro, into the notes.

'The regrets of the Muses, whom he had so generously protected during his prosperity, followed him to his retreat. Sanazzaro, who accompanied him on his expedition into France, seems to consider the events that then took place to be, as indeed they afterwards proved, the final destruction of the Neapolitan branch of the house of Aragon.' (Vol. I. p. 316.)

The first volume concludes with a preposterous dissertation on the character of Lucretia Borgia, whom our author endeavours to vindicate from the imputation of an incestuous connexion with her father and her two brothers. Upon this occasion, we have no hesitation to affirm, that the love of paradox, or the affectation of a scrupulous investigation of truth, has induced our author to refine too much upon historical evidence. The secret crimes committed in the dark recesses of a despotical court, are seldom susceptible of any other evidence than the prevailing opinion and report of the times; and the question is not, whether the criminal intercourse of Lucretia with her father and brothers be confirmed by any direct proof, but whether the characters of the parties are such as to render them incapable of the crimes of which they were accused? The silence of Burchard can afford no presumption whatsoever of their innocence; for the master of ceremonies to Alexander VI. could not be expected to introduce the secret crimes of his patrons into a diary appropriated to the ceremonial

ceremonials and public tranſactions of the court. But the intimations which he caſually gives of their conduct, leaves no room to doubt of their guilt; and the obſervation of Gibbon, which our author has only partially quoted, is deciſive upon the ſubject. 'The modern Lucretia might have aſſumed, with more propriety, the name of Meſſaliſa, ſince the woman who can be guilty, who can even be accuſed of a criminal commerce with a father and two brothers, muſt be abandoned to all the licentiouſneſs of venal luſt. Her vices were highly coloured by a contempt for decency. At a banquet in the apoſtolical palace, by the ſide of the Pope, ſhe beheld, without a bluſh, the naked dances and laſcivious poſtures of fifty proſtitutes; ſhe diſtributed the prizes to the champions of Venus, according to the number of victories which they achieved in her preſence.' (Gibbon's Miſcellaneous Works, II. 689.) Highly coloured as Gibbon's deſcription may appear, it is hardly equal to the original in Burchard's Diary, which we ſhall quote in a note from Eccard's *Scriptores medii ævi*, II. 2134., as Mr Roſcoe ſeems only to have ſeen ſome partial extracts in Gordon's life of Alexander VI. * But the man who could preſent ſuch an entertainment to his ſiſter as is deſcribed in the note, and the woman who could witneſs ſuch flagitious ſcenes in

* *De Convivio quinquaginta meretricum cum Duce Valentinienſi.*

Dominica ultima menſis Octobris, in ſero fecerunt cœnam cum Duce Valentinienſi in camera ſua in palatio Apoſtolico, quinquaginta meretrices honeſtæ, Cortegianæ nuncupatæ, quæ poſt cœnam chorearunt cum ſervitoribus et aliis ibidem exiſtentibus, primo in veſtibus ſuis, deinde nudæ. Poſt cœnam poſita fuerunt candelabra communia menſæ cum candelis ardentibus, et projectæ ante candelabra per terram caſtaneæ, quas meretrices ipſæ, ſuper manibus et pedibus nudæ, candelabra pertranſeuntes colligebant; *Papa, Dux, et Lucretia ſorore ſua, præſentibus et aſpicientibus.* Tandem expoſita dona ultima, diploides de ſerico, paria caligarum, bireta et alia, pro illis qui plures dictas meretrices carnaliter agnoſcerent, quæ fuerunt ibidem in aula publice carnaliter tractatæ, arbitrio præſentium, et dona diſtributa victoribus.

Feria quinta, undecima menſis Novembris, intravit urbem, per portam viridarii, quidam ruſticus ducens duas equas lignis oneratas, quæ cum eſſent in plateola S. Petri, accurrerunt ſtipendiarii Papæ, inciſisque peſtoralibus, et liguis projectis in terram cum baſtis, duxerunt equas ad illam plateolam quæ eſt inter palatium juxta illius portam, tum emiſſi fuerunt quatuor equi curſerii liberi ſuis frænis et capiſtris ex palatio, qui accurrerunt ad equas, et inter ſe propterea cum magno ſtrepitu et clamore, morſibus et calceis contendentes, aſcenderunt equas, et coierunt cum eis, et eas graviter piſtarunt et læſerunt; *Papa* in feneſtra cameræ, ſupra portam palatii, et *Domina Lucretia* cum eo exiſtente, cum magno riſu et delectatione præmiſſa videntibus. (Eccard, II. 2134.)

in the preſence of her father and her brother, muſt have been previouſly abandoned to the double guilt of the moſt inceſtuous love; and the public opinion and report of the times, receive the moſt ample and indiſputable confirmation, from the ſcandalous and undiſguiſed debauchery of their private lives. It is in vain to draw any popular arguments from the rectitude of her ſubſequent conduct at the court of Ferara, when removed by her third marriage from the licentious manners and example of the Vatican; and Gibbon juſtly obſerves, that 'perhaps the youth of Lucretia had been ſeduced by example; perhaps ſhe had been ſatiated by pleaſure; perhaps ſhe was awed by the authority of her new parent and huſband;' Hercules Duke of Ferara and his ſon Alphonſo. *id.* But the hiſtorical fact, which was never before diſputed, of Lucretia's inceſtuous connexion with her father and brothers, affords a more adequate explanation of ſome preceding events than our author has given. In 1497, ſhe deſerted her firſt huſband Giovanni Sforza, lord of Peſaro, with whom ſhe had hitherto reſided; and her father, according to Guicciardini, impatient of a rival even in her huſband, diſſolved the marriage, under the pretext of impotency; 'a reaſon,' ſays Robertſon, 'which no modeſt woman will ever plead.' (Hiſtory of Scotland, II. 69.) In the ſame year, her eldeſt brother was aſſaſſinated and thrown into the Tyber; and the murder is expreſsly aſcribed by Guicciardini to the ambition and luſt of Cæſar Borghia, whom the father had deſtined for the church, but who aſpired to the ſituation which his brother had juſt acquired as an independent prince, and was jealous of his ſucceſs in their ſiſter's affections.*

The

* Avendo infino da principio del ſuo Pontificato deſignato di volgere tutta la grandezza temporale al Duca di Candia, ſuo primogenito, il Cardinale di Valenza, il quale di animo totalmente alieno dalla profeſſione ſacerdotale, aſpirava all' eſercitio delle arme, non potendo tolerare, che queſto loco gli foſſe occupato dal fratello; impaziente, oltre a queſto, ch' egli aveſſe piu parte di lui nell' amore *di madonna Lucrezia ſorella comune*, incitato dalla libidine e dall' ambizione, miniſtri potenti ad ogni grande ſcelleratezza, lo fece una notte, ch' ei cavalcava ſolo per Roma, ammazzare, e piu gittare nel fiume del Tevere ſegretamente. *Era medeſimamente fama, ſe pero e degne de crederſi tanta enormita, che nel amore di madonna Lucrezia concorreſſino non ſolamente i due fratelli, ma etiandio il padre medeſimo: il quale avendola, come fu fatto Pontifice, levata dal primo marito, come diventato inferiore al ſuo grado, e maritatala a Giovanni Sforza Signore di Peſaro, non comportando d' avere anco il marito per rivale, diſſolve il maritagio conſumato, avendo fatto innanze a giudici delegati da lui provare con falſe teſtimonianze, e dopo confermare per ſentenza, che Giovanni era per natura frigido et impotente al coito.* (Guicciardini Hiſt. lib. III.)

We

The ſilence of Burchard concerning the guilt of his patron's ſurviving ſon, affords no proof that the latter was innocent. But the facts contained in his diary, of the two brothers returning from a ſupper at their mother's, and parting at midnight, when the Duke, proceeding with a ſingle footman whom he afterwards diſmiſſed, and another attendant, to ſome aſſignation of pleaſure, was aſſaſſinated and thrown into the Tiber by five perſons unknown (Eccard, 2081.), can admit of our author's concluſion, that he fell a ſacrifice to ſome jealous rival, or injured huſband, on the ſuppoſition only, that his younger brother, from whom he had juſt parted, was incapable of the crime. But the footman whom he left on the road was alſo aſſaſſinated, as if by the party from which he had ſeparated, not by another with which he encountered: his other attendant, a perſon in a maſk, who rode behind him, and had joined him at ſupper, might have certainly been traced, as he had viſited him daily at the apoſtolical palace for a month before: and Guicciardini's narrative is confirmed, not only by the younger brother renouncing the purple, and aſſuming the Duke's ſituation in the army and in the ſtate, but by thoſe ſubſequent ſcenes of lewdneſs, which render his inceſtuous connexion with his ſiſter indiſputable. Her ſecond huſband, Alphonſo, Duke of Biſaglia, a youth of ſeventeen, whom ſhe received in 1498, eſcaped within a twelvemonth to Naples, as if afraid of his life. A few months afterwards, when brought back by his wife, he was attacked and deſperately wounded, on the ſteps of St Peter's, by a band of aſſaſſins, who were received by a troop of forty horſemen, and eſcorted in ſafety to the gates of Rome. The huſband continued to languiſh for two months; and, as he *would not die of his wounds*, he was ſtrangled in his bed, within the apoſtolical palace, when under the immediate protection of his wife, whom, together with her brother, our author formally acquits of a crime which never would have been perpetrated publicly without the connivance of the one, and the authority of the other. In a few days ſhe retired from Rome, with ſix hundred horſemen, not to indulge her grief, but to take ſome recreation at Nepi after the perturbation which ſhe ſuffered on the death of her huſband, whoſe attendant and

We have quoted Guicciardini at length, as the paſſages in Italics were altered and ſuppreſſed by the court of Rome after the firſt edition. But they receive the ſtrongeſt confirmation from the preceding quotation out of Burchard's Diary, from which it alſo appears that the eldeſt ſon had obtained the city of Benevento and other territories, as an independent principality, on the 7th of June, and was aſſaſſinated on the 14th of July thereafter. (Eccard, II. 2081.)

phyſicians were impriſoned, and ſome procedure was inſtituted againſt them. But they were ſoon releaſed; *Liberati parum poſt, eum effet immunis, qui mandantibus ceperat, optime notum,* (*Eccard,* 2123.); a ſentence omitted by Gordon, and which our author, who labours alſo to exculpate the brother, has not probably ſeen; but he forgets to explain to us, by what other authority the murder could have been perpetrated, or from what motive unleſs to releaſe the ſiſter from a match diſagreeable to the whole family. Such are the crimes from which Mr Roſcoe, in his hiſtory, and in this prepoſterous diſſertation, vindicates Cæſar Borgia, and the inceſtuous Lucretia.

The ſecond volume contains a diſtinct account of the league of Cambray, and of the remaining tranſactions in Italy under Julius II.; the elevation of Leo X. to the Papal chair; the declining ſtate of literature at that period; and the political intrigues that occupied the firſt years of the new pontificate. We again meet with ſome ſolemn trifling on the name of Leo; together with minute accounts of ceremonials, proceſſions, and ſpectacles; the public exhibition and exploits of an elephant, &c.; in which our author has been miſled by the dangerous example of Gibbon, whoſe pen could impart an adventitious importance to the moſt trivial occurrences. Upon ſome occaſions, the narrative ſeems to be a mere vehicle for tranſlations of modern Greek and Latin verſes, of which the originals themſelves have little or no intrinſic value, and which, to our ears at leaſt, poſſeſs no diſtinguiſhed poetical merit. The following ſpecimen will probably convince the reader, that our author's verſification is ſufficiently melodious, but that his time would have been employed to better purpoſe in digeſting the materials, and correcting the defects of his hiſtorical compoſitions, than in tranſlating the Greek verſes prefixed by Muſurus to the firſt edition of Plato by Aldus.

'SPIRIT DIVINE, who 'midſt thy kindred throng
Of ſainted heroes ſit'ſt; to whom 'tis given
To track the burning wheels, that bear along
The great Creator o'er the deeps of heaven,
IMMORTAL PLATO! from thy lofty ſphere,
Reviſiting again this genial earth,
Accept the volume, we thy votaries bear,
The ſacred work that owes to thee its birth.
Where full diſplayed, we trace the mighty hand
Of him, the ONE great Architect; unchang'd
Who fills the void of ſpace, and whoſe command
Th' empyreal orbs in eight-fold order rang'd.
Suſpended high, of all his works the chief,
The fix'd ſun pours his unextinguiſh'd light,

While

Whilſt ſeven inferior ſtars, in ſoft relief,
Shed their mild luſtre o'er the ſhadowy night.
Or wondering mark th' unceaſing central force,
Bound by whoſe chain the mighty whole revolves;
While unreluctant in its ſilent courſe,
Each in due time its fated round abſolves.
Thence too the glorious hope, that fires the ſoul
With ſecret longings for its heavenly home,
Spurns the dull bonds of earth, the baſe controul
Of mortal fate, and lives beyond the tomb.
Nor uninſtructed by thy ſacred page,
We bid the city's towering ramparts riſe,
By juſtice guard them, and by ſtatutes ſage
Define the bounds of right; with watchful eyes,
Whilſt Shame and Puniſhment, immortal pair,
Protect the peopled haunts. But ah, what tongue
To number all the ſacred truths ſhall dare
That breathe thy warm, inſpiring page along?
Thou then, accept the votive tome, and haſte
To ROME's ſeven-crowned hills; where ſtill reſides
Imperial ſway, and 'midſt AUSONIA's waſte
Rich TIBER rolls his fertilizing tides.
Not there a tyrant's ſcowling brow to meet,
Of Scylla born, who mocks the heavenly muſe;
No Dionyſius fierce; for there ſhall greet
Thy welcome preſence, HE whom Europe views
With wondering awe, her paſtor and her guide,
From great LORENZO ſprung; the brighteſt ſtar
Of MEDICEAN fame; with conſcious pride
Whom his own FLORENCE hails; and from afar
The ſcepter'd rulers of the nations own,
And as their Lord obey; in towering ſtate,
Imperial LEO named; who bears alone
The key that opes Olympus' lofty gate.
There, as the holy portals meet thy ſight,
A friendly train around thy ſteps ſhall throng,
Accompliſhed bards, whom virtuous toils delight,
Lords of the lyre, and maſters of the ſong.'

(Vol. II. p. 241. 242.)

But the prevailing defect of the work is prolixity, both of thought and ſtyle, of which a remarkable inſtance occurs at the cloſe of the ſecond volume. After a long and tedious account of the particulars of Bembo's embaſſy to the Venetian ſtate, two quarto pages and a half are employed to tell us, that Lewis XII. could not have heard of theſe particulars before his death. In this manner, the work is ſpun out to four coſtly quarto volumes, adorned with frontiſpieces, vignettes, and medallions, and con-

taining eighteen hundred pages, which might have been eaſily reduced to two quartos of a very moderate ſize. Prolixity, however, is not the only defect of our author's ſtyle, the blemiſhes of which are the leſs entitled to excuſe, as he profeſſes in his preface 'to raiſe a barrier againſt that torrent of a corrupt and vitiated taſte, which, if not continually oppoſed, may once more overwhelm the cultivated nations of Europe in barbariſm and degradation.' (Pref. xxxvi.) The following, among many other paſſages, may be ſelected as ſpecimens of that very corrupt and vitiated taſte, againſt which, our author, if he has any meaning, propoſes his own ſtyle as a barrier, which may prevent the barbariſm and degradation of civilized Europe. 'The long *devotion* of time and of labour which it (the hiſtory) muſt unavoidably require' (Pref. i.) 'As theſe branches of ſtudy (hiſtory and biography) are equally *converſant* with individuals of our own ſpecies.' (*Id.* iv.) 'The *immortal* work of Tiraboſchi,'—and Mazzuchelli, 'who has executed in ſix volumes in folio, a comparatively ſmall portion of his *coloſſal attempt.*' (*Id.* xiv.) 'To the *teſtamentary humanity* of Bartolomeo Platina, he was indebted for a commodious and handſome reſidence at Rome.' (I. p. 48.) —'Poetical proſe, that *hermaphrodite* of literature, equally deprived of maſculine vigour and of feminine grace.' (*Id.* 60.)—'Pontano had obtained a glimpſe of that nobler edifice which was diſplayed about a century afterwards to the immortal Bacon,' &c. (*Id.* 54.)—Theocritus, 'that *charming* author.' (II. 260.) —'The genial warmth of pontifical kindneſs found its way into thoſe boſoms, which the frowns of his predeceſſor had hardened into animoſity and reſiſtance.' (III. 61.)—At the period which immediately preceded the Reformation, 'Europe ſaw the luminary of claſſical learning at a higher meridian than at any time either before or ſince.' (IV. 53.) From theſe inſtances of affectation and conceit, the reader will probably conclude that our author's ſtyle would form a very inadequate barrier againſt that corrupt and vitiated taſte of which he complains.

But the affectation of ſentiment, or of profound philoſophical obſervation, is not leſs frequent, nor leſs ridiculous, than thoſe inſtances of affectation in ſtyle. The rumours of approaching calamities, though they may not ariſe from any ſupernatural interpoſitions, are not always, ſays our author, to be wholly diſregarded. 'On the approach of a ſtorm, the cattle, by a native inſtinct, retire to ſhelter; and the human mind may experience a ſecret dread, reſulting from a concurrence of circumſtances, which, although not amounting to demonſtration, may afford ſtrong conviction of approaching evil, to a perſon of a warm enthuſiaſtic temperament. Thoſe impreſſions which he is ready

to

to impart, the public is prepared to receive; and the very credulity of mankind is itſelf a proof of impending danger.' (I. 42.) According to this ſage and enlightened remark, the fanaticiſm of an impoſtor, and the folly of his hearers, when combined together, afford a ſure proof of the evils which he predicts. On the death of Ludovico Sforza, after a cloſe impriſonment for the ſpace of ten years, our author obſerves, that 'pain and privation, racks and chains, may agonize the body; but the indignant reaction of a mind conſcious of its rectitude, oppoſes a barrier to their effects; while death, a miniſtering angel, is ever at hand to ward off the extremes of ſuffering. This, alas! was not the fate of Ludovico;—the ſufferings of his mind were probably more acute than thoſe of his body. The human ruin was complete. Other calamities may be tolerated,—but a wounded ſpirit who can bear?' (*Id.* 301.) This deſpicable cant is even exceeded in our author's obſervation on the death of Gonſalvo, the great captain, who repented of three things, the laſt of which he would never reveal. 'Gonſalvo's third cauſe of regret would, in this caſe, have implied a contradiction to his two former. He would probably have unfolded a tale—but he died a penitent, and truſted it with his other ſins to the boſom of his God.' (II. 47.) Such affectation of ſentiment as is fitter for a Shandean tale of corporal Trim, than for the life of the great captain, reduces hiſtory, to uſe a phraſe of our author, below the level of romance, and deſerves to be the more ſeverely reprehended, as Mr Roſcoe, where he adheres to the Italian hiſtorians, appears to be ſufficiently qualified for ſuch chaſte and ſober compoſition as hiſtory requires.

In the third volume, we meet with the ſame ridiculous *minutiæ* of rainy weather, ceremonials, and proceſſions, in the account of Leo's public entry into Florence, and of his interview with Francis I. at Bologna. But from theſe faults we turn with pleaſure, to our author's ſpirited account of the battle of Marignano, from which it muſt appear, that the defects of his compoſition are chiefly thoſe of affectation, haſte, and caprice.

'At the concluſion of one of thoſe inflammatory exhortations, with which the cardinal of Sion was accuſtomed to harangue his countrymen, the reſolution was adopted inſtantly to attack the French, although only about two hours of day-light remained. By a rapid and unexpected march, the whole body of the Swiſs preſented themſelves before the French encampments at Marignano, on the thirteenth day of September 1515. The attack immediately commenced. Their impetuoſity was irreſiſtible. The intrenchments were ſoon carried, and a part of the artillery was already in the hands of the aſſailants. As the French recovered from their ſurpriſe, they began to make head againſt their adverſaries, and the horſe joining in the action, a dreadful engagement

took place, which continued with various ſucceſs, and great ſlaughter, to a late hour of the night. During this conteſt, Francis was in the midſt of the battle, and received ſeveral wounds. The *bandes noires*, whom the Swiſs had threatened with total extermination, contributed, with the French *gendarmerie*, to retrieve the loſs. The darkneſs of the night, although it did not terminate the conteſt, rendered it for a time impoſſible for the combatants to proceed in the work of deſtruction; and an involuntary truce of ſome hours took place, during which both parties kept the field, impatiently waiting for that light which might enable them to renew the engagement. Accordingly, with the dawn of day the battle again commenced, when it appeared that the French monarch had availed himſelf of this interval to arrange his artillery, and to reduce his troops into better order than when they had been attacked on the preceding day. The vanguard was now led by the Sieur de Paliſſe with ſeven hundred lances, and ten thouſand German infantry. The body of the army, under the royal ſtandard, was commanded by the king, and conſiſted of eight hundred men at arms, ten thouſand Germans, five thouſand Gaſcons, and a large train of artillery, directed by the duke of Bourbon. Trivulzio led the *corps de reſerve*, which conſiſted of five hundred lances, and five thouſand Italian infantry. The light infantry, under the command of the Sieur de Chita, and the baſtard of Savoy, brother of the king, were ordered to act as circumſtances might require. The attack of the Swiſs was now ſupported with unſhaken firmneſs. A detachment, which was intended to ſurpriſe the right wing of the French army, was intercepted by the Duke of Alençon, and purſued by the Baſque infantry of Pietro Navarro, who put every man to the ſword. After having reſiſted the charge, the French became the aſſailants. Francis, at the head of his *gendarmes* firſt made an impreſſion on their line; but the numbers of the Swiſs were ſo great, and their courage and diſcipline ſo exemplary, that he would in all probability have been repulſed, had not D'Alviano at that moment ruſhed into the midſt of the combat, at the head of a ſmall, but ſelect and intrepid body of cavalry, and by the cry of *Marco*, the war ſignal of the Venetians, given new courage to the French, and diſpirited the ranks of their adverſaries, who conceived that the Venetian army had, at this juncture, joined in the engagement. After ſuſtaining the conteſt for ſeveral hours, the Swiſs were obliged to relinquiſh the palm of victory; but, even under theſe circumſtances, they had the firmneſs and reſolution to form in regular order, and to quit the ſcene of action under ſuch diſcipline, that the French monarch, whoſe army was exhauſted by watchfulneſs and fatigue, did not venture on a purſuit. Weakened by inteſtine diviſions, defeated by their allies, and defeated by the French, they haſtened to Milan, where they demanded from the Duke ſuch ſubſidies as they knew he was wholly unable to pay. This, however, afforded them a ſufficient pretext for withdrawing themſelves altogether from the theatre of war, and leaving their Italian allies to the mercy of the conquering army.

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'The battle of Marignano is juſtly conſidered by both the French and Italian hiſtorians, as highly honourable to the gallantry and proweſs of the French arms. The example of Francis I. who had, in the courſe of the conflict, repeatedly extricated himſelf from ſituations of imminent danger by his own perſonal courage, had animated his ſoldiers to the moſt daring acts of heroiſm; inſomuch, that Trivulzio, who had before been engaged in no leſs than eighteen important battles, declared, that they reſembled only the ſports of children in compariſon with this, which might truly be called a war of giants. The chevalier Bayard fought at the ſide of his ſovereign, where he gave ſuch proofs of romantic courage, that Francis, immediately after the engagement, inſiſted on being knighted by him upon the field of battle. The ceremony was inſtantly performed in the true ſpirit of chivalry, and Bayard, making two leaps, returned his ſword into the ſcabbard, vowing never more to unſheath it, except againſt the Turks, the Saracens, and the Moors. This victory is chiefly to be attributed to the ſuperiority of the French artillery; but the arrival of D'Alviano, although accompanied by ſo ſmall a body of ſoldiers, undoubtedly contributed to the ſucceſs of the day. The number of Swiſs left dead on the field is ſtated by different hiſtorians at eight, ten, fourteen, and even fifteen thouſand; whilſt the loſs of the French varies from three to ſix thouſand, among whom, however, were many of the chief nobility of France. On this ſpot, polluted with carnage, Francis gave orders that three ſolemn maſſes ſhould be performed, one to return thanks to God for the victory, another for the ſouls of thoſe who were ſlain in battle, and a third to ſupplicate the reſtoration of peace. He alſo directed that a chapel ſhould be built adjacent to the field of battle, as a teſtimony of his gratitude, and a permanent memorial of his ſucceſs.' III. 36—39.

Our author's account of the origin and progreſs of the Reformation, though ſufficiently intereſting, is written throughout with a degree of prejudice againſt Luther, and of partiality towards Leo, of which the following inſtance muſt appear remarkable. The famous bull of excommunication iſſued againſt Luther, for which the policy of Leo has been univerſally condemned, was dated the 15th of June 1520, and is aſcribed by Mr Roſcoe, after Pallavicini, to a preceding letter from the reformer to the Pontiff, written at the interceſſion of the Auguſtine monks, but in a ſtrain of ſuch irritating and inſulting invective, as the Roman ſee could no longer either overlook or forgive. The ſuppoſed date of the letter, in the Latin edition of Luther's works, is 'Nurembergiæ, MDXX. 6. Aprilis;' the date which it bears in the German copy or tranſlation, is the 6th of September, which muſt, according to our author, be 'a moſt evident error; for the *execrable bull*, as Luther denominates it, had then been publiſhed nearly three months; and it is not to be ſuppoſed

that he would in this letter have paſſed it over in ſilence.' (IV. 16. n.) For this reaſon, ſuch proteſtant writers as Moſheim and Robertſon, &c. are accuſed of paſſing the letter over in ſilence, in order to attribute the ſchiſm in the church to the raſh and intemperate conduct of the Roman pontiff; and Seckendorff is formally charged with poſtponing the negociations between Luther and Miltitz for a whole year, in order to ſupport the fictitious date of the letter; as 'all ſuch diſcuſſions muſt have been terminated by the bull of the 15th June preceding, after the publication of which, the papal legate could hold no communication with a declared heretic, much leſs could they have lived together at Lichtemberg, *hilariter inter ipſos.*' (Id.)

As reviewers, it is incumbent upon us to vindicate the characters of former hiſtorians, when ſo lightly attacked; and we are perſuaded that Mr Roſcoe would not have hazarded ſuch inconſiderate charges againſt the moſt eminent and venerable proteſtant writers, had he read over the paſſage in Seckendorff which he pretends to refute. Miltitz, the papal legate, whom Leo had ſent with a conſecrated roſe to Frederick of Saxony, and with inſtructions to conciliate Luther, if poſſible, to the Romiſh ſee, procured from the latter a mild and ſubmiſſive letter to the Pope, dated 3. March 1519. In June and July of the ſame year, Luther engaged in public diſputations with Eccius at Leipſic, from which the parties returned ſufficiently irritated, but without any new provocation from the pontiff. Eccius repaired with his complaints to Rome, where we find him on the 3d of May 1520; and on the 8th of July, a form or copy of the bull, dated June 15th, was ſent by Leo to Frederick elector of Saxony, while the publication of the bull itſelf, throughout Germany, was entruſted to Eccius. On the 28th of Auguſt thereafter, as Seckendorff proves from Luther's epiſtles, a general chapter of the Auguſtine monks was held at Eiſleben for the election of a vicar; and, by the advice of Miltitz, a deputation of the order was ſent to Luther, to perſuade him to write again to the Pope, a letter, teſtifying, as he might ſafely do, that he had never entertained any hoſtile deſigns againſt his perſon or authority. The deputation was received on the 1ſt of September; and on the 11th, Luther, in his correſpondence with Spalatinus, was inclined to write, and to treat the Roman ſee not too ſeverely, yet with ſome deriſion; 'ne ſedem ipſam atrocius tractet, ita tamen ut ſale aliquo illam aſpergat;' (Seck. 98. the very ſtyle of his letter;) but afterwards, October 3d, he changed his mind, and determined not to write to the Pope. Seckendorff, however, has alſo produced, from the Saxon archives, the correſpondence of Miltitz, who, on the 19th of Auguſt, in a letter to the elector, was preparing to attend

tend the convention or chapter of Augustines at Eisleben; and, on the 29th, wrote to Luther, proposing an interview, and exhorting him to yield to the persuasions of the deputation. On the 2d of October, he proposed an interview with Luther at Lichtemberg, and engaged, if the latter would adhere to his promise, of writing and behaving submissively to the Pope, to get him released from the *bull*, which could have no effect for a hundred and twenty days. On the same day, he informed the elector of an interview which he had at Leipsic, with Eccius, who produced the *bull* which he had published in Misnia, Merseburg, and Brandenburg, (Seck. p. 116.); and, on the 14th of October, he explains his conference with Luther at Lichtemberg on the 11th. 'Lutherus ex Spiritus Sancti inspiratione non offenditur, quicquid clament, aut *quascunque bullas* publicent. *Scripturus est* intra *dies* 12. *ad pontificem* modeste prorsus et humiliter, in *prefatione* nempe *libelli* quem elaboraturus et pontifici missurus est. *Epistolæ dies adscribitur vi. Septemb.* qui est decimus post capitulum August. Islebiense, et quindecimus a *publicata bulla.*' He concludes with soliciting from the elector, in Luther's name, a letter of thanks to the pontiff for the consecrated rose, and promising, 'cum Eccio et ejus factione aliter, quam sperarent actum ire, et fore ut *aliud breve* impetretur ad *abrogandam vel moderandam bullam.*' (Id. 98, 99.) The letter to Leo was prefixed by Luther to his treatise *de libertate Christiana*, which he sent to the pontiff; and its real date and object are thus indisputably ascertained. It was written about the middle of October, at the request of Miltitz, who expected to procure the revocation of a bull so fatal to the Roman see; but it was antedated the 6th of September, that it might coincide with the deputation from the Augustines on the first of that month. Luther, however, retained his original intention of treating the Roman see with some derision, to which he was sufficiently incited by its late severe proceedings in the bull against himself, and by its partiality towards his opponent Eccius. The 6th of September was inserted, probably by Luther himself, in the edition of the letter and treatise in German; but in the Latin edition published by his widow, 6. *Aprilis*, instead of being prefixed, was annexed to the year (Nurembergiæ, MDXX. 6. *Aprilis*,) as a conjectural date. This erroneous date, which imposed upon Sleidan, was adopted by Pallavicini and Maimbourg the Jesuit, for the justification of Leo's political conduct; and our author, adhering to Pallavicini's narrative as the most favourable to the hero of his work, did not probably discover till afterwards, the contradictory account given by protestant writers, which, therefore, he employs a long note to obviate or refute. But we must own, that our reliance upon Mr Roscoe's accuracy

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is much diminiſhed, when, with Seckendorff open before him, he oppoſes crude arguments to hiſtorical facts, the evidence of which he has not the patience to examine, or even to read over with the leaſt attention.

To make ſome amends, however, for the injuſtice done to Luther, the account of his ſecond appearance before the diet at Worms, may be read with ſatisfaction; and the following character of that great reformer is ably, though not perhaps ſo impartially, delineated.

'In order to form a proper eſtimate of the conduct and character of Luther, it is neceſſary to conſider him in two principal points of view. Firſt, as an opponent to the haughty aſſumptions and groſs abuſes of the Roman ſee; and, ſecondly, as the founder of a new church, over which he may be ſaid to have preſided until the time of his death, in 1546, an interval of nearly thirty years. In the former capacity we find him endeavouring to ſubſtitute the authority of reaſon and of ſcripture for that of councils and of popes, and contending for the utmoſt latitude in the peruſal and conſtruction of the ſacred writings, which, as he expreſſed it, could not be chained, but were open to the interpretation of every individual. For this great and daring attempt he was peculiarly qualified. A conſciouſneſs of his own integrity, and the natural intrepidity of his mind, enabled him not only to brave the moſt violent attacks of his adverſaries, but to treat them with a degree of deriſion and contempt, which ſeemed to prove the ſuperiority of his cauſe. Fully ſenſible of the importance and dignity of his undertaking, he looked with equal eyes on all wordly honours and diſtinctions; and emperors, and pontiffs, and kings, were regarded by him as men and as equals, who might merit his reſpect or incur his reſentment, according as they were inclined to promote or obſtruct his views. Nor was he more firm againſt the ſtern voice of authority, than againſt the blandiſhments of flattery, and the ſoftening influence of real or of pretended friendſhip. The various attempts which were made to induce him to relax in his oppoſition, ſeem in general to have confirmed, rather than ſhaken his reſolution; and if at any time he ſhewed a diſpoſition towards conciliatory meaſures, it was only a ſymptom that his oppoſition would ſoon be carried to a greater extreme. The warmth of his temperament, ſeldom, however, prevented the exerciſe of his judgement; and the various meaſures to which he reſorted for ſecuring popularity to his cauſe, were the reſult of a thorough knowledge of the great principles of human nature, and of the peculiar ſtate of the times in which he lived. The injuſtice and abſurdity of reſorting to violence, inſtead of convincing the underſtanding by argument, were ſhewn by him in the ſtrongeſt light. Before the imperial diet he aſſerted his own private opinion, founded, as he contended, on reaſon and ſcripture, againſt all the authorities of the Roman church; and the important point which he inceſſantly laboured to eſtabliſh, was the right of private judgement in matters of faith. To the defence of this propoſition, he was at all

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times ready to devote his learning, his talents, his repose, his character, and his life; and the great and imperishable merit of this reformer, consists in his having demonstrated it by such arguments, as neither the efforts of his adversaries, nor his own subsequent conduct, have been able either to refute or invalidate.

'As the founder of a new church, the character of Luther appears in a very different light. After having effected a separation from the see of Rome, there yet remained the still more difficult task of establishing such a system of religious faith and worship, as, without admitting the exploded doctrines of the papal church, would prevent that licentiousness which, it was supposed, would be the consequence of a total absence of all ecclesiastical restraints. In this task, Luther engaged with a resolution equal to that with which he had braved the authority of the Romish church; but with this remarkable difference, that, in the one instance, he effected his purpose by strenuously insisting on the right of private judgement in matters of faith, whilst, in the other, he succeeded by laying down new doctrines, to which he expected that all those who espoused his cause should implicitly submit. The opinions of Luther on certain points were fixed and unalterable. The most important of these were the doctrine of the real presence in the Eucharist, and the justification of mankind by faith alone. Whoever assented not to these propositions was not of his church; and although he was ready, on all occasions, to make use of arguments from scripture for the defence of his tenets, yet, when these proved insufficient, he seldom hesitated to resort to more violent measures. This was fully exemplified in his conduct towards his friend Carlostadt, who, not being able to distinguish between the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation and that of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, had, like Zuinglius, adopted the idea that the bread and the wine were only the symbols, and not the actual substance of the body and blood of Christ. Luther, however, maintained his opinion with the utmost obstinacy; the dispute became the subject of several violent publications, until Luther, who was now supported by the secular power, obtained the banishment of Carlostadt, who was at length reduced to the necessity of earning his bread by his daily labour. The unaccommodating adherence of Luther to this opinion, placed also an effectual bar to the union of the Helvetic and German reformers; and to such an uncharitable extreme did he carry his resentment against those who denied the real presence, that he refused to admit the Swiss, and the German cities and states, which had adopted the sentiments of Zuinglius and Bucer, into the confederacy for the defence of the Protestant church; choosing rather to risk the total destruction of his cause, than to avail himself of the assistance of those who did not concur with him in every particular article of belief.' (Vol. IV. p. 46—49.)

The revival of letters, and of the fine arts, under Leo X., forms, unquestionably, the most pleasing and interesting part of the work. Our author's Italian literature is accumulated upon

a ſubject, on which his taſte and criticiſm are very happily diſplayed. Inſtead, however, of correſponding with our ideas of a luminous hiſtory of the revival of letters, the narrative degenerates almoſt perpetually into biographical anecdotes of learned men, in which the obſcure and illuſtrious, hiſtorians and keepers of the Vatican library, are almoſt equally prominent. The tranſitions from one author or ſubject to another, are often harſh, inelegant, and awkward, (ſee vol. III. p. 243, 304. IV. 166.); nor are the anecdotes themſelves of the utmoſt importance, or different, in general, from thoſe which every biographical dictionary may ſupply. Such, for inſtance, is that of the lewd Aretin; who, having lampooned Tintoretto the painter, was invited to his houſe to ſit for his picture; when the latter producing, inſtead of his pencils, a piſtol from his boſom, and deſiring the affrighted poet to compoſe himſelf till he took meaſure of him, aimed at him deliberately from head to foot; adding, before he releaſed him, 'I find you are juſt the length of two piſtols and a half;' and this unmeaning anecdote is not only gravely recorded, with a thouſand others juſt as important, but is again commemorated in one of the twenty-four vignettes prefixed reſpectively to each chapter of the work. The obſervations, however, upon Machiavel, Guicciardini, Paul Jovius, and many other diſtinguiſhed writers, will be read with pleaſure; but here we muſt not overlook the affectation of reducing proper names indiſcriminately to Italian. Thus, Paul Jovius is Paullo Giovio; Aldus Manutius, the printer, is Aldo Manuzio; Machiavel is uniformly written Machiavelli; Petrarch, Petrarca; Placentia, Piacenza; Michael Angelo, Michaelagnolo; and we could hardly recognize in the Cardinal of Gaeta, the Cardinal Cajetan, a name well known in the hiſtory of the Reformation. Of theſe names, ſome were adopted by the authors themſelves, as their only deſignation in the literary world; others are long eſtabliſhed hiſtorical appellations; and they are all ſo firmly rooted and naturalized in Engliſh, that any attempt to reduce them to the Italian orthography, betrays almoſt as much affectation as to alter the common and ſettled orthography of our own language. Mr Roſcoe would have done well to have conſulted the poſtſcript of Mr Gibbon's preface to the three laſt volumes of his hiſtory, before he attempted to juſtify, in his preface, the adaptation of proper names to one invariable rule of conformity with the language from which they were derived.

Our limits preclude any farther extracts than the following critical obſervations on the hiſtory of Guicciardini, which we ſeparate from the biographical account of the author. 'The union of individual biography with general hiſtory,' is juſtified in

in the preface, 'as theſe branches of ſtudy are equally converſant with the individuals of our own ſpecies:' an argument already quoted, which we profeſs we do not entirely comprehend.

'The hiſtorical writings of Guicciardini have not only entitled their author to the indiſputable precedence of all the hiſtorians of Italy, but have placed him at leaſt on a level with thoſe of any age or of any country. His firſt great advantage is, that he was himſelf perſonally acquainted with moſt of the tranſactions which he relates, and frequently acted in them an important part. He alſo united in himſelf almoſt every qualification that is neceſſary for a perfect hiſtorian; a fearleſs impartiality, a ſtrong and vigorous judgment, equally remote from ſuperſtition and licentiouſneſs, and a penetration of mind that pierced through the inmoſt receſſes of political intrigue. His narrative is full, clear, and perſpicuous; and the obſervations to which it occaſionally gives riſe, are, in general, juſt, appoſite, and forcible. The principal blemiſhes which have been attributed to him as a writer, are thoſe of having frequently given too much importance to events of inferior conſideration, and of having, in imitation of the ancient hiſtorians, aſſigned to ſeveral of his principal actors, orations which, although ſufficiently conſonant to their ſentiments, were never in reality delivered. If, however, the writings of all his contemporaries had periſhed, his works alone would have exhibited a perfect picture of the age, and muſt ever be regarded as the mine from which future hiſtorians muſt derive their richeſt materials. Faſtidious critics, and indolent readers, may complain of the minuteneſs of his narrative, or the length of his periods; but every ſentence is pregnant with thought, every paragraph teems with information; and if, ſometimes, they do not pleaſe the ear, they always gratify the underſtanding. The principal defect in his hiſtory, is ſuch as is perhaps inſeparable from his character as a ſtateſman and a ſoldier, and appears in his accounting for the conduct of others wholly by motives of intereſt and of ambition, without ſufficiently adverting to the various other cauſes which have in all ages had a conſiderable influence on the affairs of mankind.' IV. p. 164—6.

The twenty-ſecond chapter, on the revival of the fine arts, is the moſt laboured of the whole, and, in our opinion, is incomparably the beſt. The unexpected death of Leo, which hiſtorians have aſcribed to an exceſs of joy on the recovery of Parma and Placentia from the French, is with greater probability imputed to poiſon, by which the lives of the popes have been ſo frequently abridged. A whole chapter is finally appropriated to the character of Leo, which is ſummed up, and nicely balanced, with a minuteneſs which we have no inclination to examine.

Upon the whole, then, theſe ponderous volumes have diſappointed our expectations of obtaining an adequate hiſtory of the revival of learning; worthy at leaſt of the importance of the ſubject.

ſubject. The prevailing defect of the work, is a minute and tedious prolixity, and the want of ſufficient energy either of thought or of ſtyle. The accumulation of materials does not always add a proportionable value to hiſtory; and an author has learned but half the ſecrets of his trade, who is ignorant of the art of blotting, to which the greateſt writers have been indebted for their ſucceſs. No labour can be too great to attain to perfection; and if, inſtead of endeavouring, in his preface, to extenuate the general defects of his hiſtory, Mr Roſcoe had tranſcribed it over again, under the eye of ſome ſevere critic, and had reſolutely reduced it to half its preſent ſize, the remainder, from the condenſation of the narrative, would have acquired an additional value, when every idle anecdote, or ſuperfluous incident was carefully expunged, and the redundance of ſentiment and of diction retrenched. As it ſtands, the hiſtory may pleaſe the *dilettanti*, to whom the medallions and verſes are, perhaps, a ſufficient recommendation; but it neither will gratify the general reader, nor ought it to ſuperſede any future efforts upon the ſubject, when the preſent edition has paſſed away. In general, however, its materials will always be valuable to future hiſtorians, by whom the author's opinions, in matters of taſte and criticiſm, will always be reſpected: and his writings impreſs us with one uniform conviction, that he is a truly amiable and benevolent man.

ART. V. *Memoires Poſthumes de Marmontel, Hiſtoriographe de France, Secretaire perpetuel de l'Academie Françaiſe.* Imprimées ſur le Manuſcrit autographe de l'Auteur. 4 tomes. 12mo. Paris, 1804.

WE are not ſure that we have peruſed any book, ſince the commencement of our critical career, that has afforded us more entertainment than thoſe little volumes. They were written in the author's declining years, for the uſe of his children; and are tinctured, no doubt, with the garrulity of age, as well as overburdened with petty anecdotes and trifling details, which cannot be expected to command an extenſive intereſt: But the narrative is, upon the whole, ſo gay and airy, the tone of ſentiment ſo mild and unaffuming, and the living pictures with which the buſieſt part of the ſcene is crowded, ſo full of delicacy, truth, and vivacity, that it is impoſſible not to be charmed with the greater part of the performance.

As the intereſt which it excites, however, in its various ſtages, is different both in kind and in degree, we ſhall ſeparate, both in our abſtract and our obſervations, the hiſtory of the author's early

early life and education, from the narrative of his occupations in Paris; and diſmiſs, with very little notice, the ſhort and imperfect ſketch which he has given, in the concluding volume, of the firſt events of the Revolution.

Marmontel was born in 1723, in the little town of Bort, in the Limoſin, in a very humble rank of ſociety. He has not ſpecified the profeſſion of his father; but, from the account which he has given of the domeſtic economy of his family, and of the ſtate of ſociety among their equals, it is ſufficiently apparent that their condition was but one degree removed from that of the ordinary peaſantry. Nothing has ſtruck us more, we will confeſs, than the refinement, intelligence, and independence, which he deſcribes as prevailing in this claſs of ſociety. We had no idea that the lower orders in France were by any means ſo well educated, ſo comfortable, or ſo well informed, as they appear to be from the incidental ſtatement of theſe memoirs; and the whole account of this village ſociety has been to us, we will confeſs, full of intereſt and inſtruction. In a family which ſeems to have lived, like that of Fabricius, upon roaſted turnips and cheſnuts, clothed with hemp and wool ſpun by the hands of their females, and lodged in a cottage ſurrounded with bee-hives and apple trees, we find not only the pureſt and moſt tender affection, but a degree of intelligence, and even of accompliſhment, that ſeem to belong to a very different condition. The mother of Marmontel, with no other education than that of the little convent of Bort, had acquired, he ſays, not only a remarkable poliſh of mind, but a feeling of propriety in her language, ſo delicate and fine, that it ſeemed to be the pure inſtinct of good taſte, and made a great impreſſion on the biſhop of the dioceſe, to whom ſhe afterwards wrote in behalf of her ſon; and Marmontel himſelf, though his father could not ſcrape together four or five pounds in the year for the expences of his education, was not only inſtructed in Latin, along with the other children of the village, by a philanthropic prieſt in the neighbourhood, but was carried, at the age of eleven, to the little college of Mauriac. We do not know whether this was common among the peaſantry of old France; but we believe that few inſtances of ſimilar indulgence or ambition could be produced among the poor of this country:—and yet, from the deſcription of the eſtabliſhment at Mauriac, it would appear that all the pupils were nearly of this deſcription.

'I was lodged, as was the cuſtom of the ſchool, with five other ſcholars, at an honeſt mechanic's in the town; and my father, ſad enough to return without me, left me there with my packet and proviſions for the week: theſe proviſions conſiſted in a large loaf of rye-bread, a little cheeſe, a piece of bacon, and two or three pounds of beef;

beef; my mother had added to them a dozen apples. This was the weekly provision of the best fed scholars of the school. The mistress of the house cooked for us; and for her trouble, her fire, her lamp, her beds, her *lodging*, and even the vegetables of her little garden that she furnished for our soup, we gave her twelvepence halfpenny a piece per month; so that my whole expences might amount to between four and five pounds a year; a very great sum for my father to advance.' Vol. I. p. 17.

In this humble seminary he remained studying the languages, logic, and rhetoric, for six years; and, though naturally deficient in memory, soon came, by unwearied application and regularity, to be one of the most distinguished scholars in his class. We pass over a number of school anecdotes of exercises, robberies, and rebellions; but we cannot resist mentioning one little simple trait of maternal pride and affection. The first boy in each class was honoured with a cross of merit, which he wore at his bosom.

'When my dimity waistcoats were returned,' says our author, 'to my mother to be washed, she looked eagerly to see whether the silver chain which suspended the cross had blackened my buttonhole; and if she perceived that mark of triumph, all the mothers in the neighbourhood were told of her joy—our good nuns returned thanks to heaven—and my dear Abbé Vaissière with more fervour than any of them.' Vol. I. p. 31.

From his account of his vacation pleasures, we are also tempted to extract the following picture of humble happiness and innocence.

'I have already observed that, in my little town, the education of boys was carefully conducted: their example became, to the girls, an object of emulation. The instruction of the one influenced the spirit of the others; and gave to their air, their language, and their manners, a tint of politeness, of decorum, and of agreeableness, that nothing has made me forget. An innocent freedom reigned among us all: the girls and the young men used to walk together in an evening by the light of the moon. Their usual amusement was singing; and it seems to me that these young voices, united, used to form sweet harmony and charming concerts.'—'The connexions that were formed there did not at all disquiet our families: there was so little inequality of condition and fortune, that the parents were almost as soon agreed as their children; and after marriage, love did not often languish: but that, which was attended with no danger to my companions, might extinguish my emulation, and make the fruit of my studies abortive.

'I saw hearts choosing and forming ties with each other: example inspired me with a similar inclination. One of our young companions, and the prettiest to my taste, appeared to me still disengaged, and, like me, to have only the vague desire of pleasing. In her freshness, she had not that tender and soft brilliancy with which beauty is painted, when it is compared to the rose; but the lively red, the down, and roundness

roundneſs of the peach, afford you an image that very much reſembles her. As for wit, with ſo ſweet a mouth, could ſhe be without it? Her eyes and her ſmile would alone have given wit and grace to her ſimpleſt language; and, from her lips, good-day, and good-night, ſeemed to me exquiſitely engaging. She might be one or two years older than I; and this inequality of age, rendered ſtill more impoſing by an air of ſteadineſs and prudence, intimidated my dawning love: but, by degrees, in trying to make my attentions pleaſe her, I perceived that I ſucceeded, and, from the moment I thought I had won her heart, I loved her in good earneſt. I made her a plain avowal of it, and ſhe as plainly anſwered me, that her inclinations were not at variance with mine. "But you well know," ſaid ſhe to me, "that, to be lovers, we muſt hope one day to be married; and how can we expect it at our age? You are ſcarcely fifteen: and are not you going to purſue your ſtudies?"—"Yes," ſaid I to her, "ſuch is my determination, and the wiſh of my mother."—"Well then! here will be five years of abſence before you can be fixed in life, and I ſhall be more than twenty, without knowing for what you are deſtined."—"Alas! it is too true," ſaid I to her, "that I know not what will become of me; but promiſe me, at leaſt, never to marry without conſulting my mother, nor without aſking her whether I have not ſome hope to offer you." She gave me her promiſe with a charming ſmile, and, during the reſt of the vacation, we abandoned ourſelves to the pleaſure of loving each other, with the ingenuouſneſs and the innocence of our age. Our private walks, our moſt intereſting converſations, were paſſed in imagining for me poſſibilities of future ſucceſs or fortune, that might favour our wiſhes; but, as theſe ſweet illuſions ſucceeded each other like dreams, the one effaced the other, and, after they had delighted us for a moment, we finiſhed by weeping over them, as children weep when a breath overturns the houſe of cards they have built.' Vol. I. p. 52, 53. 56—59.

Soon after this innocent engagement, the father of the young lover inſiſted upon his breaking off his unprofitable ſtudies, and took him to Clermont, where he intended to eſtabliſh him in the counting-houſe of a conſiderable merchant. The dealer, however, and the rhetorician diſagreed in two days; and the diſconſolate youth, going into a church to compoſe his thoughts in prayer, was ſuddenly ſeized with the idea of devoting himſelf to the clerical profeſſion. After obtaining his father's conſent, he accordingly applied to be received into the academy of the Jeſuits at Clermont; and having paſſed his examinations with eclat, was allowed to occupy his leiſure hours as a private tutor to ſome of the more opulent ſcholars. By this means he was enabled to ſubſiſt himſelf in comfort, and, what delighted him ſtill more, to attire his youthful perſon in the reverend habit of an abbé. During his reſidence at Clermont, he ſaw the venerable Maſſillon, then on the verge of life, at his houſe of Beauregard, and has ſpoken with feeling of

the impreſſion made upon him by the ſight of this illuſtrious orator, although he has preſerved no diſtinct anecdotes of his converſation or behaviour. At the end of the year, he returned exulting to his paternal cottage, his hands filled with preſents for his ſiſters, and glorying in that eccleſiaſtical habit which ſtruck miſery and deſpair into the heart of his young betrothed. In the end of his ſecond year's ſtudy, he was ſummoned home by the ſudden death of his father; and was ſo much affected by the ſhock, that he was forced to go and recruit his health and ſpirits in the country reſidence and ſpiritual converſation of the good prieſt who had ſuperintended his earlieſt education.

From this retreat he was drawn, at the diſtance of a few months, to act as private tutor to the ſon of M. de Linars, and paſſed a ſhort time in this family with equal ſatisfaction and improvement. He then received the *tonſure* from the hands of the Biſhop of Limoges; and, during a ſhort viſit which he paid his mother, to undeceive her as to a ridiculous report ſhe had heard of his inliſting in a regiment of cavalry, he was very ſtrongly tempted, by an emiſſary of the Jeſuits, to enter into their powerful ſociety. He went to Thouloufe to deliberate upon this project; from which, however, he was fortunately diſſuaded, by an eloquent and pathetic letter from his mother, enlarging upon all its dangers and diſadvantages. At Thouloufe, when little more than eighteen, he acquired great reputation by ſupplying the place of the profeſſor of philoſophy during an occaſional abſence, and was again enabled to ſubſiſt himſelf in comfort by inſtructing a limited number of opulent pupils. He was then elected a member of the college of St Catharine in that city, and made his firſt *debut* in the literary world by ſending a poem to the academy of the Floral games, which failed, however, to obtain the prize at which he had aſpired. Enraged at this diſappointment, the young author wrote to Voltaire, and ſent him a copy of his poem; the philoſopher not only returned him a flattering anſwer, but ſent him a copy of his works corrected with his own hand. For three ſucceeding years he continued to write for the academy, and every year obtained prizes of conſiderable value;—the detailed account which he gives of the ſolemnity attending their diſtribution, and of his own emotion when his ſucceſs was proclaimed three times in one day, is extremely lively and amuſing, though too long for inſertion.

His reſiſtance to the intrigues of the biſhop's proctor in the college of St Catharine, was the means of procuring him a very cold reception when he applied for ordination; and his correſpondence with Voltaire, to whom he continued to tranſmit his prize poems, confirmed in him that growing diſinclination to the clerical profeſſion

feſſion which had begun with his eſcape from the ſeduction of the Jeſuits. He heſitated a good while upon the choice of life which he was now to make:—the career of a man of letters at Paris—the bar at Toulouſe, or the vocation of a teacher at Limoges, all preſented themſelves to him ſucceſſively, with different attractions of ſecurity and ſplendour, and, in the end, he found it neceſſary to conſult his mother. In his laſt journey to the place of his nativity, he found this beloved parent in a ſtate of viſible decay, and, after receiving from her the moſt affectionate and tender advices, left her with the ſad preſentiment, that they were to meet no more upon earth. There is nothing more amiable or exemplary in the whole character of Marmontel, than the ſincere and tender affection with which he ſeems always to have regarded his mother; and it is impoſſible to read, without reſpect and emotion, the melancholy reflections which preyed upon his heart, as he now took farewell of her.

"Yet a little while and ſhe will be no longer mine, this mother who, from my birth, has breathed only for me, this adored mother whoſe diſpleaſure I feared as that of heaven, and, if I dare ſay it, yet more than heaven itſelf;" for I thought of her much oftener than of God; and when I had ſome temptation to ſubdue, or ſome paſſion to repreſs, it was always my mother that I fancied preſent. "What would ſhe ſay, if ſhe knew what paſſes in me! What would be her confuſion, what would be her grief!" Such were the reflections that I oppoſed to myſelf; and my reaſon then reſumed its empire, ſeconded by nature, who always did what ſhe pleaſed with my heart. Thoſe who, like me, have known this tender filial love, need not be told what was the ſadneſs and deſpondency of my ſoul. Yet I ſtill held by a frail hope; a hope too dear to be wholly relinquiſhed until the laſt moment.' I. 180.

On his return to Thouloufe, he received a note from Voltaire, preſſing him to come immediately to Paris, and adding, that M. Orri the Comptroller-General of Finance had undertaken to provide for him. This at once decided his choice; and, in the year 1745, with ſix guineas in his pocket, he ſet out for the metropolis.

Hitherto the life of Marmontel has been that of a ſimple and induſtrious ſcholar, aiming, by modeſt diligence, at an humble independence, and only ambitious of diſtinction for the ſake of the gratification which his parents and benefactors would derive from his ſucceſſes. From the moment of his arrival in Paris, it aſſumes a very different character—he was plunged, almoſt from the beginning, into all the buſtle and intrigue of literary circles, and into all the glare and diſſipation of faſhionable ſociety: inſtead of rural walks with the virgins of his native village, and conſultations with his mother, and diſcuſſions with curates and ſchoolmaſters, he has intrigues with actreſſes and caſt-off miſtreſſes,—

dinners of artiſts,—revels with the *intendans des menus plaiſirs*,—rehearſals, coteries, jealouſies, and perpetual anxieties. It is to the excitements of this turbulent ſcene, no doubt, that we are indebted for his moſt pleaſing performances; but we cannot help fancying that he made a bad exchange for his own comfort and tranquillity, and think we ſee, in this hiſtory, a new inſtance of the wide difference there is between literary fame and individual happineſs. From the tone of the firſt part of theſe memoirs, we think it eaſy to perceive that the author looked back with regret upon the ſimple and innocent pleaſures of his youthful obſcurity, and that he often repented of the ambition which had led him ſo far away from the ſcenes of his pureſt enjoyments. As he proceeds in his narrative, however, he kindles with the increaſing animation of the ſubject, and we ſoon ceaſe to hear of the regrets and recollections which attended the retroſpect of his childhood. We do not conſider the hiſtory of M. Marmontel's life at Paris, either as very edifying, or very intereſting in any other point of view; but, as the events of it form a ſort of index or introduction to ſome amuſing anecdotes and characters, it is neceſſary to run them over at the outſet.

Marmontel came to Paris becauſe M. Orri had promiſed to provide for him; and the firſt thing he hears on his arrival is, that M. Orri is himſelf in diſgrace, and can no longer provide for any body. By the advice of Voltaire he now ſets about writing a tragedy, and is almoſt ſtarved while it is preparing. During a part of this time he lives with a profligate *literateur* of the name of Beauvin and his miſtreſs, and at the ſame time frequents the ſociety of Voltaire and his pupils, and is introduced into the circle of Madame Harenc. After his piece is finiſhed, he is exceedingly diſturbed by a quarrel between the two female actreſſes for the chief character: at laſt it is aſſigned to the young Madlle. Clairon, and Dionyſius the tyrant is repreſented with great applauſe in 1748. The author immediately comes to be in the greateſt requeſt in all the faſhionable circles of Paris and Verſailles; and, after enjoying the glare of this tumultuous popularity for a few months, he forms a connexion with a beautiful Madlle. Navarre, a caſt-off miſtreſs of Marſhal Saxe, and goes to ſpend ſome idle and diſſipated months with her at a chateau of the Marſhal in Champagne. On his return, he ſoon learns that his miſtreſs has given him a ſucceſſor, and, by and by, ſhe comes into his chamber with her new lover, a Chevalier de Mirabeau, who is fooliſh enough afterwards to marry her, and take her away with him to Italy. The virtuous Abbé, however, finds it impoſſible to live without a miſtreſs, and, upon a ſtatement of his caſe, the celebrated Madlle. Clairon conſents to accommodate him;—they live together

together for ſome time in great harmony;—but the heroine ſoon languiſhes for variety, and tells him coolly, one afternoon, that ſhe is going to leave him a while for a new lover. When this fantaſy is gratified, ſhe is willing to come back; but the offended poet will having nothing more to ſay to her as a miſtreſs; though ſhe continued, he aſſures us, to be his moſt intimate and reſpected friend to the lateſt hour of her life.

In the midſt of this heartleſs and debaſing profligacy, an incident occurs which might have rouſed a more generous ſpirit from its dream of ſenſuality. Madlle. B. the innocent girl with whom he had exchanged his youthful vows, and who had ſeen with ſilent grief and aſtoniſhment, that clerical habit which pledged him to celibacy, finding that he had renounced all views of eccleſiaſtical preferment, and was living the life of a layman in Paris, ſends him a meſſage by one of his townſmen, reminding him of the promiſe he had exacted from her, not to marry without the conſent of his mother, and informing him that a propoſal having now been made to her, of which her parents approved, ſhe had thought herſelf bound to conſult him on the occaſion. This communication, he confeſſes, gave him ſome emotion; but he applauds himſelf much for replying to it, that the lot he could propoſe to her with him is too full of hazard and uncertainty to be worthy of her acceptance, and that he can only envy the perſon who is enabled to offer her a more ſecure felicity. He then goes back to his rehearſals with great exultation and ſelf-complacency.

After Dionyſius, he produced Ariſtomenes, and with equal applauſe: and being again in want of a miſtreſs, he is fortunate enough to ſupply himſelf a ſecond time with an article of that ſort from the ſeraglio of Marſhal Saxe. This is a Madlle. Verriere, whom he began with teaching to recite, and afterwards ſeduced. The Marſhal was offended, it ſeems, with this intrigue; and Marmontel, who ſeems to have been by no means ſo remarkable for courage as for gallantry, declares, that he never ſtole to her houſe without trembling. At laſt, the Prince de Turenne propoſes to take her off his hands; and the poet, with ſome tragical grimace, aſſents, and never ſees her again. After this, he goes to live with M. De Popliniere, a rich financier, who had been forced to marry his miſtreſs in order to retain his place, and who kept open houſe at Paſſy for players, artiſts, ambaſſadors, and all ſorts of idle people. His life here was not very regular; but he was introduced to a very brilliant ſociety, and came to live a good deal with D'Alembert, Diderot, Grimm, Rouſſeau, &c. By flattering the king in occaſional verſes, he gained the favour of Madame de Pompadour; and when another of his forgotten tragedies was repreſented without ſucceſs, (owing, as he alleges, to the chief

actress having got tipsy during the representation), the favourite procures for him an appointment of *Secretaire des Batimens*, under her brother M. De Marigny.

This was about 1750; and, for eight years after, he continued in this office, and seems to have lived a gay, idle life about court. In this interval, however, he provided for the husband of his sister, and seems to have had influence enough to procure the patent of the *Mercure de France* for M. Boissy. Upon the application of this person for some contributions to this journal, it first occurred to him to try his hand at a moral tale; and he produced Alcibiades, and afterwards Solyman II., the Scruple, and several others. Those pieces were much and deservedly admired; and, upon the death of Boissy in 1758, the interest of Madame de Pompadour obtained the *Mercure* for the author who had contributed so essentially to support it.

This journal he seems to have conducted with great judgement and ability. The remainder of his tales were written for it; and he appears to have shewn considerable powers of discrimination in pointing out, through that medium, the merit of rising talents. It was here that De Lille and Thomas were first introduced to the favour of the public. A little incident soon occurred, however, which figures in his luxurious and easy life as a terrible and tragical adventure. A brother poet of the name of Cury had written some satirical verses on the Duc D'Aumont, and had read them twice over to Marmontel. He was indiscreet enough to repeat them afterwards in society, and was denounced by the Duke as their author. As he refused to betray his friend, he was sent to the Bastile, where he was treated with every sort of attention, and dismissed after a confinement of eleven days, during which he was sumptuously entertained, and indulged with books and all the implements of study. The Mercure, however, was not restored to him; but he was indemnified by a pension of 12*l*. After this, he takes a journey over a considerable part of France, and pays a visit to Voltaire at Ferney; and soon after is received a member of the French Academy in 1763.

In a little while after this he published his Belisarius, which was censured by the Sorbonne, but applauded by all the literary circles of Paris. He then makes a journey to Aix la Chapelle and Spa with Madame de Seran, the Platonic favourite of the King, and there composes his *Incas*. He afterwards wrote several operas; and at last, at the age of fifty-four, marries Madlle. de Montigny, a young girl of eighteen, the niece of the Abbé Morellet, with whom he lives in great happiness and tranquillity till the æra of the Revolution. In 1793, he retires for safety to Abloville, where he employs himself in the education of his children, and in composing

posing these Memoirs for their instruction. In 1797, he was elected a deputy to the National Assembly, and specially instructed to defend the Catholic religion; but, before the end of the same year, the party to which he had attached himself was violently expelled; and, narrowly escaping the *deportation* that fell to the lot of most of his coadjutors, he regained his retreat, where he remained, occasionally occupied with literary projects, till his life was terminated by apoplexy in December 1799.

There is nothing in this life, we think, that will appear very amiable to an English reader. The author's lightness of heart, his playful imagination, and splendid reputation, are no doubt extremely desirable; but there is too much profligacy and too much dependence for our insular taste; and a man of letters in this country, we think, would scarcely condescend to owe his advancement to the favour of an actress, or the mistress of a minister. The charm of the book, indeed, does not consist at all in the interest excited by the personal adventures or personal character of the author, but in the picture it presents of Parisian society, and the portraits with which it is enriched of the individuals who then adorned it.

This society was, we are willing to believe, the most refined and accomplished that probably was ever assembled upon earth; and was rendered engaging by an intimate and cordial union of literary talents with all the graces of female elegance, and all the polish of exalted rank. The men of letters learned facility from their fair auditors, who gained taste and intelligence from them in return; and persons of the highest consideration in the country, by placing a part of their glory in the rank they held in such a combination, communicated to the whole a degree of dignity and personal consideration, that has seldom fallen to the lot of talents elsewhere. Notwithstanding all this fascination, however, and in spite of the brilliant spectacle that such a society must have afforded to a spectator, we cannot help thinking that there was too much art and too much ambition in the system, to let it be always very delightful to those who composed it. It is with conversation, we believe, nearly as it is with life; those enjoy it the most who give themselves the least trouble about it; and an excessive anxiety to secure and to improve all its advantages, takes away more pleasure than can be bestowed even by its greatest success. Wherever great pains are bestowed to render society select, a certain fastidious, jealous, and exclusive tone is generated, by which the temper and the feelings which give us the greatest relish for society are gradually perverted; and wherever the art of talking is studied as a passport to distinction, the quiet and intimate enjoyment of conversation is almost infallibly lost; and the delightful,

but unequal flow of ſpontaneous animation is exchanged for feats of practiſed vivacity. Society of this deſcription is a ſcene of perpetual contention, rather than of amuſement and relaxation. We enter it with ſome degree of anxiety, and leave it either filled with the vanity of ſucceſsful exertion, or mortified with the impreſſion of failure and defeat. In all great and poliſhed capitals, there is a tendency, we think, to ſuch a conſummation. The multitude renders ſelection neceſſary, and the abundance of materials ſerves to make it eaſy; but ſelection neceſſarily leads to excluſion, and that, again, to exertion and conſtraint. It is known that, to gain admiſſion into ſuch a circle, a certain ordeal muſt be paſſed, and certain qualifications exhibited. It would be a ſort of fraud merely to ſhew theſe like a ticket at the door, and to put them in our pocket as ſoon as our admiſſion is ſecured. They muſt be exhibited daily; they muſt be compared and brought to the teſt. Exertion then neceſſarily takes the place of eaſe and enjoyment; the tone of a *coterie* gradually uſurps the place of free and characteriſtic converſation; and, except where it is prevented by the exuberant ſpirits of youth, or the overflowing of conſtitutional gaiety, the intercourſe of a very ſelect ſociety loſes much of thoſe ſimple graces and natural enjoyments that belong to accidental aſſemblies.

In the beginning of his career, this ſeems to have been felt very forcibly by Marmontel himſelf, though his temperament appears to have been unuſually joyous, and his manners extremely eaſy and prepoſſeſſing. Talking of the ſociety at Mad. de Tencin's, which, at his introduction, was by far the moſt diſtinguiſhed in Paris, he ſays—

'I ſoon perceived that each gueſt arrived ready to play his part, and that the deſire of exhibiting did not always leave converſation the liberty of following its facile and natural courſe. It was who ſhould ſeize quickeſt the moment as it flew, to place his epigram, his ſtory, his anecdote, his maxim, or his light and pointed ſatire; and to make the moment opportune, the circuit they took was often unnatural.

'In Marivaux, impatience to give proof of acuteneſs and ſagacity was viſibly betrayed. Monteſquieu, with more calm, waited till the ball came to him; but he expected it. Mairan watched opportunity. Aſtruc did not deign to wait for it. Fontenelle alone let it come without ſeeking it; and he uſed ſo ſoberly the attention with which he was liſtened to, that his acute remarks and charming ſtories never occupied but a moment. Helvetius, attentive and diſcreet, ſat collecting for a future day.' I. p. 317. 18.

We add the following paragraph, both on account of its connexion, and as it contains a character very delicately drawn and exemplified.

'Madame de Tencin, who, to obtain favour from the ſtate, could put

put more springs in action both in town and at court than any other person in the kingdom, was to me only a lazy old woman. "You are not fond of these parties of men of wit," said she. "Their presence intimidates you; well! come and talk with me in my solitude, you will there be more at your ease; and the simplicity of your disposition will accommodate itself better to my dull good sense." She made me tell her the history of my life, from my infancy, entered into all my interests, was touched at all my sorrows, reasoned with me on my views and my hopes, and appeared to have nothing else in her head than my cares. Ah! how much acuteness of intellect, what suppleness and activity, did this careless air, this appearance of calm and leisure conceal from me! I still smile at the simplicity with which I used to exclaim on quitting her; *What a good simple creature!* The fruit I gathered from her conversations, without perceiving it, was a more sound and deeper knowledge of the world. For instance, I remember two pieces of advice she gave me; one was to secure to myself a livelihood independent of literary successes, and to put into this lottery only the overplus of my time. "Woe to him," said she, "who depends wholly on his pen; nothing is more casual. The man who makes shoes is sure of his wages; the man who writes a book or a tragedy is never sure of any thing." Her other counsel was to seek friends among women rather than among men. "For by means of women," said she, "you may do what you please with men; and then these are either too dissipated, or too much occupied with their own personal interests, to attend to yours: whereas, women think of your interest, be it only out of indolence. Mention this evening to a woman, who is your friend, an affair that intimately concerns you; to-morrow, at her spinning-wheel, at her embroidery, you will find her occupied with you, torturing her fancy to invent some means of serving you. But be careful to be nothing more than the friend of her whom you think may be useful to you; for, between lovers, where once there happens any cloud, dispute, or rupture, all is lost. Be then assiduous to her, complaisant, gallant even if you will, but nothing more; you understand me." Thus in all our conversations, the plainness of her language imposed on me so well, that I never took her subtle intellect for any thing more than ordinary good sense.' Vol. I. p. 369—71.

After the death of this extraordinary woman, Madame Geoffrin collected the greater part of her society, and reunited it with several additions under her own auspices. The character of this lady is admirably drawn also; but it is too long for insertion. We gratify our readers with the following portraits; more briefly sketched indeed, but touched with the hand of a master.

'Of this society, the gayest man, the most animated, the most amusing in his gaiety, was d'Alembert. After having passed his morning in algebraic calculations, and in solving the problems of mechanics or astronomy, he came from his study like a boy just let loose from school, seeking only to enjoy himself; and by the lively and pleasant turn that his

his mind so luminous, so solid, so profound, then assumed, he soon made us forget the philosopher and the man of science, to admire in him all the qualities that can delight and engage. The source of this natural gaiety was a pure mind, free from passion, contented with itself, and in the daily enjoyment of some new truth that recompensed and crowned his labours; a privilege which the mathematics exclusively possess, and which no other kind of study can completely obtain.

'Marivaux would have been very glad to have had this jovial humour too; but he had a business in his head that incessantly preoccupied him, and gave him a sullen air. As he had acquired by his works the reputation of a subtile and refined wit, he thought himself obliged to give perpetual proofs of this wit, and he was continually on the watch for ideas susceptible of opposition or analysis, in order to turn or wind them as his fancy dictated. He would agree that such a thing was true *as far as a certain point, or in a certain view*; but there was always some restriction, some distinction to make, which no one perceived but himself. This exertion of the attention was laborious to him, and often painful to others; but it sometimes gave birth to happy perceptions and brilliant flashes of genius. Yet it was easy to discover, by the inquietude of his looks, that he was in pain about the success he already had, or about that he was about to obtain. There never was, I believe, self-love more delicate, more wayward, or more fearful; but as he carefully humoured that of others, we respected his; and we only regretted that he could not resolve to be simple and natural.

'The Abbé Morellet, with more order and clearness in a very rich magazine of every kind of knowledge, possessed in conversation a source of sound, pure, profound ideas, that, without ever being exhausted, never overflowed. He shewed himself at our dinners with an open soul, a just and firm mind, and with as much rectitude in his heart as in his understanding. One of his talents, and the most distinguishing, was a turn of pleasantry delicately ironical, of which Swift alone had known the secret before him. With this facility of being severe, if he had been inclined, no man was ever less so; and if he ever permitted himself to indulge in personal raillery, it was but a rod in his hand to chastise insolence, or punish malignity.

'Saint Lambert, with a delicate politeness, though a little cold, had, in conversation, the same elegant turn, the same acuteness of mind that you remark in his writings. Without being naturally gay, he became animated by the gaiety of others; and on philosophical or literary subjects, no one conversed with sounder reason nor more exquisite taste. This taste was that of the little court of Luneville, where he had lived, and whose tone he preserved.

'Helvetius, preoccupied with his ambition of literary celebrity, came to us, his head heated with his morning's work. To write a book that should be distinguished in his age, his first care had been to seek for some new truth to publish, or some bold and new idea to produce and support. But as new and fruitful truths have been infinitely rare for the last two thousand years, he had taken for his thesis the paradox

paradox which he has developed in his work *De l'Esprit*. Whether it were that by force of contention he had perſuaded himſelf of what he wiſhed to perſuade others, or whether he were ſtill ſtruggling againſt his own doubts, and ſought to conquer them, we were amuſed at ſeeing him bring ſucceſſively on the carpet the queſtions that occupied, or the difficulties that embarraſſed him; and after having afforded him for ſome time the pleaſure of hearing them diſcuſſed, we engaged him to ſuffer himſelf to be carried along with the current of our converſation. He then gave himſelf wholly to it, with infinite warmth, as ſimple, as natural, as ingenuouſly ſincere in his familiar converſe as you ſee him ſyſtematic and ſophiſtical in his writings. Nothing leſs reſembles the ſimplicity of his character and of his habitual life, than the premeditated and factitious ſingularity of his works; and this want of harmony will always be found between the manners and opinions of thoſe who fatigue themſelves with imagining ſtrange things. Helvetius had in his ſoul the complete contrary of what he has ſaid. There never was a better man: liberal, generous without oſtentation, and beneficent becauſe he was good, he conceived the idea of calumniating all honeſt men and himſelf, by giving to all moral actions no motive but ſelf-love. Abſtracted from his writings, we loved him ſuch as he really was, and you will ſoon ſee what a reſource his houſe was for men of letters.

'A man ſtill more ambitious of glory than he, was Thomas; but, more in tune with himſelf, he only expected ſucceſs from the rare talent he poſſeſſed of expreſſing his ſentiments and his thoughts; ſure of giving to common ſubjects the originality of a lofty eloquence, and to known truths new developement, new extenſion, and new luſtre. It is true that, abſorbed in his meditations, and inceſſantly preoccupied with what might acquire him an ample fame, he neglected the little cares and the light merit of being engaging in ſociety. The gravity of his character was gentle, but reſerved; ſilent, ſmiling with difficulty at the gaiety of converſation, without ever contributing to it. He even ſcarcely ever ſpoke freely on ſubjects that were familiar to him, unleſs it were in an intimate and confined circle: it was there only that he was brilliant with the light of intellect, and aſtoniſhing in copiouſneſs. At our dinners, he added to our number, and it was only by reflection on his literary merit, and on his moral qualities, that he enjoyed there any conſideration. Thomas always ſacrificed to virtue, to truth, to glory, never to the graces; and he has lived in an age when, without the influence and favour of the graces, there was no brilliant reputation in literature.' II. p. 120—8.

Theſe are French portraits; but that our readers may not ſuppoſe that they have been flattered by the hand of their countryman, we add his delineation of three foreign members of the ſame ſociety.

'The Abbé Caliani was, in his perſon, the pretticſt little harlequin that Italy ever produced; but on the ſhoulders of this harlequin was the head of Machiavel. An Epicurean in his philoſophy, and with a melancholy ſoul, having looked at every thing on the ſide of ridicule, there was

was nothing, either in politics or in morality, on which he had not some good ſtory to tell; and theſe ſtories had always the merit of pertinence, and the wit of an unforeſeen and ingenious alluſion. Figure to yourſelf too the prettieſt little natural graces, in his manner of relating, and in his geſticulation, and you may conceive what pleaſure we derived from the contraſt between the profound ſenſe of the ſtory, and the bantering air of him who told it. I do not at all exaggerate when I ſay, that we forgot every thing in order to hear him, even for whole hours. But when his part was played, he was like a cypher in the company; and, ſad and mute in a corner, he had the air of impatiently waiting the catchword to re-enter on the ſtage. It was with his arguments as with his ſtories; he would be liſtened to. If he were ſometimes interrupted, he would ſay, "But let me finiſh, you ſhall ſoon have full leiſure to anſwer me." And when, after having deſcribed a long circle of inductions, (for that was his way) he at laſt concluded; if any one ſhewed an inclination to reply to him, you might ſee him ſlide in among the crowd, and quietly eſcape.

Caraccioli, at firſt ſight, had in his phyſiognomy the heavy and maſſive air with which you would paint ſtupidity. To animate his eyes, and bring out his features, it was neceſſary that he ſhould ſpeak. But then, and in proportion as that lively, piercing, and luminous intelligence with which he was gifted awoke, it ſent forth beams of light; and acuteneſs, gaiety, originality of thought, ſimplicity of expreſſion, the grace of an animated ſmile, and a look of ſenſibility, all united to give an engaging, intelligent, and intereſting character to uglineſs. He ſpoke our language ill, and painfully; but he was eloquent in his own; and when the French term did not occur to him, he uſed to borrow the word, the turn, the image he wanted, from the Italian. Thus, he every moment enriched his language with a thouſand bold and picturesque expreſſions that excited our envy. He accompanied them too with thoſe Neapolitan geſtures that, in the Abbé Galiani, ſo well animated expreſſion; and it was ſaid of both of them, that they had wit even to their fingers' ends. Both too had excellent ſtories, and they had almoſt all a delicate, moral, and profound meaning. Caraccioli had ſtudied men as a philoſopher; but he had obſerved them more as a politician and a ſtateſman, than as a ſatirical moraliſt. He had contemplated the manners, the cuſtoms, and the policy of nations on a large ſcale; and if he cited ſome particular features of them, it was only as examples, and in ſupport of the inferences he drew. In knowledge, his riches were inexhauſtible, and he diſtributed them with the moſt engaging ſimplicity; beſide, he had in our eyes the merit of being an excellent man. Not one of us would have thought of making a friend of the Abbé Galiani; each of us was ambitious of the friendſhip of Caraccioli; and I, who have long enjoyed it, cannot expreſs how deſirable it was.

But one of the men to whom I have been moſt dear, and whom I have moſt tenderly loved, has been the Count de Creutz. He too was of the literary ſociety and dinners of Madame Geoffrin; leſs eager to

pleaſe

pleaſe, leſs occupied with the care of attracting attention, often penſive, ſtill oftener abſent, but the moſt charming of the convivial circle, when, without diſtraction, he gave himſelf freely to us. It was to him that nature had really given ſenſibility, warmth, the delicacy of moral ſentiment, and of that of taſte; the love of all that is beautiful, and the paſſion of genius as well as that of virtue: it was to him that ſhe had granted the gift of expreſſing and painting in touches of fire, all that had ſtruck his imagination, or vividly ſeized on his ſoul: never was a man born a poet, if this man were not ſo. Still young, his mind ornamented with a prodigious variety of information; ſpeaking French like ourſelves; and almoſt all the languages of Europe like his own, without reckoning the learned languages; verſed in all kinds of ancient and modern literature; talking of chemiſtry as a chemiſt; of natural hiſtory as a pupil of Linnæus; and ſingularly of Sweden and of Spain, as a curious obſerver of the properties of climates and of their divers productions; he was for us a ſource of knowledge, embelliſhed by the moſt brilliant elocution.' II. p. 132—7.

Brilliant as this ſociety muſt be allowed to be, we ſhould give but an imperfect view of its attractions, if we omitted to repreſent it in its more limited and confidential compartments. Marmontel has been fortunate enough to draw the cabinet picture from life alſo.

'After having dined at Madame Geoffrin's with men of letters or with the artiſts, I was again with her in the evening in a more intimate ſociety; for ſhe had alſo granted me the favour of admitting me to her little ſuppers. The feaſt was very moderate; it was commonly a chicken, ſome ſpinage, an omelet. The company were not numerous; they conſiſted at moſt of five or ſix of her particular friends, or of three or four men and women of the firſt faſhion ſelected to their taſte, and reciprocally happy to be together. But whatever theſe convivial circles might be, Bernard and I were admitted to them. One of them only had excluded Bernard, but had approved of me. The group that compoſed it, conſiſted of three ladies and but one gentleman. The three ladies, who might well be likened to the three goddeſſes of Mount Ida, were the beautiful Counteſs de Brionne, the beautiful Marchioneſs de Duras, and the charming Counteſs d'Egmont. Their Paris was the Prince Louis de Rohan. But I ſuſpect that at that time he gave the apple to Minerva; for to my mind the Venus of the ſupper was the ſeducing and engaging d'Egmont. She was the daughter of Marſhal Richelieu, and ſhe had the vivacity, the wit, the graces of her father: ſhe had too, as was ſaid, his volatile and voluptuous diſpoſition; but this was what neither Madame Geoffrin nor myſelf had any appearance of knowing. The young Marchioneſs de Duras, with as much of modeſty as Madame d'Egmont had of charming grace, gave us the idea of Juno, by her noble ſeverity, and by a character of beauty that had neither elegance nor delicacy. As for the Counteſs de Brionne, if ſhe were not Venus herſelf, it was not that in the perfect regularity of her

her form, and of all her features, ſhe did not unite all that can be imagined to paint ideal beauty. Of all charms, ſhe wanted but one, without which there is no Venus on earth, and which made the witchery of Madame d'Egmont; it was the air of voluptuouſneſs. As to the Prince de Rohan, he was young, active, wild, with a good heart; lofty by ſtarts when in concurrence with dignities that rivalled his own, but gayly familiar with men of letters who were free and ſimple like me.

'You may readily conceive that at theſe little ſuppers, my ſelf-love was in league with all the means I might have of being amuſing and agreeable. The new tales that I was then writing, and of which theſe ladies had the firſt offerings, were, before or after ſupper, an entertaining reading for them. They made regular appointments to hear them, and when the little ſupper was prevented by any accident, they aſſembled at dinner at Madame de Brionne's. I confeſs that no ſucceſs ever flattered me ſo ſenſibly as that which theſe readings obtained in this little circle, where wit, taſte, beauty, all the graces were my judges, or rather my applauders. There was not a ſingle trait, either in my colouring or my dialogue, however minutely delicate and ſubtle, that was not forcibly felt; and the pleaſure I gave had the air of enchantment. What enraptured me, was to ſee ſo perfectly the moſt beautiful eyes in the world ſwimming in tears at the little touching ſcenes where I made love or nature weep. But in ſpite of the indulgence of an exceſſive politeneſs, I well perceived too the cold and feeble paſſages which they paſſed over in ſilence, as well as thoſe where I had miſtaken the word, the tone of nature, or the juſt ſhade of truth; and theſe paſſages I noted, to correct them at my leiſure.' II. p. 144—48.

This, we ſuppoſe, is the *ultimatum*; and we have no doubt it was very charming; yet a great part of its charm was probably derived from the proud and unſocial idea of excluſion, againſt which we have already proteſted:—the faſhionable mob was ſhut out from theſe little ſuppers—that mob which would have thought it an honour to be admitted to them: and this was the great conſolation of thoſe who were retained. Take away this trait of diſtinction, and it will not be difficult to conceive an aſſemblage more calculated for ſocial enjoyment, than four ladies ſupping quietly with one prince and an humble man of letters, who amuſed them with reading his works to them. The works could not be much better before they were printed than afterwards; and we ſhould really think it rather a bad ſymptom of a gay, gallant, and intimate party, that they could not amuſe themſelves better in an evening, than by reading each other aſleep over fairy tales.

We are tempted to add one picture more to the ſplendid gallery we have already run over ſo rapidly. It is that of Madlle. l'Eſpinaſſe, the friend of d'Alembert, and the idol, it appears, of the whole of Madame Geoffrin's aſſembly. Of her, Marmontel ſpeaks in the following terms of hyperbolical approbation.

'I

'I cannot mention the Graces, without ſpeaking of one who had all this gift both in mind and in language,—it was the friend of d'Alembert, M. l'Eſpinaſſe, a wonderful compoſition of correctneſs, talent, and prudence, with the livelieſt fancy, the moſt ardent ſoul, and the moſt inflammable imagination that has exiſted ſince the days of Sappho. The continued object of attention, whether ſhe ſpoke (and no one ſpoke better) or whether ſhe liſtened; without coquetry, ſhe inſpired us with the innocent deſire of pleaſing her; without prudery, ſhe made freedom feel how far it might venture, without diſturbing modeſty or wounding decorum. No where was converſation more lively, more brilliant, nor better regulated than in her ſociety. That degree of temperate and ever equal warmth, in which ſhe knew how to ſupport it, now by gently inclining it to moderation, and now by animating it, was a rare phenomenon. The continual activity of her ſoul communicated itſelf to our minds, but without exceſs: her imagination was its ſpring, her reaſon its regulator. And take notice that the heads ſhe thus moved at her will were neither weak nor light: the Condillacs and the Turgots were of the number; d'Alembert by her ſide was like a ſimple and a docile child. Her talent for throwing out an idea, and giving it for debate to men of this claſs; her talent for diſcuſſing it herſelf, and, like them, with preciſion, ſometimes with eloquence; her talent for introducing new ideas and varying converſation, always with the eaſe and the facility of a fairy who, with a ſtroke of her wand, changes at her will the ſcene of her enchantments; this talent, I ſay, was not that of an ordinary woman. It was not with the follies of faſhion and vanity that ſhe every day, during four hours of converſation, without languor, and without interval, knew how to render herſelf intereſting to a circle of enlightened men.' II. p. 321–2.

This character, it will eaſily be believed, gave us an extreme curioſity to learn ſomething more of the extraordinary creature who inſpired it, and we entered with no common intereſt upon M. Marmontel's account of her hiſtory. We are concerned to ſay, however, that the detail of it ſeemed to correſpond very ill with this magnificent eulogy, and that Madlle. l'Eſpinaſſe has ſuffered dreadfully in our eſtimation ſince we peruſed it. She was a girl of no family, employed by an old Marchioneſs to read to her, and diſmiſſed by her for engroſſing the attention of the literary men who reſorted to her. Captivated with d'Alembert, and fond of his ſociety, but too proud and too ambitious to marry a man of no fortune, ſhe ſeems to have laid herſelf out, like other adventurers of the ſame claſs, to captivate ſome man of family or faſhion, whom her converſation might have been able to ſeduce into a connexion that ſhe muſt have known would ruin him. After having ſpread her ſnares unſucceſsfully for two or three of her countrymen, ſhe contrived, at laſt, to entangle a noble Spaniard to ſuch a degree, that he was recalled by his family; and then, as his

health

health was impaired, she assisted in forging a certificate from a physician to get him back into her power; and died of vexation and disappointment when his premature death frustrated her unjustifiable projects. Let the reader try if he can make any thing more than this of Marmontel's more animated narrative.

'The ardent soul and romantic imagination of Madlle. l'Espinasse made her conceive the project of rising from the narrow mediocrity in which she was fearful of finishing her days. With all the means she possessed of seducing and of pleasing, even without being beautiful, it appeared to her very possible, that, in the number of her friends, and even among the most distinguished, some one might be so in love with her, as to offer her his hand. This ambitious hope, more than once deceived, did not despond; it changed its object, always more exalted, and so lively, that it might have been taken for the intoxication of love. For instance, she was at one time so passionately struck with what she called the heroism and the genius of Guibert, that, in the art of war and for the talent of writing, she saw nothing comparable to him. Yet he escaped her like the rest. Then it was the conquest of the Marquis de Mora, a young Spaniard of high birth, to whom she thought she might aspire; and indeed, whether it were love or enthusiasm, this young man had conceived a passionate sentiment for her. We saw him more than once in adoration before her, and the impression she had made on his soul assumed so serious a character that the family of the marquis hastened to recall him. Madlle. l'Espinasse, crossed in her desires, was no longer the same with d'Alembert; and he not only endured her coldness and caprice, but often the bitterness of her wounded temper. He brooked his sorrows, and complained only to me. Unhappy man! such were his devotion and his obedience to her, that in the absence of M. de Mora, it was he who used to go early in a morning to ask for his letters at the post-office, and bring them to her when she woke. At last, the young Spaniard falling sick in his own country, and his family waiting only his recovery to marry him suitably, Madlle. l'Espinasse contrived to have it pronounced, by a physician at Paris, that the climate of Spain would be mortal to him; that, if his friends wished to save his life, they should send him to breathe the air of France; and this consultation, dictated by Madlle. l'Espinasse, was obtained by d'Alembert from his intimate friend Lorry, one of the most celebrated physicians in Paris. The authority of Lorry, supported by the patient, had in Spain all its effect. The young man was suffered to set off on his return; but he died on the road; and the deep sorrow that Madlle. l'Espinasse felt at it, completed the destruction of that frail machine that her soul had ruined, and brought her to the grave.' Vol. II. p. 329–31.

This book certainly is not calculated to give us a very exalted idea of the morality of Parisian society in general; but the unmeasured praise which is bestowed on this presumptuous and unprincipled woman surprises us more than any thing else we have met with.

The

The characters we have quoted from these Memoirs, our readers will have observed, are all very flattering; and this undoubtedly is the turn of the author's disposition; but he has enlivened his exhibition with a few severities also; and the portraits of Raynal, of Caylus, Buffon, Rousseau, &c. indicate the same discriminating talent that was more amiably employed in characterizing the excellences of his favourites. Of the real character of Rousseau, we believe the world is now fully informed. M. Marmontel represents it, we think, with the utmost candour, and certainly in a light the most unfavourable.

'No one,' he remarks, 'ever observed more strictly than he the melancholy maxim of *living with his friends, as if they were one day to be his enemies.* When I first knew him, he had just gained the prize of eloquence at the academy of Dijon, with that fine sophism in which he has imputed to the sciences and the arts the natural effects of the prosperity and wealth of nations. Yet he had not then declared himself as he has since done, nor did he announce any ambition to form a sect. Either his pride was unborn, or he concealed it under the shew of a timid politeness, that was sometimes even obsequious, and bordered on humility. But in his fearful reserve, distrust was evidently visible; his eye secretly observed every thing with a suspicious attention. He was very rarely affable, and never opened his heart; he was not the less amicably received. As we knew he indulged a restless self-love; wayward, easily hurt; he was humoured, treated with the same attention and the same delicacy that we should use toward a beautiful woman, very vain and very capricious, whose favours we wished to obtain. He was then composing the music for the *Devin de Village*, and he sung to us at the harpsichord the airs he had written. We were charmed with them; we were not less so with the firm, animated, and profound manner in which his first essay on eloquence was written. Nothing could be more sincere, I ought to say it, than our benevolence for his person, nor than our esteem for his talents. It is the recollection of these days that made me indignant against him, when I saw him, for foolish trifles, or wrongs of his own creating, calumniate men who treated him so kindly, and would have been so happy to love him. I have lived with them all their lives; I shall have occasion to speak of their minds and their hearts. I never perceived in them any thing like the character that his evil genius attributed to them.

'As for me, the little time that we were together in their society, passed between him and me coldly, without affection, and without aversion for each other: the way in which we treated each other admitted neither of complaint nor of praise: and in what I have said, and in what I may still say of him, I feel myself perfectly free from all personality.' I. p. 346–8.

In another passage he speaks of him still more freely.

'After the success which his two works, crowned at Dijon, had produced among the superficial, Rousseau, foreseeing that by colouring para-

dones with his ſtyle, and by animating them with his eloquence, it would be eaſy for him to draw after him a crowd of enthuſiaſts, conceived the ambition of forming a ſect; and, inſtead of being a ſimple aſſociate in the philoſophic ſchool, he wanted to be the chief and ſole profeſſor in a ſchool of his own; but in withdrawing from our ſociety, like Buffon, without diſpute and without noiſe, he would not have completed his object. To attract the crowd, he had attempted to give himſelf the air of an old philoſopher; he ſhewed himſelf at the opera, in the coffee-houſes, in the walks, firſt in an old great coat, and then in the habit of an Armenian; but neither his little dirty wig, and the ſtick of Diogenes, nor his fur cap, arreſted the paſſengers. He wanted ſome grand diſturbance to advertiſe the enemies of men of letters, and particularly of thoſe who were marked with the name of philoſophers, that J. J. Rouſſeau was divorced from them. This rupture would draw to him a crowd of partizans; and he had ſafely calculated that the prieſts would be of the number. It was therefore not enough for him to ſeparate from Diderot and from his friends; he abuſed them; and, by a dart of calumny directed againſt Diderot, he gave the ſignal of the war he had declared againſt them on parting.' II. p. 338–340.

A great variety of anecdotes, equally diſcreditable to his affections and his veracity, are ſcattered through theſe volumes; and his character is ſummed up in the following ſentence.

'He was never ſpoken of in ſociety but with tender intereſt. Even criticiſm itſelf was for him full of reſpect, and tempered with eulogies. He would ſay, it was but the more adroit and perfidious. In the moſt tranquil repoſe, he always choſe to fancy or to ſay that he was perſecuted. His diſeaſe was to imagine in the moſt fortuitous events, in the moſt common occurrences, ſome intention of injuring him, as if in the world all the eyes of envy had been fixed on him. If the Duke of Choiſeul had conceived the conqueſt of Corſica, it was in order to take from him the glory of being its legiſlator. If the ſame duke went to ſup, at Montmorency, with the Ducheſs of Luxembourg, it was to uſurp the place that he was wont to occupy near her at table. Hume, he would ſay, had been envious of the reception which the Prince de Condy had given him. He never pardoned Grimm for having had ſome preference over him at Madame d'Epinay's; and you may ſee in his memoirs how his cruel vanity revenged this offence.' III. p. 220. 221.

The firſt name in French literature, during the period to which theſe Memoirs extend, was unqueſtionably that of Voltaire; and they contain a conſiderable number of anecdotes relating to him. The impreſſion, upon the whole, is favourable; and it may be relied on the more ſafely, as it is given without enthuſiaſm or apparent partiality. He is repreſented as more friendly and indulgent than we had been led to imagine; full of vivacity and impatience, to a degree of childiſhneſs and folly; extremely changeable in his humour; vain, ſatirical, and ambitious of glory without modeſty and without meaſure.

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The obſervation he makes upon the encouragement he gave to all young men, who ſhewed any talent for poetry, is very juſt and acute: 'The French Parnaſſus was an empire, the ſceptre of which he would have yielded to no one on earth; but for this very reaſon, he delighted to ſee its ſubjects multiply.' He behaved to Marmontel with uniform kindneſs; offered him money in his diſtreſſes; went with him to the firſt repreſentation of his tragedies; and ſympathized in all the anxiety and all the triumph of the author. From his earlieſt outſet in life, he was ambitious of diſtinction and advancement at court; and bought the place of a gentleman of the bed-chamber, to put himſelf in the way of promotion. But the King was prejudiced againſt him; and the courtiers, who were jealous of his talents, eaſily found means to foſter his diſlike. Voltaire's own impatient vanity, indeed, very effectually ſeconded their efforts, by leading him to do a number of rude and imprudent things, which royalty can never pardon in a perſon of inferior condition. We ſhall mention but one from the collection before us.

'He had written an opera for the court, called *Le Temple de la Gloire*. The third act, of which Trajan was the hero, preſented a flattering alluſion for the king; it was a hero, juſt, humane, generous, pacific, and worthy the love of the world, to whom the temple of glory was open. Voltaire doubted not but that the king would recognize himſelf in this eulogy. After the play he met him in his way out, and ſeeing that the king paſſed without ſaying any thing to him, he took the liberty of aſking him, *Is Trajan ſatisfied?* Trajan, ſurpriſed and diſpleaſed, that he ſhould have dared to interrogate him, paſſed on in cold ſilence; and the whole court thought Voltaire very wrong for having dared to queſtion the king.' I. p. 388. 389.

We ſuppoſe there can be but one opinion upon that ſubject; but this and other mortifications, which plainly ſhewed him that he was not deſtined to make his way at Verſailles, determined him to accept the King of Pruſſia's invitation to Berlin. The obſtacles which were thrown in the way of this journey, and the circumſtances by which it was at laſt decided, are both equally characteriſtic.

'Voltaire wanted a thouſand pounds to defray his expences; and Frederic, after ſome heſitation, agreed to let him have that ſum. But Madame Denis wanted to accompany her uncle, and for this additional expence Voltaire aſked for another thouſand pounds. This was what the King of Pruſſia would not liſten to. "I ſhall be very happy," ſaid he in his anſwer, "that Madame Denis accompanies you; but I do not aſk it."—"Look," ſaid Voltaire to me, "at this meanneſs in a king. He has barrels of gold, and he won't give a thouſand poor pounds for the pleaſure of ſeeing Madame Denis at Berlin! He ſhall give them, or I myſelf will not go." A comical incident came and ſi-

niſhed this diſpute. One morning, as I was going to ſee him, I found his friend Thiriot in the garden of the Palais-Royal, and as I was always on the watch for literary news, I aſked him if he had heard any. "Yes," ſaid he, "there is moſt curious news: you are going to M. de Voltaire's, and there you ſhall hear it; for I am going there as ſoon as I ſhall have taken my coffee."

'Voltaire was writing in his bed when I went in: in his turn he aſked me, "What's the news?"—"I know none," ſaid I, "but Thiriot, whom I have met in the Palais-Royal, ſays he has ſomething very intereſting to tell you. He is coming."

"Well, Thirjot," ſaid he, "you have ſome curious news to tell us?"—"Oh! very curious, and that will pleaſe you particularly," anſwered Thiriot, with his ſardonic laugh, and the naſal twang of a capuchin.—"Let's hear what you have to tell?"—"I have to tell you that Arnaud-Baculard is arrived at Potſdam, and that the King of Pruſſia has received him with open arms."—"With open arms!"—"That Arnaud has preſented him an epiſtle."—"Very bombaſtical and very inſipid!"—"Not at all, very fine, ſo fine that the King has anſwered it by another epiſtle."—"The King of Pruſſia, an epiſtle to Arnaud! No, no, Thiriot; they have been making a joke of you."—"I don't know what you call a joke, but I have the two epiſtles in my pocket."—"Let's ſee,—quick, let me read theſe maſterpieces of poetry. What inſipidity! what meanneſs! how egregiouſly ſtupid!" ſaid he, in reading the epiſtle of Arnaud: then, paſſing to that of the King, he read a moment in ſilence and with an air of pity. But when he came to theſe verſes—

"Voltaire's a ſetting ſun;
But you are in your dawn;"

He ſtarted up, and jumped from his bed, bounding with rage: "Voltaire a ſetting ſun, and Baculard in his dawn! and it is a King who writes this enormous folly! let him think only of reigning!"

'It was with difficulty that Thiriot and I could prevent ourſelves from burſting into laughter to ſee Voltaire in his ſhirt, dancing with paſſion, and addreſſing himſelf to the King of Pruſſia. "I'll go," ſaid he, "yes, I'll go to teach him to know men;" and from that moment his journey was decided. I have ſuſpected that the King of Pruſſia intentionally gave him this ſpur; and without that, I doubt whether he would have gone, ſo angry was he at the refuſal of the thouſand pounds, not at all out of avarice, but out of indignation at not having obtained what he aſked.' I. p. 397.—401.

The ſtrange levity of his character, and the rapid tranſition of his emotions, is well illuſtrated by the following anecdote.

'When I went to condole with him on the death of Madame Duchâtelet, his moſt beloved miſtreſs, "Come," ſaid he on ſeeing me, "come and ſhare my ſorrow. I have loſt my illuſtrious friend; I am in deſpair, I am inconſolable." I, to whom he had often ſaid that ſhe was like a fury that haunted his ſteps, and who knew that in their diſputes

putes they had more than once been at daggers drawn, I let him weep, and seemed to sympathize with him.—And there he was exhausting language in the praises of that incomparable woman, and redoubling his tears and his sobs. At this moment arrives the intendant Chauvelin, who tells him some ridiculous story, and with him Voltaire is bursting with laughter. I laughed, too, as I went away, to see in this great man the facility of a child, in passing from one extreme to another in the passions that agitated him. One only was fixed in him, and, as it were, inherent in his soul; it was ambition and love of glory.' I. p. 382. 383.

The same traits appear still more conspicuously in our author's account of the visit which he paid to him at Ferney.

'Nothing can be more singular, nor more original, than the reception Voltaire gave us. He was in bed when we arrived. He extended to us his arms; he wept for joy as he embraced me; he embraced the son of his old friend, M. Gaulard, with the same emotion. "You find me dying," said he, "do you come to restore me to life, or to receive my last sighs?" My companion was alarmed at this preface; but I, who had a hundred times heard Voltaire say he was dying, gave Gaulard a gentle sign of encouragement. And indeed, a moment afterward the dying man making us sit down by his bed-side, "My dear friend," said he, "how happy I am to see you! particularly at the moment when I have a man with me whom you will be charmed to hear. It is M. de l'Ecluse, the surgeon-dentist of the late King of Poland, now the lord of an estate near Montargis, and who has been pleased to come to repair the irreparable teeth of Madame Denis. He is a charming man: but don't you know him?"—"The only l'Ecluse that I know," answered I, "is an actor of the old comic-opera-house."—"'Tis he, my friend, 'tis he himself. If you know him, you have heard the song of the *Grinder*, that he plays and sings so well." And there was Voltaire instantly imitating l'Ecluse, and with his bare arms and sepulchral voice, playing the *Grinder*, and singing the song:

'Oh! where can I put her?
My sweet little girl!
Oh! where can I put her?
They'll steal her and . . . .

'We were bursting with laughter; and he quite serious: "I imitate him very ill," said he; "'tis l'Ecluse that you must hear, and his song of the *Spinner!* and that of the *Postilion!* and the quarrel of the *Apple-women with Vadé!* 'tis truth itself. Oh! you will be delighted. Go and speak to Madame Denis. I, ill as I am, will get up to dine with you. We'll eat some wild-fowl, and we'll listen to M. de l'Ecluse. The pleasure of seeing you has suspended my ills, and I feel myself quite revived." Madame Denis received us with that cordiality which made the charm of her character. She introduced M. de l'Ecluse to us; and at dinner Voltaire engaged him, by the most flattering praises, to afford us the pleasure of hearing him. He displayed all his talents, and we appeared

peared charmed with them. It was very requisite; for Voltaire would not have pardoned us a feeble applause.' (II. p. 251.—254.)—'He retired to his closet for a few hours; and in the evening, at supper, kings and their mistresses being the subject of our conversation, Voltaire, in comparing the spirit and gallantry of the old and new courts, displayed to us that rich memory which nothing interesting ever escaped. From Madame de la Vallière to Madame de Pompadour, the anecdotic history of the two reigns, and in the interval that of the regency, passed in review with a rapidity and a brilliancy of beauty and colouring that dazzled us. Yet he reproached himself with having stolen from M. de l'Ecluse moments which, he said, he would have occupied more agreeably for us. He begged him to indemnify us by a few scenes of the *Apple-women*, and he laughed at them like a child.' II. p. 266.

The following passage sums up his character in a manner we think neither exaggerated nor unfavourable.

'He had sought glory by all the roads that are open to genius, and had deserved it by immense labours and brilliant successes. The arm of ridicule was the instrument of his vengeance, and he wielded it most fearfully and cruelly. But the greatest of blessings, repose, was unknown to him. It is true that envy at last appeared tired of the pursuit, and began to spare him on the brink of the grave. On his return to Paris, after a long exile, he enjoyed his renown and the enthusiasm of a whole people, grateful for the pleasures that he had afforded them. The weak and last effort that he made to amuse them, *Irène*, was applauded as *Zaïre* had been; and this representation, at which he was crowned, was for him the most delightful triumph. But at what moment did this tardy consolation reach him, the recompense of so much watching! The next day I saw him in his bed. "Well," said I, "are you at last satiated with glory?"—"Ah! my good friend," he replied, "you talk to me of glory, and I am dying in frightful torture!"

'Such was the end of one of the most illustrious of all literary men, and one of the most engaging of all social companions. He was alive to injury, but so he was to friendship. That with which he honoured my youth, was unvaried till his death; and a last proof that he shewed me of it was the reception, full of grace and kindness, which he gave my wife, when I presented her to him. His house was perpetually filled with the crowd that pressed to see him, and we were witnesses of the fatigue he gave himself to reply suitably to each. That continual attention exhausted his strength; and for his true friends it was a painful spectacle. But we were of his suppers, and there we enjoyed the last glimmerings of that brilliant intellect which was soon to be wholly extinguished.' III. p. 217—19.

If we had room for any more extracts upon this subject, we should be tempted to present our readers with the exemplary history of M. Lefranc de Pompignon, *philosophe de Province*, who, on his admission to the French academy, had the boldness to deliver an oration directed against the speculations of Voltaire and his associates in the *Encyclopedie*. Immediately he was attacked

tacked by that terrible ridicule againſt which it was difficult to ſtand anywhere, and abſolutely impoſſible to make head at Paris. Voltaire taſked himſelf to produce every day a new piece of pleaſantry at his expence, and kept his word with ſuch unrelenting vigour, that at laſt the children in the ſtreet ſung his verſes of deriſion, and pointed at his unfortunate victim whenever he appeared abroad; ſo that in a ſhort time he was driven back to the country, where he died, like a true Frenchman, of vexation and mortified vanity. But it is time, before cloſing the book, to ſee if it affords matter for any more general obſervations.

We have already ſaid ſomething of the ſtate of ſociety. In addition to the fault of being too artificial and *retherché*, it was evidently too profligate and unprincipled. Men of all ages and deſcriptions ſeem to be habitually occupied with ſchemes of ſeduction, and the married women almoſt univerſally amuſe themſelves with a ſucceſſion of intrigues. There are ſome anecdotes in this book, however, that do not ſeem to agree ſo well with this apparent toleration of female profligacy, or ſerve at leaſt to prove that a certain degree of virtue, or the appearance of it, is neceſſary to the ſubſiſtence even of the moſt diſſolute ſociety. We allude to the hiſtory of Madame Poplinière, and to that of Madame d'Héronville, both of which we think are very inſtructive, and may ſerve as an antidote to the more licentious moral of the tales among which they are recounted.

Madame Poplinière, the wife of the rich financier already mentioned, lived in the moſt brilliant and ſeducing ſociety that France could at that time ſupply, and though ſhe was ſuſpected of various acts of gallantry, maintained her ſtation in public with as good a countenance as her neighbours. In an unlucky fit of jealouſy, however, her huſband one day diſcovered a ſecret communication between her chamber and that of the Marſhal de Richelieu; and upon this proof of her infidelity, ſeparated from her entirely, and publicly proclaimed the cauſe of his diſſatisfaction. From the moment of this expoſure, ſhe was entirely deſerted and avoided.

"Her huſband allowed her, I believe, eight hundred pounds a year with which ſhe went to live, or rather die, in an obſcure retreat, forſaken by the ſplendid ſociety that had ſo often flattered her, and that deſpiſed her when ſhe was in misfortune. A ſlight ſwelling that ſhe had in her breaſt was the germ of a corroſive humour that ſlowly devoured her. Marſhal Richelieu, who ſought elſewhere for new paſtime and new pleaſures, whilſt ſhe was conſuming in the moſt cruel torture, did not neglect to pay her the duties of civility as he paſſed; and hence it was ſaid in ſociety after ſhe was dead: "Indeed M. de Richelieu has behaved moſt admirably to her! He did not ceaſe to ſee her till her laſt moment."

'It was to be loved, thus that this woman, who, at her own house, had her conduct been correct, would have enjoyed the public esteem, and all the comforts of an honoured and enviable life, sacrificed her repose, her fortune, all her pleasures. And what renders yet more frightful this delirium of vanity is, that neither her heart nor her senses had any considerable share in it. Madame de la Popliniere, with a lively imagination, was of extreme coldness; but an intriguing duke had appeared to her, as to many others, a glorious conquest: and it was this that occasioned her ruin.' I. 329, 30.

The story of Madame D'Heronville, is not less remarkable. This lady had been the mistress of Lord Albemarle, the English ambassador, and was universally admired for the gentleness and grace of her manners, and for something sweet, delicate, and interesting in her temper and dispositions. She had never been suspected of any other irregularity; and after the death of her noble lover, was treated with great respect by the most considerable of his friends. Happening accidentally to do an important service to the Count D'Heronville, a nobleman of the first rank in France, he was so transported with love and gratitude, that he insisted upon marrying her; and though she had at first the prudence to decline his proposals, she was at last prevailed upon to accept them. The catastrophe was lamentable, though exemplary.

'The only prudent conduct for both of them to observe (and this was the advice I gave my friend) would then have been to confine themselves to a society of men, chosen as their mutual inclination guided, to render this society agreeable, and if possible attracting to women, or to be contented without them, and not to pretend to think of them. Madame d'Heronville felt perfectly that this conduct was the only one that suited her. But her husband, impatient to introduce her in society, would persist in doing violence to public opinion. Unhappy imprudence! he ought to have known that this opinion was interwoven with the dearest interests of women; and that already too indignant that mistresses should steal from them their husbands and their lovers, they were determined never to suffer them to come and usurp their condition, and enjoy it amid them. He flattered himself that, in favour of his wife, so charming a character, such rare merit, so many estimable qualities, so much decency and prudence,—in her, frailty itself would make it forgotten. He was cruelly undeceived in his mad mistake. She endured humiliations, and she died of grief.' I. 367, 68.

Nothing is more remarkable in these Memoirs, and indeed in the whole history of French literature, than the prodigious importance of the stage as a road to distinction and riches. All talent was forced in a manner into that direction, and rewarded with a liberality, that to those at a distance appears excessive and undistinguishing. It was by means of his tragedies, that Marmontel

montrel was raiſed into public notice and favour, and it was upon them that all his labour and exertion was beſtowed. His tales were written careleſsly to fill up the pages of a literary journal, and without any idea of their contributing at all to his reputation. Yet theſe tales are read with admiration over every corner of Europe, while the exiſtence of the tragedies is ſcarcely ſuſpected by fifty perſons out of his own country.

It is generally known, we believe, that Madlle. Clairon effected a great revolution in the ſtyle of acting in tragedy, by reducing that ſtately and pompous declamation which had been thought neceſſary to the dignity of the buſkin, to the ſimple and varied tones of natural emotion. It is not ſo generally underſtood, however, that the neceſſity of this reformation was firſt perceived by Marmontel, and that he had the merit of ſuggeſting it to this incomparable performer. For a long time, he ſays, ſhe reſiſted his moſt powerful exhortations, and ſaid that ſhe wanted her to aſſume a familiar and comic tone, quite unſuitable to tragedy.

'At laſt,' ſays he, 'ſhe came ſuddenly and voluntarily over to my opinion. She came to play Roxane at the little theatre at Verſailles. I went to ſee her at her toilette, and, for the firſt time, I found her dreſſed in the habit of a ſultana; without hoop, her arms half-naked, and in the truth of Oriental coſtume: I congratulated her. "You will preſently be delighted with me," ſaid ſhe. "I have juſt been on a journey to Bourdeaux; I found there but a very ſmall theatre; to which I was obliged to accommodate myſelf. The thought ſtruck me of reducing my action to it, and of making trial of that ſimple declamation you have ſo often required of me. It had the greateſt ſucceſs there: I am going to try it again here, on this little theatre. Go and hear me. If it ſucceed as well, farewell my old declamation."

'The event ſurpaſſed her expectation and mine. It was no longer the actreſs, it was Roxane herſelf, whom the audience thought they ſaw and heard. The aſtoniſhment, the illuſion, the enchantment, was extreme. All inquired, where are we? They had heard nothing like it. I ſaw her after the play; I would ſpeak to her of the ſucceſs ſhe had juſt had. "Ah!" ſaid ſhe to me, "don't you ſee that it ruins me? In all my characters, the coſtume muſt now be obſerved; the truth of declamation requires that of dreſs; all my rich ſtage-wardrobe is from this moment rejected; I loſe twelve hundred guineas worth of dreſſes; but the ſacrifice is made. You ſhall ſee me here within a week playing *Electre* to the life, as I have juſt played Roxane."

'It was the *Electre* of Crébillon. Inſtead of the ridiculous hoop, and the ample mourning robe, in which we had been accuſtomed to ſee her in this character, ſhe appeared in the ſimple habit of a ſlave, diſhevelled, and her arms loaded with long chains. She was admirable in it; and ſome time afterward, ſhe was ſtill more ſublime in the *Electre*

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of Voltaire. This part, which Voltaire had made her declaim with a continual and monotonous lamentation, acquired, when ſpoken naturally, a beauty unknown to himſelf; for on ſeeing her play it on his theatre at Ferney, where ſhe went to viſit him, he exclaimed, bathed in tears and tranſported with admiration, "*It is not I who wrote that: 'tis Zoe: ſhe has created her part!*" And indeed, by the infinite ſhades ſhe introduced, by the expreſſion ſhe gave to the paſſions with which this character is filled; it was perhaps that of all others in which ſhe was moſt aſtoniſhing.

'Paris, as well as Verſailles, recognized in theſe changes the true tragic accent, and the new degree of probability that the ſtrict obſervance of coſtume gave to theatrical action. Thus, from that time, all the actors were obliged to abandon their fringed gloves, their voluminous wigs, their feathered hats, and all the fantaſtic apparel that had ſo long ſhocked the ſight of all men of taſte. Lekain himſelf followed the example of Madlle. Clairon; and from that moment their talents, thus perfected, excited mutual emulation, and were worthy rivals of each other.' II. 45—9.

It is remarkable that this revolution in French acting was accompliſhed about the very time that a ſimilar reformation was effected on the Engliſh ſtage by the powerful genius of Garrick.

After having detained our readers ſo long with what we conſider as the moſt intereſting parts of this book, we cannot think of afflicting them with any abſtract of M. Marmontel's melancholy ſpeculations on the earlier events of the Revolution. He is very ill-informed, very angry, and very dull; and though his narrative contains ſeveral paſſages of unqueſtionable eloquence, ſtill, as there is nothing original in his information, or profound in his views, we ſhall be eaſily excuſed for paſſing over this portion of his work without farther notice.

It only remains to ſay a word or two on the character of the author. Without great paſſions, or great talents, he ſeems to have had a lively imagination, a pliant and cheerful diſpoſition, and a delicacy of taſte and diſcrimination of ſtill greater value in the ſociety which fixed his reputation. Although good tempered and ſocial, he ſeems, we think, to have been in a good meaſure without heart or affection; or, rather, the diſſipated and ſenſual life to which he devoted himſelf after his removal to Paris, appears to have obſtructed in him the growth of all generous and exalted feeling. His behaviour to Madlle. B., and to another lady whom he deſerted at the æra of his impriſonment in the Baſtile, as well as ſome other traits contained in theſe volumes, ſeem at leaſt to juſtify this opinion. At the ſame time, it ſhould not be forgotten, that his affection for his mother was always ardent and ſincere, and that he never forgot or neglected his relations when fortune put it in his power to render them

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any service. In society, he appears to have been joyous and easy; gay, without affecting to dazzle; and ingenious, without intolerance or fastidiousness. His Tales, upon which his character with posterity will most probably depend, are undoubtedly performances of great merit. They contain the most lively picture of French manners that is any where to be found, joined with a charming facility of diction, and great elegance and politeness in the whole management of the characters. Considering the purposes for which they were written, it can scarcely be imputed as a fault to them, that the tissue is sometimes too flimsy, and the subjects too frivolous. It *is* a fault, however, that the style is occasionally a little affected, and that a certain varnish of *prettyism* and pedantry is sometimes spread over conceptions of the most beautiful simplicity. The style of these Memoirs frequently reminds us of the author of the Moral Tales; it is less brilliant, indeed, and more diffuse; but there is much of the same amenity and delicacy, and the delineation of character is to the full as remarkable for nicety of discrimination and lively facility of expression.

There is a most miserable translation of this work into English; from which, we are ashamed to say, that indolence has tempted us to borrow our extracts with a great deal too little alteration.

ART. VI. *Specimens of early English Metrical Romances, chiefly written during the early part of the Fourteenth Century: To which is prefixed, a Historical Introduction, intended to illustrate the Rise and Progress of Romantic Composition in France and England.* By George Ellis, Esq.

Ancient Engleish Metrical Romancés, selected and publish'd by Joseph Ritson.

THE history, the laws, and even the religion of barbarous nations, are usually expressed in verse. Whether poetry is preferred for the sake of the facility with which it may be committed to memory where written records are unknown, or whether the solemnity of these subjects is supposed to require a mode of expression the most distant from that of common life, would be difficult to discover, and superfluous to inquire. But it is sufficiently obvious, that what is preserved only by recitation, must soon be altered and corrupted, enlarged or compressed, so as may best suit the powers of the reciter's memory, or most readily arrest the attention of those whom he wishes to please by the repetition. Thus, in the course of a few generations, the religious poem becomes a mythological fable, and the history degenerates into incredible romance. Still, however, the poetry of an early age continues

tinues to be interesting to the moderns, even when entirely perverted from the purposes to which it was originally applied. The bard may have changed his subject from the facts occurring in his own period, or that of his father's, to the feats of foreign or imaginary heroes: but his work will not the less continue to reflect the manners of the time in which he composed. A Gothic poet, like a Gothic painter, discards all attention to local costume, and pourtrays his characters, his manners, his scenery, according to the characters, manners and scenery of his own age. It is therefore no matter whether the scene be laid in Greece or in Taprobana; the description, however unlike what it is intended to represent, will always present a very just picture of the manners of France and England in the feudal times. Accordingly, since the attention of our antiquaries has been turned towards the metrical romances of England and Normandy, we have gained more insight into the domestic habits, language, and character of our ancestors, during the dark, warlike, and romantic period of the middle ages, than Leland and Hearne were able to attain from all the dull and dreary monastic annals, which their industry collected, and their patience perused. In fact, to form a just idea of our ancient history, we cannot help thinking that these works of fancy should be read along with the labours of the professed historian. The one teaches what our ancestors thought; how they lived; upon what motives they acted, and what language they spoke; and having attained this intimate knowledge of their sentiments, manners and habits, we are certainly better prepared to learn from the other the actual particulars of their annals. From the romance, we learn what they were; from the history, what they did: and were we to be deprived of one of these two kinds of information, it might well be made a question, which is most useful or interesting? In this point of view, we entirely lay aside the consideration which the metrical romances often claim as works of fancy, presenting to the imagination a pleasing detail of romantic adventure, and graced occasionally by poetical flights of considerable merit. With such ideas of the importance of these ancient legends of chivalry, we are bound to express our gratitude to those by whose labours they have been drawn from the dusty and chaotic confusion of public libraries, and presented to the public in a legible and attainable shape.

Bishop Percy, the venerable editor of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, was, we believe, the first who turned the public attention upon these forgotten hoards of antiquarian treasure, by an Essay upon Metrical Romance, prefixed to the third volume of his work, in which the merits and qualities of the poetry of chivalry are critically investigated, and a list given of such metrical romances as had come to the reverend editor's knowledge, to which

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we are now in a capacity to make large additions. Warton followed Bishop Percy in his taste for the ancient romance, of which he was an indefatigable student. Whenever he has occasion to mention a tale of chivalry, in his History of Poetry, it seems to operate like a spell, and he feels it impossible to proceed with the more immediate subject of his disquisition, until he has paced through the whole enchanted maze, and introduced his reader into all its labyrinths. Of the great variety of strange and anomalous digressions, with which that work abounds, and which, separately considered, possess infinite merit and curiosity, a large proportion arose solely from his attachment to this romantic lore. But although the curiosity of the public was in some degree excited by the references of these ingenious and inquisitive authors to the poetry of other times, it was not easy to procure for it adequate gratification. The ancient metrical romances were very early superseded by prose works upon the same subjects. These last, although far inferior, in interest and merit, to the poetical tales which preceded them, claimed and obtained a superior degree of credit, founded upon the fiction alleged to be inseparable from metre; upon the degraded state of the minstrels, whose province it was to recite these disparaged rhyming legends; and, above all, upon a grave pretext set up by the author of each prose work, that he had translated it *verbatim et literatim* from an ancient Greek or Latin original. As no such Greek or Latin original for a romance of chivalry has ever been produced, we may be safely allowed to doubt whether any such ever existed. But our ancestors received these accounts with unhesitating credulity, and gravely read the voluminous romances of Lancelot du Lac, and Palmerin of England, as translations from ancient annals, while they rejected with scorn the rhyming legends of the minstrels on the same subjects. Thus the metrical romances were obliged to give way to the prose works, which were, in fact, borrowed from them; and so complete was the substitution of the one species of fable for the other, that the press, which was then invented about the period of this revolution in public taste, groaned under the splendid folios of the former, while the latter remained in obscure manuscripts, or were only printed in the meanest manner and for the meanest of the people. Thus the very existence of the metrical romance, as a distinct, separate, and more ancient kind of composition, was unknown and unnoticed till the publication of the works which we have mentioned. Even long after that period, printed editions being as rare as manuscripts, remained very little disturbed by those who possessed them, and absolutely inaccessible to every other person. At length, as the taste for old ballads began to awaken that for romantic fiction, Pinkerton and others reprinted in their miscellanies

miſcellanies ſome of the ſhorter and more ancient of our metrical tales of chivalry; and others were republiſhed ſingly both in London and Edinburgh. But the firſt comprehenſive and general work, upon this intereſting ſubject, was undertaken by the late Mr Ritſon. No one could, in ſome reſpects, have been more admirably qualified for the taſk. Although it is now three years ſince this publication appeared, yet the ſubject is ſo intimately and immediately connected with the more popular and elegant work of Mr Ellis, that, in reviewing the one, we think it a duty we owe to the public to take ſome notice of the other, and at leaſt point out to their attention the undeſerved neglect into which it has fallen.

This collection contains twelve metrical romances of chivalry, ſelected by the editor as thoſe which, from a general acquaintance with ſuch compoſitions, he deemed moſt worthy of publication. There is prefixed a long and elaborate diſſertation on Romance and Minſtrelſy; and learned notes are ſubjoined to the collection, with a gloſſary of obſolete words.

In the important taſk of arranging and correcting the text of theſe poems, it is impoſſible to beſtow too much praiſe upon the editor. To an induſtry incapable of fatigue, and a fidelity which defied every power of temptation, the late Mr Ritſon united acute abilities and an intimate acquaintance with every collateral ſource from which light could be thrown upon his ſubject. In poſſeſſing, therefore, a collection ſo important to our ancient literature, we have the ſatisfaction to know, that the poems publiſhed are moſt ſtrictly and literally genuine, and that they are ably and clearly illuſtrated in the correſponding notes.

The firſt romance in the collection, is Ywain and Gawain, a moſt beautiful tale of chivalry, from which Warton has given copious extracts in his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry. It is certainly the fineſt romance in the work, perhaps the moſt intereſting which now exiſts. It is of French origin, being written, or at leaſt greatly enlarged, by the famous Chretien de Troye, who flouriſhed in the twelfth century. We cannot reſiſt giving a very ſhort ſummary of the ſtory. Guenever, the wife of the famous Arthur, hearing, upon a time, the knights who guarded her chamber-door, telling to each other their exploits of chivalry, ſuddenly iſſues from her apartment, and commands Sir Colgrevance, who was then ſpeaking, to continue his narration. The knight unwillingly obeys, and tells a long and marvellous adventure which had befallen him beſide an enchanted well, where he had been finally diſcomfited by a puiſſant knight, the guardian of the fountain, the wonders of which are deſcribed in ſtrong Gothic painting. Sir Ywain reſolves to undertake the adventure, and, having ſet forth in diſguiſe, flays in ſingle fight the champion of

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the fountain, upon the threshold of his own castle gate. But the victor, enclosed in the court by the fall of the portcullis, is in the utmost danger from the followers of the slain warrior. He is rescued at length by means of Lunet, a damsel belonging to the castle, who conceals him in a chamber. Here he obtains a sight of the widow of the knight of the fountain, and falls desperately in love. His passion is at length successful, through the intervention of the damsel, who very sensibly reminds her lady, that the conqueror must needs more than make up the loss of the vanquished. Sir Ywain marries the dame, with whom he lives in great happiness, until he obtains her permission to visit the court of Arthur, pledging his knightly word to return within the year. But Sir Ywain forgot his promise, a circumstance which did not prevent his becoming distracted for the loss of his lady, when reminded of his breach of faith by a damsel whom she despatched to the court of Arthur, to renounce her husband, and proclaim him *dishonoured and truthless*. He is restored to his senses by a sage lady, whose enemies he discomfits by his prowess, and then resumes his profession of knight-errantry. While wandering in quest of adventures, he observes a lion combating a dragon, and goes to his assistance, both because the lion was the more noble animal, and on account of the ancient and irreconcileable feud betwixt knights-errant and dragons. The dragon being slain, the grateful lion attaches himself to his ally, and maintains a great part in all his future adventures. They come to the enchanted fountain, where Ywain unexpectedly meets with Lunet, the damsel to whom he had formerly been so much indebted. She is bound to find a champion against a certain day, to fight with her mistress's false steward, who had accused her of treason. Their meeting under circumstances of mutual distress, is very happily described by the old minstrel. Sir Ywain promises to appear and defend her upon the appointed day. In the mean while, he is involved in a variety of adventures, from many of which he is extricated by the lion; so that the time is nearly past when he appears to combat the steward. Lunet is restored to life and liberty; and by her subsequent address, Sir Ywain is reconciled with his lady.

'And so Sir Ywaine and his wife
In joy and bliss they led their life;
So did Lunet and the lioun,
Untill that death have driven them doun.'

The next romance, called Launfal, though a beautiful fairy tale, might have been as well omitted, as it is published by Mr Ellis in the notes to Way's translation of Le Grand's *Fabliaux*. We hope it was not inserted with the peevish purpose of pointing out supposed errors in Mr Ellis's edition, although we observe some explanations of the difficult passages, given with a

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Miſter Ellis ſays,' and that in caſes where the juſtice of the correction is as uncertain as the diſpute is inſignificant. The Second Volume contains Sir Libius Diſconius, *i. e.* Le Beau Deſconeu, (of which Biſhop Percy has given an elegant *preciſ* in his eſſay on Metrical Romance); Hornchild the King of Tars; Emare, and a metrical Chronicle of England. The Third Volume contains Florence of Rome, the Earl of Tholouſe, the Squire of Low Degree, and the Knight of Courteſy and Lady of Faguell. We believe that both the Chronicle of England, and the beautiful fairy tale of Sir Orpheo, might have been greatly enlarged by recourſe to the Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh, to which Mr Ritſon ſeems to have had ready acceſs. Upon the whole, the romances are judiciouſly ſelected, and we have already praiſed the well-known accuracy of the editor.

We cannot confer the ſame unmixed praiſe on the introductory Eſſay on Romance and Minſtrelſy. We were, on the contrary, about to beſtow our very ſtrongeſt and moſt decided reprobation upon the acrimonious ſpirit of vindictive controverſy in which it is written, when we were in ſome degree diſarmed by the avowal, that it was compoſed under the preſſure of 'continued ill health and low ſpirits;' and by the recollection, that the ſcene has been long ſince cloſed by the hand of death. But we muſt not, in our reſpect for the dead, altogether forget what is due to the living. Much coarſe and inſolent invective is poured on Biſhop Percy, who ſeems to have incurred the editor's reſentment in a double capacity,—as a dignitary of the church, and a ſucceſsful publiſher of ancient poetry. We do not think Mr Ritſon imbibed this ſpirit from the works which he ſtudied. Surely, neither the gallant Sir Lancelot, nor the courteous Sir Gawain, would have given a reverend Biſhop the lie direct, on account of a diſputed reading in the old ſong of Maggie Lauder! We would have antiquaries remember, that the ridicule which their purſuits are at all times apt to incur, becomes pointed in proportion to the indecent vehemence of their argument. Whether the controverted line (which refers to the dwelling of a certain bagpiper) ought to be read, 'Come ye *frae* the border,' or 'Live you *upo'* the border,' or, finally, '*Ye* live *upon* the border,' might ſurely have been debated, if, indeed, it was worth debating, (*num pugna eſt de paupere regno*) with the temper and manners of a gentleman. The frequent charge brought by Mr Ritſon againſt the editor of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, of adulterating, by modern improvements, the ancient poems which he publiſhed, appears to us to be urged with far too much groſſneſs. We do not, indeed, approve of this ſpecies of ſophiſtication, by which the man of taſte is ſometimes a gainer at the expence of the antiquary. But when

when we conſider, that the Reliques were publiſhed at a time when the public taſte was far from encouraging the purſuits of the mere antiquary, we wonder not that the learned editor ſhould have been tempted to render his ancient poetry more attractive by his own elegant interpolations. And we apprehend, that as few modern publiſhers poſſeſs the taſte and judgement of Biſhop Percy, ſo, even thoſe as highly gifted, want, in the preſent day, the apology which we have pleaded for the editor of the Reliques.

In the general ſcope of Mr Ritſon's eſſay, we diſcover much both of the defects and merits which characterize his lucubrations. The accumulation of materia bears witneſs to the undeviating and inceſſant labour of an antiquary zealouſly employed on a favourite topic. A number of curious facts are drawn together reſpecting the romances of all nations, but eſpecially concerning thoſe of England. The firſt part of the Eſſay treats of the origin of romances; and the author is particularly anxious to combat the ſyſtem which deduces thoſe fictions from the north of Europe. He produces ſome plauſible arguments to prove that many of the Scandinavian romances were borrowed or tranſlated from the French, and that the Edda of Sturleſon has no claim to high antiquity. The author's ardour in controverſy has, however, ſometimes hurried him too far. Thus he informs us, when giving the hiſtory of Odin of Scandinavia, that this famous perſonage 'attempts to kiſs Rinda, daughter to the king of the Ruthes, and receives a ſlap on the face. According to Torfæus, he even raviſhed this young lady; but the paſſage, upon looking into Saxo, to whom he ſeems to refer, could not be found.' (Eſſay, p. xxxi.) Now, we have looked into Saxo, and found the paſſage at great length in the Paris edition of 1514, folio xxv. In ſeveral other inſtances, the authority of Saxo ſeems to countenance the mythology of the Edda, much more than Mr Ritſon is diſpoſed to admit. No poſitive opinion is given, in the Eſſay, upon the origin of romance, although the theories of former writers are combated with apparent ſucceſs from an intimate acquaintance with authorities of the middle ages. Indeed, we have been long of opinion, that Mr Ritſon was, both by talent and diſpoſition, better qualified to aſſail the opinions of others, than to deduce from the facts which he produces a ſeparate theory of his own.

In the ſecond part of the Eſſay, Engliſh romance is treated of; and the author contends, with great ardour, for the ſuperior antiquity of the French works upon that ſubject. Indeed, this is not ſurpriſing, when it is conſidered that French was not merely the court and law language of England, but was ſpoken univerſally by the nobles and gentry, from the Conqueſt, down to the reign of Edward III.

The third part of the Eſſay treats of the Engliſh minſtrels, a race of men againſt whom Mr Ritſon ſeems to have entertained a ſpecial malice, and whom he anxiouſly blends with the jugglers, whoſe tricks of legerdemain formed another branch of our anceſtors' amuſement. Now, although it is extremely probable that the ſame perſon might occaſionally practiſe both arts, yet, in themſelves, they were ſeparate and diſtinct profeſſions. Nor do we agree with Mr Ritſon, in ſuppoſing that the minſtrels, whoſe profeſſion was muſic and the recitation of poetry, were not frequently themſelves poets. Their daily bread depended upon their ſtock of tales and ſongs; and it muſt have been as natural for them to have compoſed the romances which they ſung, as for a modern muſician to compoſe the pieces which he performs. Above all, we cannot ſee why the arts of compoſition, which are admitted to have been exerciſed by the minſtrels of France, ſhould be ſuppoſed unattainable by thoſe of England. Subſequent to the reign of Edward III., moſt of the popular French romances were tranſlated into Engliſh, which then became the language, as well of the nobles as of the vulgar. Why the minſtrels, who were moſt intereſted in theſe tranſlations, ſhould be deemed unequal to the taſk of accompliſhing them, we can ſee no good reaſon for believing. A wandering and idle race of men, attendant on the barons who went to war in France, they had time to acquire both languages; and the art of rhyming muſt have been eaſy to perſons who almoſt every day of their lives were employed in poetical recitation. Minſtrels and bards are often employed as ſynonymous terms, although the poetic powers of the bards are indiſputable. As late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, this combination occurs in the poem of a Scotiſh ſatiriſt deſcribing London.

> 'Bot yet the *menſtrallis and the bairdis*,
> Thair trowand to obtain rewardis,
> About his ludgene loudlie played.'
>
> *Legend of the Biſchop of St Androis.*

A proof how far the taſk of the poet and of the reciter were required from the minſtrel, occurs in a very ancient poem, of which there is one MS. in the Britiſh Muſeum, and another in the library of Peterborough cathedral. It contains the hiſtory of an intrigue betwixt Thomas of Erceldoune, called the Rhymer, and the Queen of Fairies, by whom, as every one knows, he was tranſported to the 'Londe of Faerie,' and gifted with thoſe ſupernatural powers of poetry and propheſy, by which he was afterwards diſtinguiſhed. The following dialogue paſſes betwixt the bard and his faery leman upon this memorable occaſion.

> 'Fare wel, Thomas, I wend my way,
> I may no longer ſtande with the.'—

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Gif me ſum tokyn, Lady gaye,
That I may ſay I ſpake with the.—

'To harp and carpe, Thomas, wher ſo ever ze gon,
Thomas, take the theſe with the.'—
Harping, he ſaid, ken I non,
For tong is chefe of mynſtrakie.—

'If thu wil ſpelle, or talys telle,
Thomas thu ſhal never make lye;
Wher ſo ever thu goo, to fryth or felle,
I pray thu ſpeke never non ille of me.' *

From this deciſive declaration, which a poet and minſtrel made on the nature of his own profeſſion, it appears plainly, that, in more ancient times, the minſtrel's principal and moſt honourable occupation referred to poetry, rather than muſic; and the Rhymer might have been juſtly deſcribed as one 'who united the arts of poetry and muſic, and ſung verſes to the harp, of his own compoſing,' if he had not diſdained the muſical ſkill to which it was Mr Ritſon's perſuaſion that the talents of the minſtrel were excluſively limited. We ſhould have been anxious to have heard what reply his keen and eager ſpirit could have ſuggeſted; but poor Ritſon is now probably decyphering the characters upon the collar of Cerberus, or converſing in unbaptized language with the Saxon and Britiſh chiefs of former times;

——— ——— ——— 'with Oſwald,
Vortigern, Harold, Hengiſt, Horſa, Knute,
Allured, Edgar and Cunobeline.'

Upon the whole, it occurs to us, from a careful peruſal of his Eſſay, that Mr Ritſon's talents were better adapted to reſearch than to deduction, to attack than to defence, to criticiſm than to compoſition; and that he has left us a monument of profound induſtry and extenſive ſtudy, undirected by any attempt at ſyſtem, and tarniſhed by the ſplenetic peculiarities of an irritable temperament. Still let it be remembered to his honour, that, without the encouragement of private patronage, or of public applauſe; without hopes of gain, and under the certainty of ſevere critical cenſure, he has brought forward ſuch a work on national antiquities, as in other countries has been thought worthy of the labour of univerſities, and the countenance of princes.

* We underſtand that the whole of this curious poem will ſhortly be publiſhed in a collection made by Mr Robert Jamieſon, late of Macclesfield.

The work of Mr Ellis is of a nature adapted for general circulation, and for conveying a lively and pleaſing picture of the contents of the ancient metrical romances, without literal tranſcription of their whole contents. With this view, the editor has analyzed each romance in proſe, introducing, at the ſame time, occaſionally, as a continuation of the narrative, ſuch parts of the original as ſeemed to poſſeſs either peculiarities of expreſſion or poetical beauty, ſufficient to render their preſervation deſirable, as fair or favourable ſpecimens of the whole compoſition. In tranſcribing theſe ſelected paſſages, Mr Ellis has diſcarded the antique orthography, preſerving, however, carefully, every ancient word, while he reduces the ſpelling to the modern ſtandard, according to the mode adopted in his previous publication, entitled, 'Specimens of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.'

Such is the plan of the preſent work. It is obvious, that by adopting it, Mr Ellis voluntarily reſigned the object of Mr Ritſon's publication, who gave his romances entire to the world; a mode more acceptable, doubtleſs, to the antiquary, though infinitely leſs intereſting and amuſing to the general reader, as well as to the editor. We have no doubt that ſome more ſevere ſtudent of our national antiquities may cenſure the liberties which Mr Ellis has taken with his materials, and deprecate his ſcouring the ſhield of ancient chivalry. But, with great reverence for ſuch grave judges, we preſume to think, that the ſhield may be ſafely ſcoured, where there is no danger of its being proved, in the proceſs of purification, to be no antique buckler, but a barber's baſon, or a paltry old ſconce. This is far from being the caſe in the preſent inſtance. The burniſhing of the armour has only tended to aſcertain the valuable materials of which it is ſometimes compoſed, and which were heretofore obſcured by cobwebs and ruſt. So far are we from thinking that the popular labours of Mr Ellis will ſuperſede a complete edition of theſe curious legends, that, we doubt not, the wit and elegance with which he has abridged and analyzed their contents, will encourage many a gentle reader to attempt the originals, who would before have as ſoon thought of wearing the dreſs, as of ſtudying the poems of his anceſtors. Socrates is ſaid to have brought philoſophy from heaven to reſide among men; and Addiſon claimed the merit of introducing her to the tea-tables of the ladies. Mr Ellis, in his turn, has brought the minſtrels of old into the *boudoirs* and drawing-rooms, which have replaced the ſounding halls and tapeſtried bowers in which they were once familiar; ſo that the age of chivalry, inſtead of being at an end for ever, may perhaps be on the point of revival. In this point of view, much is gained, and nothing loſt by the plan of Mr Ellis.

Ellis. Thoſe whom an abridgement cannot ſatisfy, may conſult the originals with more convenience and facility, from a previous knowledge of their contents, and of the libraries where they exiſt, while curioſity is excited in others who would never otherwiſe have thought on the ſubject. This general intereſt may perhaps end in a complete edition of all that old bards

'In ſage and ſolemn times have ſung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung;
Of foreſts, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.'

To the Romances, Mr Ellis has prefixed an introduction, which contains a more plain and comprehenſive view of the riſe and progreſs of the minſtrels and their poetry, than we ever remember to have met with. As the ſubject is curious, we will endeavour to give the reader a ſhort ſtatement of their hiſtory, with ſuch remarks as occur to us.

Normandy appears to have been the cradle of minſtrelſy. The Northmen who wreſted that province from the feeble ſucceſſors of Charlemagne, had doubtleſs, like all other barbarous people, eſpecially the Scandinavian tribes, their national poets, under the name of ſcalds, or by whatever other term they were diſtinguiſhed. On their ſettling in Neuſtria, their native ſpeech ſpeedily melted down into the more commodious and extended language uſed by the inhabitants of Northern France, which was called *Romance*, being, in fact, a corrupted Latin, introduced by the Romans into their Gallic province. In this language, the minſtrels compoſed moſt of their works, until, from that circumſtance, the word romance, from ſignifying the early Norman-French, came at length to mean thoſe chivalrous tales uſually compoſed in that tongue. Of the authors of theſe compoſitions, Mr Ellis has given us the following conciſe, but excellent account.

'The following may perhaps be accepted as a tolerable ſummary of the hiſtory of the minſtrels. It appears likely that they were carried by Rollo into France, where they probably introduced a certain number of their native traditions; thoſe, for inſtance, relating to Ogier le Danois, and other northern heroes, who were afterwards enliſted into the tales of chivalry; but that, being deprived of the mythology of their original religion, and cramped perhaps, as well by the ſober ſpirit of Chriſtianity, as by the imperfection of a language whoſe tameneſs was utterly inapplicable to the ſublime obſcurity of their native poetry, they were obliged to adopt various modes of amuſing, and to unite the talents of the mimic and the juggler, as a compenſation for the defects of the muſician and poet. Their muſical ſkill, however, if we may judge from the number of their inſtruments, of which very formidable catalogues are to be found in every deſcription of a royal feſtival, may not

have been contemptible; and their poetry, even though confined to ſhort compoſitions, was not likely to be void of intereſt to their hearers, while employed on the topics of flattery or ſatire. Their rewards were certainly, in ſome caſes, enormous, and prove the eſteem in which they were held; though this may be partly aſcribed to the general thirſt after amuſement, and the difficulty experienced by the great in diſſipating the tediouſneſs of life; ſo that the gift of three pariſhes in Glouceſterſhire, aſſigned by William the Conqueror for the ſupport of his *joculator*, may perhaps be a leſs accurate meaſure of the minſtrel's accompliſhments, than of the monarch's power and of the inſipidity of his court.

'To the talents already enumerated, the minſtrels added, ſoon after the birth of French literature, the important occupation of the *diſeur* or *declaimer*. Perhaps the declamation of metrical compoſitions might have required, during their firſt ſtate of imperfection, ſome kind of chant, and even the aſſiſtance of ſome muſical inſtruments, to ſupply the deficiencies of the meaſure; perhaps the aids of geſture and pantomime may have been neceſſary to relieve the monotony of a long recitation: but at all events it is evident, that an author who wrote for the public at large, during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, was not leſs dependent for his ſucceſs on the minſtrels, than a modern writer of tragedy or comedy on the players of the preſent day. A copyiſt might multiply manuſcripts for the ſupply of convent-libraries; but while eccleſiaſtics alone were able to read, there was no acceſs to the ears of a military nobility, without the intervention of a body of men who travelled in every direction, and who were everywhere welcomed as the promoters of mirth and conviviality.

'The next ſtep was eaſy. Being compelled to a frequent exerciſe of their talent in extemporaneous compoſitions, the minſtrels were probably, like the *improviſatori* of Italy, at leaſt equal, if not ſuperior, to more learned writers, in the merely mechanical parts of poetry; they were alſo better judges of the public taſte. By the progreſs of tranſlation they became the depoſitaries of nearly all the knowledge of the age, which was committed to their memory: it was natural, therefore, that they ſhould form a variety of new combinations from the numerous materials in their poſſeſſion; and it will be ſhown hereafter, that many of our moſt popular romances were moſt probably brought by their efforts to the ſtate in which we now ſee them. This was the moſt ſplendid æra of their hiſtory, and ſeems to have comprehended the latter part of the twelfth, and perhaps the whole of the thirteenth century. After that time, from the general progreſs of inſtruction, the number of readers began to increaſe; and the metrical romances were inſenſibly ſupplanted by romances in proſe, whoſe monotony neither required nor could derive much aſſiſtance from the art of declamation. The viſits of the minſtrels had been only periodical, and generally confined to the great feſtivals of the year; but the reſources, ſuch as they were, of the ponderous proſe legend were always acceſſible. Thus began the decline of a body of men, whoſe complete degradation ſeems to have been the

ſubſequent

ſubſequent reſult of their own vices. During the period of their ſucceſs they had moſt impudently abuſed the credulity of the public; but it is a whimſical fact, that the ſame fables which were diſcredited while in verſe, were again, on their tranſfuſion into proſe, received without ſuſpicion. It ſhould ſeem that falſehood is generally ſafe from detection, when concealed under a ſufficient cloak of dulneſs.' Ellis. I. p. 19—23.

By attending to this hiſtory, we may eaſily ſolve the difficulty which Ritſon found in reconciling the degraded ſtate of the minſtrels to the high rewards and countenance which they ſometimes received, even in preference to thoſe of the clerical profeſſion. It appears, on one occaſion, that two mendicant friars ſoliciting hoſpitality at the gate of a convent, were received with acclamation under the idea of their being minſtrels, and kicked out again when they announced their real character. It is alſo proved, we believe, that one minſtrel received four ſhillings for his performance, and ſix prieſts only ſixpence, at the ſame feſtival.* But ſuch inſtances of extravagant reward to individuals of a claſs which dedicates perſonal exertions to public amuſement, are conſiſtent with the general diſreſpect to which this body in general is condemned. Individual inſtances excepted, the player and the muſician of modern days, the genuine ſucceſſors of the minſtrels, incur a certain degree of contempt from their ſituation, which they are too often driven to merit. It is ſomewhat hard, that as ſociety advances in civilization, and as demands are made on this claſs of men for refinement and improvement in their reſpective arts, their ſeclufion from the ſociety where that refinement is to be acquired, becomes proportionally more rigid and ſtrict. We cannot ſtop to appreciate the moral cauſes of the faſtidious harſhneſs with which ſociety requites thoſe on whom it depends for its moſt exquiſite amuſements.

Having ſhortly traced the hiſtory of the minſtrels, Mr Ellis proceeds to examine the progreſs of their compoſitions. Of theſe, as we have already hinted, the firſt ſeem to have been unadorned annals or hiſtories, reduced to meaſure for the convenience of the reciter, who was to retain them upon his memory. This field, however, ſoon became too barren and unintereſting. Other ſources of narration were ſought for. Some occurred in the ancient ſongs of the ſcalds, the legitimate productions of the minſtrels. Others of Arabian origin found their way to France through Spain. But a much more numerous claſs was

* This is no doubt quite inconſiſtent with modern manners, as may appear, by conſidering, whether Young Roſcius or a Welſh curate is beſt paid, and to which the gates of an epiſcopal palace would fly moſt ſpeedily open.

derived from the tales of the Armoricans, the neighbours of the Normans, who derived themſelves from a Welch colony. From this ſource, the minſtrels probably drew their firſt accounts of

> ——————' What reſounds
> In fable or romance, of Uther's ſon,
> Begirt with Britiſh and Armoric knights.'

This theme, however, acquired its chief popularity after the acquiſition of England by William the Conqueror. It is now completely proved, that the earlieſt and beſt French romances were compoſed for the meridian of the Engliſh court, where that language continued to be excluſively uſed, at leaſt till the time of Edward III. When the Norman race of monarchs had once ſecured themſelves on the throne of England, and identified the honour of that country with their own, they began to feel an intereſt in its early hiſtory, and to liſten with applauſe to the feats of its heroes. The legends of the Welch, on theſe occaſions, were much more acceptable than thoſe of the Saxons. The latter were the people whom the Normans had conquered, and whoſe kings they had diſpoſſeſſed: the praiſe, therefore, of their departed heroes revived ſentiments of diſcord, better forgotten by all parties. But the exploits of the Britiſh were carried back to ſo ancient a period, and ſo intermingled with Celtic fable, that they recalled no ſentiments of ancient independence, and ſuggeſted no ideas dangerous to the Norman race. The exploits of Arthur were therefore unanimouſly adopted, as the ſubject of tales and romances without end; and theſe were drawn by the Norman minſtrels from the Britiſh traditions flowing from Wales, and floating in what had lately been the Britiſh kingdom of Cumberland; but eſpecially from the works of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Mr Ellis gives us an abridgement of that author's Chronicle of Britain, and his *Vita Merlini*, a poem in Latin verſe. This laſt work only exiſts in MS., which is much to be regretted, as, from very frequent reference to particulars of Britiſh ſtory, it affords demonſtrable evidence, that Geoffrey did not, as has been repeatedly affirmed, himſelf forge the incidents of his Chronicle, but really drew them from the Armorican Chronicle, put into his hands by Walter, archdeacon of Oxford. The whole tiſſue of fables, therefore, concerning Arthur, which compoſe the moſt ſtriking part of Geoffrey's hiſtory, and indeed the hiſtory itſelf, ſeem, in the words of our author, to be leſs a ſudden fabrication, the work of any one man's invention, than 'a ſuperſtructure gradually and progreſſively raiſed on the foundation of the hiſtory attributed to Nennius,' the purity of which, by the way, had been already ſullied by the Monk Samuel. Mr Ellis next proceeds to ſhew that the ſtate

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of Wales, during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, was favourable to an exchange of literary materials betwixt the bards of that country and the Norman minſtrels, as well as between the former and their brethren of Armorica.

'But as there is reaſon to believe that the Britiſh lays were ſeldom if ever committed to writing, it might be expected that different minſtrels would tell the ſame ſtory with ſome variations; that, unable to retain in their memory the whole of a long narrative, they would carry off, in the firſt inſtance, detached adventures, which they would afterwards connect as well as they were able; and that a ſyſtem of traditional hiſtory, thus imperfectly preſerved through the medium of a very looſe tranſlation, and already involved in much geographical and chronological confuſion, would aſſume the fabulous appearance which we find in the French narratives called romances.' I. p. 117.

To conclude his account of the materials from whence Engliſh romance was drawn, the editor obſerves, that although we owe to the Norman minſtrels the greater part of the romances now extant, which were avowedly tranſlated into Engliſh, as ſoon as that language came to ſuperſede the French; yet a ſmall number were moſt probably originally compoſed in Engliſh for the uſe of the Scotiſh court, where French was never excluſively ſpoken, and afterwards imitated or tranſlated by French minſtrels. On this ſubject he gives an elegant ſummary of the ſyſtem propoſed by the editor of Sir Triſtrem, which we had occaſion to conſider in our review of that volume. Upon this hypotheſis, it is curious to obſerve, that as the earlieſt French romances were written in England, ſo the earlieſt Engliſh romances were compoſed in Scotland.

We heartily wiſh Mr Ellis had continued his diſſertation on the materials of our metrical romance to a later period, as we have not ſeen a more clear and comprehenſive view of the ſubject, ſo far as it goes. This deſideratum is, however, in part ſupplied by the arrangement of his romances into claſſes, with the general preliminary remarks upon each claſs. The Appendix to the Introduction contains an account of Petrus Alphonſus *de clericali diſciplina*, by Mr Douce, an induſtrious and ingenious antiquary; and, ſecondly, a tranſlation by Mr Ellis of the Breton lais of Marie, twelve in number, exhibiting much of that genius for romantic fiction, which has been always an attribute of the Celtic tribes. We would willingly extract one of them for our readers' amuſement; but are obliged to haſten to the metrical romances, which are the principal object of the collection.

The firſt claſs comprehends romances relating to King Arthur. Theſe, as we have already ſeen, are probably the earlieſt in order, and although once moſt popular and numerous, are now become,

come, in their metrical ſhape, exceedingly rare; becauſe their very popularity rendered them the firſt objects of imitation to the proſe authors, whoſe works ſuperſeded thoſe of the minſtrels. One romance of formidable length has been ſtill preſerved in MS., and forms the firſt article of Mr Ellis's work. It is called Merlin and Arthur, and reſumes the account of theſe worthies, from their birth to the marriage of Arthur, when the tranſcriber of one fragment reſigned his taſk, after having copied 10,000 lines. This is a romance in the very beſt ſtyle of minſtrelſy, ſo far as language, and even incident, are concerned. The marvellous birth of Merlin, ſurreptitiouſly begotten by a fiend upon a maiden, under the moſt extraordinary circumſtances, is one of thoſe feats of witchery which arreſt the imagination. The mother is condemned to death by a rigid law of the Britiſh againſt ſuch as infringed the rules of chaſtity. But Blaiſe, a holy hermit, by chriſtening the child at the inſtant of its birth, baffles the hopes of the devil, who had expected, by means of engendering with a virgin, to create a ſemi-dæmon, who ſhould be devoted to the powers of evil.

'The good man then returned with his infernal proſelyte, and reſtored him by means of the baſket to the midwife; who, carrying him to the fire, and ſurveying his rough hide with horror and aſtoniſhment, could not refrain from reproaching him for his unreaſonable choice of a mother who had never taken the uſual means to have a child.

"Alas," ſhe ſaid, "art thou Merlin?
"*Whether* * art thou? and of what kin? * *Whence.*
"Who was thy father, by night or day,
"That no man wite ne may?
"It is great ruth, thou foul thing,
"That for thy love (by Heaven's King!)
"Thy mother ſhall be ſlain with woe!
"Alas that *ſtaund* † it ſhall fall ſo! † *time.*
"I would thou were far in the ſea,
"With that thy mother might ſcape free!"
When that he heard her ſpeak ſo,
He *brayed* ‡ up his eyen two, ‡ *raiſed ſuddenly—with a ſtart.*
And *lodly* § on her gan look, § *loathingly.*
And his head on her he ſhook,
And gan to cry with loud din;
"Thou lyeſt!" he ſaid, "old queen!
"My mother ſhall no man *quell*, ‖ ‖ *kill.*
"For no thing that man may tell,
"While that I may ſtand or gon!
"Maugré hem every one
"I ſhall ſave her life for this.
"That thou ſhalt hear and ſee, ywis." I. 213. 214.

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We have no time to ſtop to trace the completion of this promiſe, nor the reſt of Arthur's hiſtory, which Mr Ellis has taken from a poetical account of his achievements and death, occurring in the Muſeum. The downfal of the chivalry of the Round Table was completed by the death of Sir Lancelot, its moſt redoubted ſupporter. Mr Ellis tranſcribes from the Morte Arthur the following eulogium over that hero, which may be ſaid to comprehend the cardinal virtues of a *preux* chevalier.

" And now I dare ſay—that, Sir Lancelot, ther thou lyeſt, thou were never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou were the curteiſt knight that ever bare ſhielde. And thou were the trueſt freende to thy lover that ever beſtrode horſe. And thou were the trueſt lover, of a ſynful man, that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindeſt man that ever ſtroke with ſwerde. And thou were the goodlieſt perſon that ever came amonge preee (preſs) of knyghtes. And thou were the meekeſt man and the gentilleſt that ever eate in hal among ladies. And thou were the ſterneſt knight to thy mortall foe that ever put ſpere in the reſt!" I. 386–7.

The next claſs comprehends what Mr Ellis has ventured to call Saxon Romances, that is, romances referring to Saxon ſubjects, and claiming, perhaps, ſome foundation in the hiſtory of that people. Horn-Child, which bears the moſt decided marks of Saxon origin, is omitted, as already publiſhed by Mr Ritſon, in an entire ſtate; but we could have wiſhed Mr Ellis had extended his criticiſm to that poem, or favoured us with ſome general remarks upon the romance of the Anglo-Saxons. Guy of Warwick, and Bevis of Hamptoun, occupy this ſtation entirely. The firſt is a very long romance, and in general as dull as may be, with even more than the uſual huge proportion of battles and tournaments. Yet it may be read with pleaſure in Mr Ellis's abridgement, though the original would have defied the patience of moſt antiquaries. The combat betwixt Guy and Colbrond the Daniſh champion, is told in a more animated ſtrain, and in a different ſtanza. We ſuſpect that this is the only part of the romance which has any claim to a Saxon origin, and that all the reſt has been added by ſome minſtrel after the cruſades. Mr Ellis ſeems diſpoſed to identify the redoubted Sir Guy with Egils, a Norwegian pirate, who aſſiſted Athelſtan at the battle of Brunnanburgh. The Egils-ſaga, which contains an account of that chief's adventures, affords no countenance to this conjecture, which we incline to conſider as fanciful. Bevis of Hamptoun reſembles Guy of Warwick, but is of a far ruder, and apparently more ancient manufacture. There is a harſhneſs and barbarous tinge about this poem, which beſpeaks its being compoſed in a very rude ſtate of ſociety, or for the amuſement of the lower ranks; two points which it is ſometimes very difficult to diſtinguiſh.

guiſh. Notwithſtanding their demerits, Guy of Warwick, and Bevis of Hamptoun, equalled, or excelled in popularity, almoſt all the romances of the middle ages.

The next is entitled an Anglo-Norman Romance, and contains the adventures of no leſs a perſon than Richard Cœur de Lion. It has, for many reaſons, great claims on our attention. In the firſt place, it tends to ſhow the progreſs from metrical hiſtory to metrical romance; for, in its more ancient and ſimple ſtate, as a fragment ſtill exiſts in the Auchinleck Manuſcript, it appears to have contained little more than an hiſtorical detail, not much exaggerated, of the actual tranſactions of Richard in the Holy Land. But the inventions of ſucceeding minſtrels have grafted upon the original narrative a number of extraordinary and ſupernatural events of the wildeſt and moſt romantic kind, in order to render it more aſtoniſhing or intereſting to their hearers. There is, in particular, a minute account of a marriage betwixt Henry II. and an unknown Princeſs, by whom he had three children, namely, Richard, John, and a daughter unknown to our genealogiſts, called Topyas. This queen of England being a fiend, or ſomething very little better, was unable to be preſent at any of the ſacraments; and being once compelled to remain till the elevation of the hoſt took place, ſhe made an elopement through the roof of the chapel, carrying with her Topyas and John. The latter fell from the air, and broke his thigh bone; the mother eſcaped with the former, and was never more ſeen. The legend thus engrafted upon the Engliſh hiſtory, is taken from an event ſaid to have happened to Count Fulk of Anjou, often alluded to by our Scottiſh hiſtorians as a proof, that, by one ſide of the houſe, the kings of England were deſcended from the devil. Perhaps, however, the minſtrel hinted a ſatire at Eleanor of Guienne, who was, in fact, a ſort of devil incarnate. Of this fiendiſh parentage, according to the romance, came that

> King y-chriſtened of moſt renown,
> Strong Richard Cœur de Lioun.

The feat, by which he gained this well known appellation, is ſuppoſed to have happened during his confinement in the Auſtrian dominions, where he ſlew the Emperor's ſon by a box on the ear. The Emperor having ſcruples to accompliſh his revenge, by dipping his hands in the royal blood of his priſoner, contented himſelf with introducing into Richard's company a hungry lion, under the conviction that he was guiltleſs of all conſequences which might enſue from their meeting. Richard, who had armed his hand with a few ells of handkerchiefs, the gift of a loving princeſs, plunged it down the throat of the monſter, tore out his heart, devoured it before the face of the Emperor, and thus acquired an ample title to the name by which he is

is known in hiſtory. Amid this wild farrago, there occurs a minute incident of truth, which has eſcaped our hiſtorians. It ſeems pretty clear that Richard, while travelling in diſguiſe through Auſtria, amuſed himſelf with dreſſing his own dinner, with ſome aſſiſtance from Sir Foulk Doyley, and Sir Thomas Multon, (the anceſtor of the Dacres of Dacre.) While theſe three warriors were buſied in roaſting a gooſe, they were teazed by an intruſive female minſtrel, whom they rudely diſmiſſed, without allowing her to ſhare their good cheer. In conſequence, ſhe betrayed them to the Duke of Auſtria. This ſtrange anecdote is alluded to by Petrus d'Eltilo, a writer of the 12th century, and by Otho de Saint Blaiſe, who maintains, that Richard himſelf turned the ſpit, forgetful that he wore a ring which announced the rank of the wearer to be far ſuperior to his occupation. So ſtrangely are truth and falſehood woven together in this curious performance. But this romance is alſo valuable, as a curious example of the change for the worſe which the religious wars introduced into the European character. In the earlier romances, the heroes are no doubt ſufficiently ſavage; they ſhed much blood in battle, and are determined enemies to giants and wizards. But the cauſe of theſe military exertions is generally one with which we can ſympathize; the deliverance of a fair lady; the righting of a wrong done to the helpleſs; or the ſupporting the tottering throne of a lawful monarch. A certain generoſity is alſo mingled in their valour; and they are generally as ready to forgive and ſpare the vanquiſhed, as to quell the vaunting and reſiſting enemy. But the cruſader diſcarded from his boſom all that was amiable and mild in the ſpirit of chivalry. He fought for the cauſe of God againſt unchriſtened heathen hounds, and had neither authority nor inclination to forgive their wrongs to Heaven, as he might have pardoned thoſe offered to himſelf. This romance contains a lively detail of the bloody cruelties practiſed by the champions of Paleſtine upon an enemy. The following extraordinary ſpecimen of what cruſaders were ſuppoſed capable of performing, although totally fabulous, ſhews the idea which the minſtrels conceived of ſuch a character, when carried to the higheſt and moſt laudable degree of perfection.

'The beſt leeches in the camp were unable to effect the cure of Richard's ague; but the prayers of the army were more ſucceſsful. He became convaleſcent; and the firſt ſymptom of his recovery was a violent longing for pork. But pork was not likely to be plentiful in a country whoſe inhabitants had an abhorrence for ſwine's-fleſh; and

——— though his men ſhould be hanged,
They ne might, in that countrey,
For gold, ne ſilver, ne no money,

No

No pork find, take, ne get,
That king Richard might aught of eat.
An old knight, with Richard biding,
When he heard of that tiding,
That the kingis wants were ſwyche,
To the ſteward he ſpake privyliche.
" Our lord the king ſore is ſick, I wis,
" After pork he alonged is;
" Ye may none find to ſelle:
" No man be hardy him ſo to telle!
" If he did, he might die.
" Now behoves to done as I ſhall ſay,
" That he wete nought of that.
" Takes a Saracen, young and fat;
" In haſte let the thief be ſlain,
" Opened, and his ſkin off ſlayn;
" And ſodden, full haſtily,
" With powder, and with ſpicery,
" And with ſaffron of good colour.
" When the king feels thereof ſavour,
" Out of ague if he be went,
" He ſhall have thereto good talent.
" When he has a good taſte,
" And eaten well a good repaſt,
" And ſupped of the *brewis* * a ſup, * *broth.*
" Slept after, and ſwet a drop,
" Thorough Goddis help, and my counſail,
" Soon he ſhall be freſh and hail."
The ſooth to ſay, at wordes few,
Slain and ſodden was the heathen ſhrew.
Before the king it was forth brought:
Quod his men, " Lord, we have pork fought;
" Eates and ſuppes of the brewis *ſoote* †, † *ſweet.*
" Thorough grace of God it ſhall be your boot."
Before king Richard carff a knight.
He ate faſter than he carve might.
The king ate the fleſh, and *gnew* * the bones, * *gnawed.*
And drank well after for the nonce.
And when he had eaten enough,
His folk hem turned away, and *lough* †. † *laughed.*
He lay ſtill, and drew in his arm;
His chamberlain him wrapped warm.
He lay and ſlept, and ſwet a ſtound,
And became whole and ſound.
King Richard clad him, and aroſe,
And walked abouten in the cloſe.' II. 225—27.

Shortly after this horrible banquet, the Chriſtian camp is attacked

tacked. Richard flies to repulſe the invaders, ſucceeds, and returns, wearied with ſlaughter, to his tent.

' When king Richard had reſted a whyle,
A knight his arms gan unlace,
Him to comfort and ſolace.
Him was brought a ſop in wine.
" The head of that ilke ſwine,
" That I of ate! (the cook he bade)
" For feeble I am, and faint, and mad.
" Of mine evil now I am fear;
" Serve me therewith at my ſoupere!"
Quod the cook, " That head I ne have."
Then ſaid the king, " So God me ſave,
" But I ſee the head of that ſwine,
" For ſooth, thou ſhalt leſen thine!"
The cook ſaw none other might be;
He ſet the head, and let him ſee.
He fell on knees, and made a cry,
" Lo here the head! my lord, mercy'!" '

' The cook had certainly ſome reaſon to fear that his maſter would be ſtruck with horror at the recollection of the dreadful banquet to which he owed his recovery, but his fears were ſoon diſſipated.

' The *ſwarte vis* ‡ when the king ſeeth, ‡ *black face.*
His black beard, and white teeth,
How his lippes grinned wide,
" What devil is this?" the king cried,
And gan to laugh as he were wode.
" What? is Saracen's fleſh thus good?
" That, never erſt, I nought wiſt!
" By Godes death, and his up-riſt,
" Shall we never die for default,
" While we may, in any aſſault,
" Sloe Saracens, the fleſh may take,
" And ſeethen, and roſten, and do hem bake,
" [And] Gnawen her fleſh to the bones!
" Now I have it proved once,
" For hunger ere I be wo,
" I and my folk ſhall eat mo!" ' II. 228—29.

Soon after this incident, Saladin deſpatches an embaſſy to Richard to ſolicit the ranſom of the garriſon of Acres, including ſeveral perſons of high rank, who, with the city, had fallen into the hands of the Chriſtians. Richard receives the ambaſſadors courteouſly, and requeſts their company to dinner.

' The invitation was gratefully accepted. Richard in the mean time gave ſecret orders to his marſhal that he ſhould repair to the priſon, ſeket a certain number of the moſt diſtinguiſhed captives, and, after carefully noting their names on a roll of parchment, cauſe their heads to be inſtantly

inſtantly ſtruck off: that theſe heads ſhould be delivered to the cook, with inſtructions to clear away the hair, and, after boiling them in a caldron, to diſtribute them on ſeveral platters, one to each gueſt, obſerving to faſten on the forehead of each the piece of parchment expreſſing the name and family of the victim:

" An hot head bring me beforn,
" As I were well apayed withall,
" Eat thereof faſt I ſhall;
" As it were a tender chick,
" To ſee how the others will like."

'This horrible order was punctually executed. At noon the gueſts were ſummoned to waſh by the muſic of the waits; the king took his ſeat, attended by the principal officers of his court, at the high table, and the reſt of the company were marſhalled at a long table below him. On the cloth were placed portions of ſalt at the uſual diſtances, but neither bread, wine, nor water. The ambaſſadors, rather ſurpriſed at this omiſſion, but ſtill free from apprehenſion, awaited in ſilence the arrival of the dinner, which was announced by the ſound of pipes, trumpets and tabours; and beheld, with horror and diſmay, the unnatural banquet introduced by the ſteward and his officers. Yet their ſentiments of diſguſt and abhorrence, and even their fears, were for a time ſuſpended by their curioſity. Their eyes were fixed on the king, who, without the ſlighteſt change of countenance, ſwallowed the morſels as faſt as they could be ſupplied by the knight who carved them.

'Every man then poked other;
They ſaid, " This is the devil's brother,
" That ſlays our men, and thus hem eats!"

'Their attention was then involuntarily fixed on the ſmoking heads before them; they traced in the ſwoln and diſtorted features the reſemblance of a friend or near relation; and received from the fatal ſcroll which accompanied each diſh the ſad aſſurance, that this reſemblance was not imaginary. They ſat in torpid ſilence, anticipating their own fate in that of their countrymen; while their ferocious entertainer, with fury in his eyes, but with courteſy on his lips, inſulted them by frequent invitations to merriment. At length this firſt courſe was removed, and its place ſupplied by veniſon, cranes, and other dainties, accompanied by the richeſt wines. The king then apologized to them for what had paſſed, which he attributed to his ignorance of their taſte; and aſſured them of his religious reſpect for their character as ambaſſadors, and of his readineſs to grant them a ſafe-conduct for their return. This boon was all that they now wiſhed to claim; and

'King Richard ſpake to an old man,
" Wendes home to your ſoudan!
" His melancholy that ye abate;
" And ſayes that ye came too late.
" Too ſlowly was your time y-gueſſed;
" Ere ye came, the fleſh was dreſſed,

" That

" That men ſhoulden ſerve with me,
" Thus at noon, and my meynie.
" Say him, it ſhall him nought avail,
" Though he for-bar us our vitail,
" Bread, wine, fiſh, fleſh, ſalmon, and conger;
" Of us none ſhall die with hunger,
" While we may wenden to fight,
" And ſlay the Saracens downright,
" Waſh the fleſh and roaſt the head.
" With *oo* * Saracen, I may well feed * *one*
" Well a nine or a ten
" Of my good Chriſtian men.
" King Richard ſhall warrant,
" There is no fleſh ſo nouriſſant
" Unto an Engliſh man,
" Partridge, plover, heron, ne ſwan,
" Cow ne ox, ſheep ne ſwine,
" As the head of a Sarezyn.
" There he is fat, and thereto tender;
" And my men be lean and ſlender.
" While any Saracen quick be,
" Livand now in this Syrie,
" For meat will we nothing care.
" Abouten faſt we ſhall fare,
" And every day we ſhall eat
" All ſo many as we may get.
" To England will we nought gon,
" Till they be eaten every one." II. p. 232–6.

The other exploits of King Richard in the Holy Land were in a ſimilar taſte with this cannibal entertainment; and we are of opinion, that when ſuch feats are imputed by way of praiſe and merit to the hero of the cruſaders, and received, as doubtleſs they were, with no ſmall applauſe by the audience, the fact will go a great way to aſcertain, whether the European character was improved or debaſed by theſe eaſtern expeditions.

The next claſs of Romances comprehend ſuch as relate to Charlemagne and his Paladins. Theſe are founded on the chronicle of the Pſeudo-Turpin, a collection of fables not very diſſimilar to thoſe brought together by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and which, like his chronicle, has become the ſource of innumerable romances. But they never ſeem to have been equally popular in England; nor, indeed, could it be expected, as the ſcene is uſually laid in France, Spain, or Italy. The Italians, from the days of Pulci to thoſe of Arioſto, and much later, have had very many poems founded on this baſis. The romances which Mr Ellis has given under this claſs are three,—Roland and Ferragus, Sir Otuel, and Sir Ferumbras. The firſt of theſe is remarkable for

a very curious debate upon theology, betwixt Roland, the Orlando of Arioſto, and Ferragus, a huge Spaniſh infidel giant, the Ferrau of the ſame poet. This controverſy is introduced by a truce, in the midſt of a duel between theſe champions, both of whom were invulnerable. After laying on each other with clubs for a reaſonable time, Ferragus inſiſts upon the Spaniſh cuſtom of taking a nap after noon.

'Roland, whoſe courteſy was equal to his valour, readily conſented; and the giant, almoſt inſtantly falling aſleep, began to ſnore ſo unreaſonably loud, that his adverſary heard him firſt with aſtoniſhment, and at laſt with compaſſion, conceiving that he muſt be in great pain, and that neither man nor monſter could be naturally inclined to ſlumbers ſo very noiſy and unharmonious. He therefore, after ſurveying all the fragments of rock which they had lately thrown at each other, at length pitched upon one which appeared ſufficiently ſmooth to form a tolerable pillow; and, having placed it with great care under the giant's head, had the ſatisfaction of perceiving that his repoſe became, in conſequence, much more tranquil. Ferragus, however, at laſt awaked, ſtared about him, rubbed his eyes, and, not being aware of Sir Roland's talents for bed-making, eagerly inquired who had ſo kindly provided him with a pillow; adding, that he ſhould ever conſider as his friend the perſon who had done him this good office; upon which the knight replied, that he had done it, partly indeed in charity to his own ears, which had been almoſt deafened: "but," continued he, "ſince you are now very fond of me, pray tell me whether you are all over invulnerable?" Ferragus anſwered that he was, excepting only in the navel; and then inquired, in his turn, into the birth, parentage, and education of his new acquaintance.

'It was not to be expected that the pious Roland ſhould reply to all theſe particulars, without mentioning his religion; and this naturally led him to lament, that the good friend whom he was then addreſſing was ultimately doomed to go to the devil. Ferragus, on his part, aware that ſtupidity is uſually imputed to the whole race of giants, became anxious to convince his opponent of his talents for diſputation, and deſired Roland to give him a leſſon in Chriſtianity; which the other readily undertook. The combat was, by mutual conſent, poſtponed; and the Chriſtian hero prepared to try whether the monſter's head was more pervious to argument than to the knots of his club, or to the trenchant edge of Durindale.' Ellis, II. 305–7.

The theological arguments uſed by Roland we ſhall not now ſtop to quote. They were all uſed in vain; for no mode of converting the unbelieving heathen proved effectual; ſo that Roland had finally the trouble of ſlaughtering him. Sir Otuel, although the ſtory is not intereſting, is told with great ſpirit, and introduced by an excellent ſcene betwixt Charlemagne and a heathen ambaſſador. Ferumbras is another poem concerning the wars of Charlemagne

Charlemagne againſt the infidels, on which we will not dwell, although it carries particular intereſt to a Caledonian critic, being the very romance which Robert the Bruce read to amuſe and encourage his forlorn adherents while they were ferried over Loch-lomond. (See Barbour, book III.) Ferumbras is alſo the Fierabras after whoſe receipt the Knight of La Mancha pretended to compound his notable balſam.

The next romance is of oriental origin, being the earlieſt edition of the Seven Wiſe Maſters, long known among the ſchool-boys of this country. It is followed by ten miſcellaneous romances, of which we have only time to tranſcribe the names:—Florice and Blancheflour; Robert of Cyſille; Sir Iſumbras; Sir Triamour; Ipomydon; Eglamour of Artois; Lay le Fraine; Sir Eger and Sir Grahame; Roſwal and Lillian; and Amys and Amylion;—all tales of doughty knights and ladies fair, once in high renown among the courtly and the gallant, but now condemned to an obſcurity which, in ſome reſpects, is as undeſerved as their original ſupereminent reputation.

It would far exceed our limits, upon which we have already ſomewhat treſpaſſed, to give a complete character of the ancient metrical romances. Their importance, in a hiſtorical point of view, we have already noticed. They hold out to us, like Shakeſpeare's players, the abſtract and brief chronicles of the time, and demand the ſerious conſideration of every hiſtorian. Even in a literary point of view, their merit is not contemptible. It is true, the ſtory is generally rambling and deſultory, utterly incapable conſequently of exciting the pleaſure ariſing from a well conducted plan, all the parts of which depend upon each other, and tend, each in due degree, to bring on the cataſtrophe. So far is this from being the caſe, that, in a long romance, the adventures uſually are all ſeparated and inſulated; only connected with each other, by their having happened to the ſame hero; juſt as a necklace of beads is combined by the thread on which they are ſtrung. This arrangement, in fact, beſt ſuited the reciters, whoſe narration was to be proportioned to the time and patience of their audience; and whom this looſe ſtructure of ſtory permitted to uſe freedom of compreſſion or dilatation as beſt ſuited their purpoſe, ſince any ſingle adventure might be inſerted without impropriety, or left out without being miſſed. The ſame cauſe accounts for the looſe and often tedious ſtyle in which the minſtrels indulged. It was of conſequence that their ſtanza ſhould be ſo ſimple, as to be eaſily recollected, and their diction ſo copious, as not to ſuffer by any occaſional deficiency of memory. For theſe reaſons, Robert de Brunne tells us, that the common minſtrels were unable to repeat tales written in a conciſe

ſtyle and complicated ſtanza, and that ſuch became *naught* in their imperfect recitation. To theſe faults, we have often to add thoſe of extreme awkwardneſs of contrivance and improbability of incident; but which neither offended the taſte, nor ſhocked the faith of our plain and hardy anceſtors. On the other hand, there is a ſort of *keeping* in theſe ancient tales, which did not depend upon the minſtrel's inclination, and from which he could not have departed, if he had a mind to do ſo. This ariſes from his painting the manners of his own time as they paſſed before his eyes, and thus giving a truth and unity to the chivalrous events he relates, which the modern labourers in the vineyard of romance are utterly unable to imitate. With all the pains theſe laſt can uſe to deck their champions in the antique taſte, they are perpetually confounding the paſt time with the preſent, and are guilty of anachroniſms almoſt as groſs as his who introduced a tea-table ſcene into the hiſtory of John of Gaunt. Neither is the language in which theſe legends are told altogether unworthy of our applauſe. There often occur paſſages, which, from the ſpirit of the poet riſing with the ſituation, may juſtly claim a rank among the higher and more maſculine orders of poetry. And although, as we have already noticed, the general conduct of the ſtory is deſultory and ſlightly put together, yet many of the individual adventures, of which each long romance is compoſed, are happily conceived and artfully executed. The gloom of ſuperſtition likewiſe added a wild and diſmal effect to the wonders of the minſtrel; and occaſionally his deſcription of ſupernatural events amounts nearly to ſublimity.

To theſe ancient monuments of the paſt ages, Mr Ellis has rendered the ſame good ſervice in Engliſh, which the Count de Treſſan performed in France, by the *Corps d'Extraits de Romans de Chevalerie.* In ſome reſpects, the works reſemble each other conſiderably. They are both executed by men of rank and faſhion, who formed their ſtyle not merely by peruſing the beſt authors, but by frequenting the firſt company in their reſpective countries. Both diſplay an acute ſenſe of the ludicrous, and can readily enliven, by a witty turn or lively expreſſion, the dull or abſurd details which they are occaſionally obliged to narrate. We queſtion, however, whether this is not ſometimes too much indulged by both authors, ſince ſuch licenſe, when frequently taken, is rather irreverent, and looks as if the jeſt were levelled at once againſt the reader, the editor, and the original minſtrel. In other reſpects, Mr Ellis has a decided ſuperiority over Monſ. de Treſſan. He is infinitely more faithful as an editor; and, as an author, exhibits much deeper reſearch; which appears from his having choſen the metrical romances for his ſubject: whereas the Count has confined his attention to thoſe

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in proſe, though far leſs ancient, and in every reſpect leſs intereſting. But Mr Ellis's introduction ſufficiently illuſtrates his ſuperior ſkill as an antiquary, although he has brought forward fewer materials than Mr Ritſon, and makes no parade of thoſe which he has acquired: it is evidently becauſe he wiſhed to be an architect, not a mere collector of ſtones and rubbiſh. Every thing which he quotes is adapted to fill a place in his ſyſtem; and thus he avoids the great error of antiquaries, who are too much buſied with inſulated facts, to preſent to their readers a connected hiſtorical view of the ſubject under diſcuſſion.

Notwithſtanding this ingenious and lively publication, we ſtill deſire even the more to ſee a genuine edition of theſe ancient poems. It is painful to reflect, that they, with many unedited chronicles, the materials of our national hiſtory, are lying unhonoured and unconſulted amid the rubbiſh of large libraries. The indifferent ſale of Mr Ritſon's work may diſcourage individuals; but ſurely the object is worth the attention of the Engliſh univerſities, more particularly that of Cambridge; Oxford being ſtill, we preſume, engaged with the long promiſed edition of Strabo.

ART. VII. *The Principles of Moral Science.* By Robert Forſyth, Eſq. Advocate. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 520. Edinburgh and London, 1805.

IT would paſs for mere affectation of being ſuperior to known national partialities, if we ſhould pretend to take no intereſt in a comely octavo, publiſhed at Edinburgh, upon metaphyſics and morality. This book, however, has other claims on our attention: and though we are afraid that, upon the whole, it will afford more ſatisfaction to thoſe who are accuſtomed to depreciate the merit of our Scotiſh philoſophy, than to thoſe who, like us, are uniformly ready to exalt it; it cannot be denied, we think, that it indicates very conſiderable talents, and treats of a moſt important ſubject with ſome ſpirit and ingenuity.

Mr Forſyth's great merit appears to us to conſiſt in a kind of homely ſagacity and coarſe good ſenſe, which enables him to cut ſhort many a perplexing controverſy, and to break through thoſe entanglements of fine and delicate ſophiſtry, in which a more ſcrupulous reaſoner would infallibly be detained. His object, indeed, ſeems rather to have been to ſeize firmly, and illuſtrate with preciſion, the practical utilities of the ſubject, than to purſue into new refinements of ſubtlety the abſtract ſpeculations to which it may give riſe; and paſſing rapidly over moſt of the niceties and

difficulties of the ſcience, he attaches himſelf almoſt excluſively to the expoſition of thoſe important truths which ſeem to admit of demonſtration, and as to which the labours of his predeceſſors have been moſt fruitful in diſcovery. His work, in ſhort, is intended, we conceive, rather to afford a diſtinct view of what is ſuppoſed to be certain and uſeful in philoſophy, than of what it may contain of curious and abſtruſe, and was not deſigned probably ſo much for the gratification of ſpeculative curioſity, as for the ſubſtantial improvement of thoſe who may ſeek in ſuch ſtudies for ſomething more than an exerciſe of the underſtanding.

This deſign, we think, is highly meritorious; but there are ſo many faults of execution, that we cannot go much farther in our praiſe. From an abſurd ambition of originality, the whole ſyſtem is founded upon a ſtrange and audacious paradox, which does not ceaſe to diſturb the reader to the very end of the performance. Many raſh and peremptory aſſertions are made, as it appears to us, on very inſufficient ground; and the whole work is compoſed in a tone ſo preſumptuous and irreverent, that the fulleſt perſuaſion of the author's good ſenſe and good intentions has not always been ſufficient to keep us from being a little out of humour with him. In a work intended to illuſtrate the principles of taſte and morality, there is nothing elegant and nothing amiable,—no enthuſiaſm for the ſubject, and no conciliation for the reader; and, in treating again of ſubjects which have engaged the attention of ſome of the moſt illuſtrious of our ſpecies, we do not meet with one expreſſion of reverence and admiration for thoſe who firſt explored the obſcurities of mind, and lighted up thoſe beacons by which inferior adventurers have been enabled to point out the errors of their courſe. Mr Forſyth proceeds too much like a cold-blooded dogmatiſt, who will receive no aſſiſtance and fears no oppoſition;—he rebukes all preceding philoſophers in a few authoritative ſentences, and then delivers his own doctrines with the moſt perfect confidence and compoſure: he afterwards illuſtrates them with great perſpicuity, and frequently with conſiderable force and vivacity, but in a manner, on the whole, ſo ungraceful and overbearing, as infallibly to diſguſt all thoſe who may not agree with him, and even to give ſome diſpleaſure to thoſe who may concur in his concluſions.

The greater part of the book conſiſts of a clear and conciſe expoſition of the beſt eſtabliſhed doctrine with regard to the principles and operations of the human mind; illuſtrated, in many places, with conſiderable originality; and purſued, upon ſome occaſions, to new and ingenious concluſions. The novelties, however, are more frequently tainted with raſh and ambitious paradox; and the utility and effect of what is unexceptionable, is conſtantly

constantly impaired by the recurrence of the fundamental illusion, or solecism rather, upon which the whole system is so perversely rested.

Morality, our author observes, is that science which professes to regulate the actions of men, and may be divided, he is pleased to inform us, into two separate inquiries; *1st*, To what end our actions should be directed; and, *2d*, What are the means by which this end may be attained. Upon the first, which is nearly parallel to the famous speculations of the ancients on the nature of the *summum bonum*, he enters into a long and elaborate discussion, for the purpose of establishing his grand paradoxical discovery, that happiness is by no means the natural or proper object of human pursuit.

The whole inquiry after the *summum bonum* is now obsolete, we believe, in the writings of philosophers; because, though it was never before denied, that happiness (with which good is synonymous) was the only conceivable object of voluntary exertion, it was found impracticable to fix the relative value of the different sources of happiness which the bounty of nature has opened to us, and altogether useless to invest any one with a nominal supremacy over all the others. We did not augur much good, therefore, from the first annunciation of Mr Forsyth's inquiry into the proper end of human pursuit; but we certainly did not conceive it possible that any one should be found, more especially in this country, and this part of the country, who would seriously maintain, at this day, that happiness is not the chief good of a sentient creature, and that it is a great mistake to suppose that men are rationally employed in seeking their own enjoyment, or promoting that of others. Such, however, is the doctrine which this author propounds, and to which he is even pleased to say, that all men, in their hearts, are really converts, though led into a very general error in speculation, by the oversight of all preceding philosophers. That the reader may not suppose we exaggerate, in any degree, the extravagance of this proposition, and may learn, at the same time, what it is that our learned countryman recommends to them as an object of pursuit, instead of happiness, we quote the following sentence.

"It appears to me, then, that the great object which the human race ought to pursue, and the attainment of which they ought to regard as the business of their lives, is not to produce happiness, pleasure, or felicity, in themselves or others; but that, on the contrary, the end for which they were formed, and which alone they can pursue with success, is the improvement of their whole intellectual faculties, whether speculative or active. In one word, it is the business of man in this

world to endeavour to *become an excellent being*, possessing high powers of *energy* and *intelligence*. This is his *chief good*; and ought to be the great and ultimate object of his pursuit, to which every other consideration ought to be sacrificed.' p. 9.

We do not imagine that any one who is capable of understanding the question, will require any argument to convince him of the fallacy of this strange proposition. The end of our actions is prescribed to us by nature, and not by reason. A rational being cannot even be supposed to act voluntarily, except with a view to its own good—to gain something agreeable, or avoid something disagreeable: but good, agreeable, desirable, excellent, are all mere synonymes for happiness—not immediate or sensual happiness, but that happiness which is the most exquisite, the most durable, and the most secure. It is absolutely impossible that we should not always aim at this happiness, or that we should ever aim at any thing else. Intellectual energy, fortitude and virtue, can have no value in our eyes, except in so far as they have a tendency to promote our own happiness, or that of others; and it amounts almost to a contradiction in terms, to say, that, if we are wise, we should pursue them for their own sake, without any view to the gratifications that may be derived from them, and indeed upon the very principle that such gratifications should never enter into our consideration at all. If we are to receive no gratification, either present or future, in mind or in body, from our actions, it seems quite apparent that we should never act at all. There must be a *motive* to excite volition, as certainly as an impulse to begin motion; and a motive neither does nor can mean any thing but an apprehension of good to be attained, or evil or uneasiness to be avoided.

All this, we should think, is sufficiently plain; but as Mr Forsyth has really taken a great deal of pains with his paradox, it is but fair that we should take some notice of the reasons by which he has supported it. The truth is, he says, that, in point of fact, men do not love or admire the causes or appearances of happiness in themselves or others, but reserve all their affection for valour, and self-command, and pity, and beneficence, and other qualities which imply the existence of pain and suffering. It is impossible, we should conceive, to put more bad reasoning into one proposition. In the first place, there are many qualities which we may approve of and admire in others, for which we should not wish to have any occasion in ourselves. It is precisely because we hate pain, and suffering, and danger, and neglect, for ourselves, that we love courage and compassion in others; we love and admire those qualities, therefore, not because they are connected with unhappiness, but because they are opposed to it, and

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promote our ſecurity and enjoyment by their general diffuſion among men. This explains ſufficiently why we ſhould wiſh to ſee ſuch qualities around us. That we ſhould wiſh to poſſeſs them alſo ourſelves, may be explained as eaſily, without having recourſe to the monſtrous ſuppoſition that unhappineſs is an object of deſire. They afford us pleaſure, in the firſt place, through our ſympathy with the pleaſure of thoſe who derive benefit from them, and whoſe gratitude and admiration is both uſeful and agreeable to us. They afford us pleaſure too, by leſſening to us the evil of inevitable misfortunes. A brave man ſuffers leſs, when expoſed to danger, than a coward; and thoſe who are bold and active, ſooner get to the end of their difficulties. In the laſt place, the conſciouſneſs of poſſeſſing theſe qualities is pleaſing, perhaps in conſequence of ſome intuitive and inexplicable law of our conſtitution, or becauſe it frequently gives us aſſurance of obtaining ſome future pleaſure or reward, in this or in another world. We do not preſume to determine, whether virtue can be diſtinctly conceived under any other notion than that of a diſpoſition favourable to happineſs; but we are quite certain, that no quality or diſpoſition could be loved or admired, which had not a tendency to produce preſent or future happineſs to ourſelves or others. Finally, it may be obſerved, that the facts quoted by Mr Forſyth, are altogether inexplicable upon his own hypotheſis. According to him, intellectual energy is the only proper object of human affection or deſire, and it is alſo its natural object; but ſurely there is no great intellectual energy in benevolence, pity, gentleneſs, and all thoſe mild and tender affections that are the natural objects of our love.

Mr Forſyth's ſecond reaſon for holding that happineſs ought not to be the object of our purſuit, is that, in point of fact, it is an object which we never can attain; and he enters into a long diſſertation, to ſhew that no perfect felicity can be expected in this world, and even that no conſiderable addition can be made, by our exertions, to what is conferred upon us by the bounty of nature. The firſt poſition is certainly true; but it is equally applicable to every other object of human purſuit, and would condemn us to perpetual inactivity, if it afforded a legitimate reaſon for deſiſting altogether from the care of them. Does Mr Forſyth really imagine that perfect wiſdom, or mental energy, can be attained in this world, any more than perfect happineſs? or, can he poſſibly hold, that all attainable degrees of happineſs are to be deſpiſed and rejected, becauſe the higheſt degree is not attainable? As to the ſecond propoſition, that we can in no degree increaſe our natural happineſs by exertion, it is evidently either unmeaning, or completely erroneous. If, by natural, he means the

the happineſs which we enjoy without acting, or exerting ourſelves at all, it muſt mean the happineſs of lying ſtill and famiſhing. If voluntary action lead to any part of this happineſs, it is not natural, as oppoſed to any other part of our happineſs; it is gained plainly by exertions, dictated by that very love and regard for happineſs, which it is the purpoſe of this author to repreſs. That unthinking men very often make blunders, and prefer a tranſitory to a laſting enjoyment, or an uncertain to a ſecure one, is undoubtedly true; but the remedy for this is, to ſtudy and underſtand both the value and the conſtitution of happineſs, not to diſregard and deſpiſe it altogether.

The third argument againſt the purſuit of happineſs, is very nearly akin to the preceding. It is, that it is manifeſt the Creator never intended us to enjoy happineſs, but only to become wiſe and excellent beings. And here, we are told again, of extremes of cold and heat, tempeſts, and wild beaſts—ſhortneſs of life, wars, peſtilence, and ennui. All this may ſerve to ſhow that perfect happineſs was not intended for men upon earth. But ſurely it would not be difficult to ſhew, that bountiful proviſion has been made for a very conſiderable degree of enjoyment, and cannot require to be ſhewn at all, that man was formed by his Creator to love and to ſeek after thoſe various enjoyments, and to be guided, in every act of his will, by the proſpect and the hope of attaining them. Intellectual improvement leads to many of thoſe pleaſures, and may itſelf be reckoned as one of the moſt conſiderable; and proviſion is made therefore for that object, as well as for all the reſt. But Mr Forſyth ſurely cannot maintain that proviſion is made for perfect wiſdom, or that there are not as many phenomena in the univerſe to prove, that the intellectual improvement of his creatures could not have been the end of the Creator, as that their felicity could not. In point of fact, the number of individuals who improve their underſtanding by their own exertions, is incomparably ſmaller than that of thoſe who add to their happineſs; and the ſum of enjoyment, accumulated in the world by the exertions of men, is certainly much greater than that of wiſdom or virtue. How many millions live and die, for countleſs generations, without making any ſenſible advancement in intellectual attainments! How often does diſeaſe or oppreſſion arreſt the progreſs of that which is moſt happily begun! And does not death cut off the promiſe of mental excellence as effectually as of actual enjoyment? The fact is, however, that this argument, from the views of the great Creator of the univerſe, is in its own nature preſumptuous and inconcluſive. We do not know the deſigns of the Creator in the conſtruction of the univerſe, or the ultimate deſtination of men; but we know that he has placed us

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here within reach of many enjoyments, and with a ſtrong and indeſtructible propenſity to obtain them. He muſt therefore have intended them as objects of our purſuit, unleſs he could have intended ſomething very different from what has happened, and muſt always happen in his creation. The idea of its being our duty to cooperate with the deſigns of Providence, and to aſſiſt, as it were, the omnipotent Ruler of the world to accompliſh his incomprehenſible deſigns, is one that, under a certain appearance of piety, implies, we think, the moſt impious preſumption. We muſt at all times cooperate with Omnipotence; and may reſt aſſured, that no act or exertion of ours can either thwart or promote the purpoſes which he executes.

Mr Forſyth has not always ſpoken upon theſe ſubjects with the reverence which we think is becoming. He has ſatisfied us completely, in the concluding part of his volume, that he has a proper impreſſion of the importance of religion, and entertains ſuitable notions of the Divine attributes; but there are in other places paſſages which we conceive to be very objectionable, and even in ſome degree indecent. The coarſe familiarity of the following ſentences, for inſtance, we think exceedingly offenſive.

'But the mode in which men have moſt generally attempted to reconcile the exiſtence of phyſical evil, or ſuffering in the world, with the ſuppoſed purpoſe of its creation, is this: They have added a ſecond ſuppoſition to the firſt. They confeſs that, by ſome croſs accident, the Author of Nature has not ſucceeded in His benevolent plan of producing happineſs in this world; but they allege that He will certainly produce another world, or a future ſtate of exiſtence, after this ſhall have terminated, in which every error will be rectified; thoſe who now are the diſturbers of human happineſs will be puniſhed, and the reſt will enjoy perfect felicity.

'It muſt be obvious, however, that this account of matters is very unſatisfactory. We know the Author of Nature only from His works; and if he has not ſucceeded in the plan upon which He formed this world, it is evident that He may fail in the plan of making a better world.' p. 20, 21.

Enough has been ſaid, we believe, of the wild dream of ſeparating human activity from our purſuit of happineſs: Yet, before we leave the ſubject entirely, we would recommend the following paſſage to the attention of the reader, as a favourable ſpecimen of the author's talents as a writer.

'The whole error upon the ſubject appears to have ariſen from miſtaking the means which Nature employs for the ends or purpoſes which ſhe deſigns to accompliſh. In every work of art, the end or object which the artiſt has in view is diſtinguiſhed by its ſuperior permanence and ſtability from the temporary means which he uſes for its production. When the houſe is finiſhed, and the ſcaffolding taken down, we

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can eaſily perceive that the ſcaffolding was erected for the houſe, and not the houſe for the ſcaffolding. The pain of hunger or thirſt, and the pleaſure of eating and drinking, are both at an end as ſoon as we have gratified thoſe appetites; but the health and vigour which ariſe from proper nouriſhment remain. Hence a rational being can eaſily perceive that hunger is not given for our torment, nor is the pleaſure of eating beſtowed as a ſource of happineſs: They are only given as the means of preſerving our conſtitution in a ſound ſtate. The ſame rule obtains with regard to all our enjoyments. We are led to exertion by the hope of pleaſure; but the pleaſure we receive terminates with the exertion, although the improvement which it produces remains and is permanent. For, in all human efforts, whether ſpeculative or active, two things take place; a certain degree of contrivance and of vigour is exerted, and a certain degree of pleaſure or of uneaſineſs is felt. If the effort is frequently repeated, we learn to perform it with greater eaſe; if it is a bodily effort of a moderate kind, our ſtrength is increaſed in conſequence of it; and if it is an effort of thought, the frequent repetition of it augments our ingenuity and vigour of mind. The caſe is directly the reverſe with regard to the pleaſure or the pain which our exertions produce. Activity is uſually pleaſing; but every repetition of a particular exertion diminiſhes the pleaſure or the pain which it originally produced, till at laſt they are ſcarcely, if at all, perceived. Thus our exertions produce pleaſure, but a pleaſure which is continually diminiſhing; and at the ſame time they produce improvement, but an improvement which is continually increaſing.' p. 22. 23.

All that is ſaid here, is not equally objectionable; but the original blunder has communicated its infection to the greater part. The pleaſure and the improvement which we derive from exertion, will generally be found to follow the ſame law, and not an oppoſite law. If we repeat the *very ſame* act of mind many times, it will ceaſe to produce either; but if the exertion be varied, the pleaſure will laſt as long as the improvement, and be proportionate in general to its rapidity. The radical objection, however, conſiſts in the impoſſibility of defining improvement in any other way than as an increaſed capacity to enjoy or to beſtow happineſs: So that if we follow improvement after the direct and immediate pleaſure of exertion has declined, we only follow one ſpecies of pleaſure inſtead of another.

The following paſſage, which is meant to illuſtrate the fatal conſequences of preferring the purſuit of happineſs to that of intellectual excellence, is a very convincing expoſition of the danger of following caſual and tranſitory enjoyments, inſtead of thoſe that are ſecure and durable.

'We have no ſingle object of purſuit, but alter our ſchemes, as avarice, ambition, pleaſure, or conſcience, chance to be uppermoſt. We perform religious ceremonies from habit, or a ſuperſtitious reverence for we know not what. We indulge our paſſions, becauſe it pleaſes us for the

the instant to do so, or because others do the same. We pursue the objects of these passions with anxiety, and are thrown into grief and despair by disappointment with regard to them. We do kind actions, because we are of a soft temper, or are met with in a good humour; and we act harshly when the contrary is the case. We pursue riches, because the world admires them; and we think ourselves and our families ruined by the loss of them, because fools have said that we are so. Thus we stagger on at random, without principle, through life. At the end of it, we know not whether we have been wise or foolish, and begin to wonder what is to become of us hereafter. The terrors of superstition lay hold of us. Some lay these asleep by levity, and others by vain prayers and repentance: till at last, between hope and despair, we find ourselves compelled to close our eyes, and to take a leap into the dark.' p. 299. 300.

After having settled, in this way, the proper object of all human exertions, Mr Forsyth proceeds to inquire in what this intellectual excellence, to which our whole attention is to be directed, consists; and discovers that it consists, 1st, of a capacity to think and to judge clearly; and, 2d, of a capacity to act vigorously. He then dedicates a short chapter to the examination of former systems of morality, which he explains very imperfectly, and censures with considerable arrogance. The following is almost the whole of what he condescends to say upon modern theories.

'In modern times, several attempts have been made to fix upon some general principle or rule of moral conduct. Dr Clark, for example, asserts, that the great rule of morality consists in acting according to the relations of things; or the fitness of applying certain actions to certain things, or relations of things. Woolaston alleges that we ought to act according to truth, or the true nature of things, considered as they are, and not as they are not; that is to say, we ought to treat our kindred, not as strangers, which they are not, but as our kindred, which they actually are. Shaftesbury maintains, like the Platonists, that the great principle of morality consists in preserving a proper balance among all our affections; so that none of them may exert greater influence than of right belongs to it. An ingenious author, William Godwin, has lately attempted to found a system of morality upon this principle, that, in our whole conduct, we ought to act towards ourselves and others according to strict justice, and that we ought to perform towards every man precisely what is due to him.

'These systems are all erroneous in two points of view. So far as they represent happiness as the proper object of human pursuit, they send us upon a vain chase to catch a rainbow that retires as we advance: So far as they represent propriety or reasonableness of conduct as the great rule of moral action, they are defective, inasmuch as they afford no precise measure by which this propriety or reasonableness can be judged of.' p. 50, 51.

The author then closes the first part of his inquiry, by dividing the

the duties of men into those which they owe to themselves—to the Deity—and to society; and proceeds, in the second part, to consider the duties which man owes to himself, by examining, first, the different exertions of intellect which have a tendency to promote our improvement; and, secondly, the use and effect of the affections and passions by which we are usually stimulated to activity.

In the first chapter, 'On the Human Understanding and its subordinate Faculties,' the author delivers a concise account of what is generally received as to the faculties of perception, memory, and reasoning. With regard to memory, however, he seems to have fallen into a very great mistake, where he appears to think that it is possible to reason without its assistance, or to carry on long trains of speculation, both as to future and past occurrences, with very little aid from that faculty. Now, all that we conjecture of the future, must be founded on what we remember of the past; and all that we infer as to such past events, as we do not know from memory or testimony, must be founded, in like manner, upon what we do remember. Without memory, we could not pursue the most simple reasoning to a conclusion; and as to deductions concerning past or future events, it is evident that our chance of being right depends altogether on the number of analagous cases with which our memory can supply us.

The next chapter is of Imagination, and contains nothing remarkable. The next is entitled, 'Of Arrangement, and the Formation of Language.' The first part is very indifferent;—the second is full of rashness and presumption; but not without considerable indications of acuteness and talent. The author reduces all words to three great classes—substantive nouns, or names of objects—adjectives, or names of resemblances or differences of objects—and verbs, or names of actions or events. Had the second volume of the Diversions of Purley been published when this chapter was written, it would probably have worn another aspect. Some of his observations, however, are ingenious. Of the words good and bad, wise and foolish, for instance, he remarks,

'These do not express the difference between any two particular objects; but they express, in general, all those differences of which we approve or disapprove, in whatever circumstance the difference may consist. Thus the word good, when applied to vinegar, means that it is sour; applied to honey, that it is sweet; applied to oak timber, that it is hard; to a down-bed, that it is soft; to a merchant, that he is rich; to a soldier, that he is brave; and to a scholar, that he is learned.' p. 110.——And afterwards,

'Such words enable us to talk in a general manner of whole classes of the differences betwixt objects, without alluding to any particular individuals;

dividuals; and hence they are the great sources of ambiguity in language, and of misapprehension among men. Thus one man calls it wisdom to gather money; another calls it wisdom to get himself talked of; a third accounts himself wise when he knows how far it is to the moon; and a fourth, when he understands some unknown tongue that nobody cares about. Some people account every thing poverty that is below an hundred thousand pounds Sterling; while others think themselves rich with the hundredth part of that sum. When such general words, therefore, are used by a man without a previous explanation of the particulars included by him under them, we can derive little benefit from his discourse.' p. 112.

He has a strange speculation on the dreadful consequences that have followed from the adoption of secondary substantives formed from adjectives and verbs;—such words, he observes, being merely intended to express the idea belonging to their etymon, do not, like the proper original substantives, denote any real existence; but, from the similarity of their form, men were led to ascribe such an existence to them. The poets personified them, and many of them even grew up into deities; till the world at last exhibited the strange spectacle of temples dedicated, and priests consecrated '*to the worship of mere vocables.*' The whole notion, we conceive, is absurd, and might be easily confuted. The author has confounded, in a great measure, the names of actions and qualities with the names of classes and genera of objects. To this chapter is annexed an appendix, containing a very unsatisfactory account of the distinction between the faculties of man and the lower animals. He makes it depend upon our exclusive possession of the power of voluntary memory; and illustrates it very unfortunately in the instance of speech, in which it is quite evident that the sight or conception of the object suggests the name, not in consequence of any effort of recollection, but by the force of such customary associations as he allows brutes to be capable of. This discourse concludes with a notable piece of obscure materialism, which seems intended to shew, that intellectual energy may be occasionally transmuted into bodily strength. If, in consequence of any defective conformation, this intellectual energy cannot be exercised in the natural and ordinary way, it will act and exhaust itself, we are told, in some other manner; 'and hence,' says Mr Forsyth, 'arises the restlessness and extraordinary strength of madmen.'

The succeeding chapter treats of Taste. We have given our readers enough upon that subject in a preceding article. Mr Forsyth is of opinion, that all beauty consists in utility, or in the adaptation of every object to its end; and he also thinks, that sublimity is only a very high degree of beauty. Assuredly we do not think

think with Mr Forsyth. Towards the end of the chapter, he proceeds to inquire into the value of the fine arts, and their utility and function in society; and delivers an opinion so peculiar and characteristic, that (though the passage does contain a statement which we could have wished not to publish to any but our own countrymen) we are tempted to lay a part of it before our readers.

'The use of the fine arts, then, seems to be this: When men are altogether barbarous and ignorant, it is of much importance to prevail with them to exert their faculties with regard even to the most trifling objects. A marvellous tale told them in a song produces this effect. All the efforts of the fine arts are addressed to the passions. It is necessary they should be so to excite the attention of barbarians. They have only an indirect tendency, therefore, to render mankind rational. They foster and soothe the passions of love, ambition, and vanity; but they also teach men to admire skill and ability, and to take delight in something else than war, gaming, gluttony, and idleness, which are the vices of all savages. As succeeding artists improve upon each other, their countrymen become more discerning and skilful, till at last a great proportion of mankind learn to take delight in the exertion of thought, and in the pursuits of literature and of knowledge. When this object is accomplished, the fine arts have done their duty; and an important duty it is, seeing they are the means of alluring the human race to the pursuit of intellectual improvement. In themselves, however, and without regard to this object, they are of little real value; for a man is not a more excellent being when his ears are tickled by music, than when he hears it not; and we derive no greater improvement from an important truth, when it is conveyed to us in rhyme, than when it is conveyed in prose. To be a good judge of painting or of music, a man must no doubt possess a certain degree of intellect; but this degree is so moderate, and is capable of being acquired in so many other ways in a literary age, that the production of it by means of these arts, affords no adequate reward for their laborious cultivation.'

'In Scotland, for two hundred years past, we have had almost none of these arts. We have no splendid musical establishments. We have banished music from our religion; and it is little valued either by the enterprising or the speculative part of the nation. We have had a few good painters, but little attention has been paid to their works. We have few collections of paintings; and our most intelligent men have no knowledge of the beauties of the art, and give it none of their attention. Our poets have also been few; because poetry is held in little estimation, and the cultivation of the art is accounted a waste of time that produces no respectability.

'Yet the Scots, are so far from being a barbarous people, that their country has been one of the most fertile nurseries of intelligent and accomplished men. Not only are those who remain at home of a sober and well-informed character, but crowds of well educated and active young men are daily issuing forth to all quarters of the globe; and by their

their literature and their assiduity, obtaining possession of important stations in every country. It is evident, therefore, that in modern times at least, as high a degree of civilization and of intellectual improvement as has yet appeared in the world, may exist where the fine arts are almost entirely neglected.'

This comes of holding all sorts of pleasure and gratification—even the innocent and permanent gratifications arising from the exercise of taste—as of no sort of value or importance. But is it possible that, for two hundred years past, we have been so sedulously occupied in Scotland with the improvement of our intellectual energies, that we have voluntarily trampled upon all those allurements?

The next chapter, 'On the Causes of Error in Science,' is judicious. The following speculations are not altogether sound; but they are certainly ingenious and important.

'Some individuals having discovered a portion of the errors into which mankind have fallen upon religious and political subjects, rashly concluded from thence, that they could not depart too far from vulgar notions and prejudices; and thus, from supposing that all truth must consist of novelties, they have rendered their own efforts of little value, by the extravagant fancies in which they have been ultimately led to indulge. Others, on the contrary, from a firm attachment to the opinions which found earliest access to their minds, perceiving that they contain much truth, and that great absurdities have been adopted by those who ventured to disregard them, endeavour, as it were, to shut their ears, or to refuse their attention to any challenge that can be brought against received opinions.'—'In this point of view, there seems to be something defective in every mode of education which has yet been devised. From the practice of filling the memory of young persons with opinions which they are as yet unprepared to investigate, and which they cannot afterwards easily relinquish, it unfortunately happens, that persons of regular characters and sober manners are seldom the best qualified for the discovery or discernment of new truths; and that men of defective education and irregular lives often make the greatest discoveries in the sciences and arts, and possess comparatively more acute discernment than persons of better intentions and character. The celebrated Paracelsus, whose notions made so great an impression in the medical world, is a noted instance of acuteness of mind as separated from private respectability; and the misfortunes and vices of some distinguished English poets and men of letters, seem to establish the principle, that the minds which too easily receive education, or the habits approved by mankind, are apt, by the same passiveness of temper, to remain satisfied with whatever notions have been early impressed upon their memory, and avoid making valuable speculative efforts; whereas the more turbulent and restless spirits, by the very errors into which they plunge, escape imbibing unexamined opinions; and thus remain better qualified for the exercise of the understanding. Perhaps the more

laborious religious education which the Roman Catholics receive, is the chief cauſe of their inferiority of invention to thoſe educated in Proteſtant countries. That education would be the beſt which ſhould inculcate the feweſt unintelligible and unexamined opinions; while, at the ſame time, it ſhould excite the mind to ſpeculative curioſity, and produce habits of regularity and temperance in private life.' p. 172, 173, 174, 175.

The author then proceeds to examine the relative importance of the ſciences; and gives, as might be expected, the firſt place to his own.

'The human race are ſo ſituated in this world, that the greater number of them muſt engage in ſevere labours; and the reſt are induced voluntarily to ſubmit to much toil. But moments of reflection are apt to come upon all men. The poor man ſometimes becomes diſſatisfied with his condition; the wiſe are apt to ſtand ſtill, and to queſtion the utility of all their cares; and the unhappy have at times dropped their taſk, to conſider why it ought not to be abandoned for ever. Men of ſcience have ſaid of books that they are unprofitable, and produce only wearineſs; and men of buſineſs have ſuſpected, that the buſtle of life is an idle labour, that brings no adequate reward. Theſe are difficulties which moral ſcience ought to explain. It accordingly teaches us, that our ſucceſs in life depends, not upon the pleaſures we enjoy, or the ſituations we occupy, but upon the intelligence and vigour of character which we acquire.' p. 182.

This is very well; but he goes a little too far, we think, when he ſays, that though every man need not be an aſtronomer, a mechanic, or a huſbandman, yet every one 'ought to underſtand the true value, to himſelf and to mankind, of aſtronomy, of mechanics, or of agriculture.' To phyſics he gives due honour in its turn; but we confeſs we were not a little ſurpriſed when we found it ſtated, that among the benefits likely to flow from the general cultivation of chemiſtry, it was deſtined to prevent the Engliſh language from ſuffering the corruption which occurred to the Greek and Roman tongues. The reverſe of this is ſo obvious, both from the multitude of barbarous and pedantic words with which the proficients in this ſcience are uſed to deform their ordinary diſcourſe, and from the crowd of authors whom it has drawn from ſhops and laboratories, inſtead of academies and cloſets, that we proceeded to the ſolution of Mr Forſyth's paradox with ſome degree of impatience. It is, as might have been expected, altogether unſatisfactory. In detailing an intereſting experiment or diſcovery, he fancies that a writer can never be tempted to diſplay his eloquence in pompous periods or affected alluſions. Is Mr Forſyth unacquainted with the ſtyle of Darwin or Buffon? or muſt we refer him to the ſtrictures we have been forced to make upon that of Count Rumford, Mr Leſlie, and Dr T. Young?

From

From the succeeding chapter 'On Intellectual Fatigue and Amusement,' we extract the following lively paragraph.

'The pleasure derived from activity is so great, and in the north of Europe, at least, the energy of the human character is such, that absolute idleness, or a suspension of voluntary exertion without sleep, speedily produces much uneasiness. Accordingly, to get quit of this state, and to enjoy a portion of the pleasure derived from activity, many persons, who are not under the necessity of earning a subsistence by constant employment, have devised what are called *amusements*, wherewith to occupy themselves. These amusements are generally, at best, absolutely useless and unimproving occupations. They are attempted to be justified as a relief from the fatigue which results from steady attention to any particular important object. In truth, however, they are in general nothing more than a set of ingenious and pleasant contrivances to enable individuals to pass through life with as little benefit as possible either to themselves or others.' p. 196. 197.

Of course, he has no toleration for card-playing; and answers, in a very testy manner, to the common apology, that it is a necessary resource to render society agreeable, 'What business have a set of persons to come together, who have nothing to say to one another? or why do they remain together, when every thing pleasant or instructive which they had to say is exhausted?' These are tremendous questions: We should tremble to be obliged to answer them.

This finishes the author's view of the speculative part of our nature. We come next to the active principles; and first to the Appetites. These, of course, he holds in contempt, along with all moral philosophers. He falls foul of the pleasures of the table with something of ascetic severity; and with a certain degree of national *naiveté* which exceedingly delighted us, he observes—

'It is also said to be in some measure owing to this vice, that a smaller proportion than formerly of the English dignified clergy, and others holding conspicuous stations in the universities or elsewhere, now possess a distinguished literary reputation.' p. 211.

The Benevolent Affections come next under review, and meet with very little quarter from the unrelenting champion of intellectual energy. In so far as they are founded upon the casual associations of memory, and not upon a fair and impartial estimate of what is truly excellent in their objects, they can only be considered, he maintains, as weaknesses. They impair, in some measure, our self-command and power of discrimination; and, when intellect is fully matured and arrived at perfection, must give place to a candid and impartial appretiation of whatever is excellent in the universe. This is another of the lamentable consequences of disregarding happiness as an object of pursuit. So long as the benevolent affections continue to afford us gratification, we

think it most probable, that the improvement of intellect will only excite men to cultivate them more carefully. In point of fact, it is believed, we never love any thing but what is worthy of our love; and it is a wise, as well as an immutable law of nature, that we should give most of our love to the amiable qualities of those with whom we live most constantly, to whom we can do most good, and from whom we can receive most pleasure, rather than to some still higher excellence with which we have no connexion.

The Malevolent Affections and Passions, Mr Forsyth thinks, are of great use in sharpening the talents and developing the energies of the people among whom they are exercised; but they are degrading to the individual who is influenced by them, and will infallibly be checked and repressed by the gradual improvement of reason.

The next chapter, 'On the Passion of Avarice,' contains some judicious observations, but bears marks of great precipitation and inaccuracy. He defines it, as usual, as the desire of hoarding; and then observes, that Sparta, Athens, and Rome, all fell before this passion; and that no people has yet existed whom it has not been able to overthrow. Now, it is plain, we think, that it was not the desire of amassing, but the desire of spending, that undermined the power and the virtue of these nations. *Sævior armis*, luxuria *incubuit*. In explaining the beneficial effects of this passion on society, he seems again to confound it with that reasonable care for comfortable subsistence, and that generous love of independence, which form undoubtedly the great incentive to all regular industry. The practical observations, however, though not new, are forcible and sound.

'It must often be recollected that riches of themselves are of no value; that though the pursuit of them may be necessary to rouse the activity of ignorant men, yet that the possession of them to an individual is of little importance indeed. They can even seldom be rendered the means of doing direct good, that is to say, of producing excellence. For although Providence improves men in an oblique manner, by leading them to pursue wealth, yet to bestow it at once upon them has usually a contrary effect. Although a very rich man, then, can do some harm in the world, he can seldom do much good. If he bestow his riches upon an individual, he injures that individual, by depriving him of at least one inducement to the exertion of his talents. The best use of great wealth, therefore, often consists in scattering it prudently among many persons, so as to produce as little mischief as possible; that is to say, so as not to render the acquisition of more of it unnecessary to them. But while man remains in this world, it is to be feared that the necessity of pursuing a certain degree of wealth will always render the passion of avarice a dangerous rock in his way towards a very high degree

degree of intellectual excellence. The only ſecurity againſt that paſſion will be found to conſiſt in the clear diſcernment of what is truly valuable, and worthy of being ſought after by a rational being.' p. 261-2.

There is nothing remarkable in the chapters on Self-Love, Ambition, &c. After theſe, we find a diſſertation 'On the Paſſion for Reforming the World,' of which magnanimous propenſity Mr Forſyth has made a diſtinct and ſeparate principle of action; and has aſcribed to it the conqueſts of Mahomet, the wars of the Reformation, and thoſe of the French Revolution. There is a great deal of good ſenſe and ſagacity in his conciſe views of theſe tranſactions; but our limits will no longer enable us to make any extract.

After ſome obſervations on Joy and Grief, and the effects of Habit, the author comes to his review of the Value of the Paſſions. This is a long chapter; and is written with very conſiderable ability. The reſult is, that though, in the infancy of human reaſon, the agency of the paſſions is of incalculable utility in developing thoſe energies, the value of which cannot then be underſtood, yet, as they accompliſh this object at the riſk of great degradation and much obſtruction to our intellectual improvement, they ought to be repreſſed and extirpated as ſoon as we come to perceive that the only true end of our creation is to promote that improvement in ourſelves and in others. Some hiſtorical ſketches of the progreſs of ſociety are introduced to illuſtrate this propoſition; and the reaſoning is ſummed up in the following manner.

'In the mean while, it appears impoſſible to avoid admiring the ſkilful manner in which the moral education of the human mind is contrived, and particularly the way in which the paſſions are rendered ſubſervient to our intellectual progreſs, previous to the period at which we acquire ſufficient diſcernment to enable us to purſue directly, and from our own choice, the object on account of which we received exiſtence. Every one of the paſſions leads us to perform ſome duty, or to do the very ſame actions which an enlightened underſtanding would have led us to perform had we been poſſeſſed of it. A complete knowledge of what is excellent, and worthy of purſuit, would induce us to preſerve ourſelves, and to propagate our ſpecies, that intelligent beings may abound, and that reaſon and virtue may be cultivated on the earth. The ſame knowledge would have led wiſer beings to repel and to diſarm unjuſt violence, to exert their talents in the cultivation of every art, to accumulate the means of ſubſiſtence, to bind together ſociety by a reciprocity of good offices, and to ſeek diſtinction and eminence, that they may be employed for wiſe purpoſes. But hunger and thirſt, luſt, avarice, ambition, vanity, and ſelf-love, induce us to purſue the ſame objects. The conſequence is, that when the human mind becomes improved, and we diſcern our true ſituation and buſineſs in this world,

we find that we have been performing the very ſame actions that we would have wiſhed to perform had we poſſeſſed the higheſt conceivable degree of knowledge and ſelf-command. Thus are we trained up in the way wherein we ſhould go; and thus, when we acquire extenſive views of truth and excellence, we are under no neceſſity of changing our conduct. We continue to perform the ſame actions, but with different motives and purpoſes; reaſon, or the deſire of perfection, being now become the motive, as blind inclination or paſſion was formerly.' p. 330. 331.

Our author then cloſes his ſecond part, on the private duties of man, with ſome obſervations on the comparative advantages of a ſpeculative and an active life; and proceeds, in the third part, to conſider the duties of man towards his Creator.

There is a good deal of dogmatiſm and harſhneſs in this part, and many things that are likely to give offence to thoſe who are not aware that even Chriſtian philoſophers are in the practice of diſcarding revelation entirely from their minds, when ſpeculating on the principles and evidence of mere natural theology. In the chapter on the being of the Deity, he is a good deal perplexed with the metaphyſical objection, that if all exiſtence requires a cauſe, the exiſtence of the Deity ſhould be explained in the ſame manner; and that it is quite unphiloſophical and uſeleſs to have recourſe to an uncauſed Deity, in order to avoid the difficulty of an uncauſed world. He endeavours to get rid of the objection, by ſome obſervations on the nature of mind, which, he ſays, we are only led to aſcribe to a Creator, from the recollection and obſervation of its having had a beginning in human creatures; but which, in its own nature, ſeems to be independent and eternal. We have no reaſon, therefore, for ſuppoſing that the Supreme Mind ever had a beginning, or proceeded from an antecedent cauſe. As to the attributes of the Deity, he admits all the natural attributes on the ordinary grounds; but is inclined to deny abſolute goodneſs or beneficence upon the peculiar grounds of his own ſyſtem; and holds the other moral attributes of juſtice, &c. to be improperly aſcribed to a being, who can neither have errors nor duties.

In two ſubſequent chapters, on the nature of the divine government of the univerſe, Mr Forſyth maintains, and we think with great force of reaſon, that it is infinitely more rational to aſcribe every ſeparate movement, and the continuance of every energy, to the immediate and inceſſant agency of the Supreme Being, than to contemplate the univerſe as a great machine, which performs, without his interference, the taſk which has been aſſigned to it.

'Thus, at every moment,' (ſays our author) 'by night and by day,

day, during the lapſe of ages, the ſilent energy of the Author of the univerſe is occupied in binding together every particle of the rocks of which the mountains and the ſolid globe of the earth are compoſed, and in preſſing towards the ocean every ſingle drop of water that flows in ſo many ſtreams. When fire burns, it is becauſe his preſent power is forming new combinations, and forcing aloft the lighter ſubſtances, according to rules which he uniformly obſerves. Every blade of every plant that grows is an exertion of his energy; and every feeling, and every action of every animal on the earth, or in the waters, is an immediate effort of his power: So that, in truth, the univerſe is nothing elſe than a continued work or exhibition of Divine power conſtantly preſent and producing whatever exiſts.' p. 384. 385.

He next proceeds to inquire whether the actions of men are in like manner to be conſidered as the neceſſary reſult of the Divine ordinances, and as part of the great ſyſtem of action appointed and produced by his unceaſing agency. This leads him to conſider the celebrated controverſy, as to the neceſſity or freedom of human actions, in which he takes part decidedly with the advocates of neceſſity; and, after a very forcible ſummary of that argument, proceeds with much intrepidity to deduce and to appretiate the conſequences that may follow from it. It is not true, he obſerves, that this notion degrades man to a machine; it rather exalts him to a god.

'Neither is it true,' (he contiuues) 'that this opinion has a tendency to diminiſh the activity of men. It even ſtimulates them to higher efforts, by the proud ſenſe which it inſpires of the excellence of their nature, and by the confidence which they learn to repoſe in the invincible energy which ſupports their efforts and diſpoſes of their exiſtence. It is a notorious fact, in the hiſtory of mankind, that the higheſt exertions of intrepidity and of fortitude have in every age been produced by the belief of this principle. Attila the Hun, and Mahomet the Arabian, preached it with ſucceſs to the barbarians of the North and the South, as the means of inſpiring courage. The Stoics and the firſt Chriſtians taught it to their diſciples as the ſure ſource of ſteadfaſtneſs and reſignation. It never fails to produce that contempt of the dangers and the pleaſures of our preſent exiſtence, which, when well regulated, prepares the mind for the moſt difficult undertakings. Accordingly, the vice into which thoſe who believe this opinion are apt to fall, is not languor or indolence, but raſhneſs and enthuſiaſm. The knowledge that their days are numbered enables them to enjoy the preſent moment, and to regard every ſpecies of future hazard with indifference. The knowledge that their life and their actions are produced and ſupported at every moment by the immediate interference and energy of the Author of the univerſe, removes all ſuperſtitious anxiety from their thoughts, and inſpires them with full confidence in the future conduct of the great Being who condeſcends to be continually occupied with their concerns.

'It is merely a speculative or theoretical notion, that the belief of the predestination, or necessity of human actions, has a tendency to diminish the exertions of men. In real life, we neither eat nor drink with less avidity or pleasure, because we know that hunger and thirst form a necessary part of our constitution. Nor does the poor man labour with less industry for the gratification of his appetites and the supply of his wants, because he foresees it to be his destiny to do so during life. The career of avarice or ambition, of love or revenge, is not proceeded in with less vigour, because we feel ourselves hurried along by the impulse of irresistible passions. The sure prospect of success does not diminish our ardour.' p. 401. 402.

It is no doubt true, the author afterwards admits, that this opinion is irreconcileable with the notion of a future state of judicial rewards and punishments. It is impossible to suppose that the Deity should be at once the author and the punisher of the same actions. This difficulty he endeavours to overcome by a doctrine which, to many, will appear very monstrous and immoral; and which we certainly think propounded with improper confidence, though it is supported with much ingenuity and strength of reasoning. 'There is no moral evil, and no guilt, he maintains, in the eye of the Deity. Men resent certain actions which interfere with their happiness or improvement; but God sees all from a different station; and as he has made and ordained all in his wisdom, he finds all equally good in its way. 'He creates the envious man, for the same reason that he creates the poisonous snake: he forms the ambitious man, for the same purposes as the lion and the tyger.' They call forth prudence and skill in other men, and perform an important part in training the whole species to intellectual energy and improvement. He next attempts to reconcile this doctrine with the subsistence of moral distinctions among mankind.

'But although men cannot properly be considered as possessing either merit or guilt towards their Maker, yet they may very readily be guilty towards each other, and become just objects of punishment. This may seem paradoxical; but it is true. Nature has created certain animals in a state of hostility to each other. The wolf is at war with the lamb, and the hawk with the partridge. Man is at war with many animals, because they are dangerous to his safety. Were a wild beast to rush from the forest, and to assault the village which we inhabit, there is no doubt that both the inclination and the duty of self-preservation would lead us to unite for the destruction of the common enemy. But an ambitious or a covetous man may be as dangerous as a wolf or a lion. If any individual, therefore, insist upon gratifying his avarice, his ambition, or any of his other passions, not by industry or fair arts, but at the expence of the peace and the safety of others, it becomes necessary for mankind to unite and to make war against him. If it is asked, What right

right has man to punish or to put to death his brother, who, as a necessary agent, is not guilty or accountable for his actions in the sight of his Maker?—it may be answered, That we have the same right to make war upon a mischievous man, that we have to make war upon a mad dog, upon a furious wolf, upon a serpent in our way, or upon any other destructive animal.'

'The Creator of this world could have made man at first all love and all kindness; but if he had done so, the moral world would have exhibited a scene of less variety, of less energy, and of less skill. It is by the rage of conflicting passions in the same and in different breasts that all the possible diversities of mind are produced, and that the ruling power of reason is awakened, exerted, and improved in the human character. He who is pursuing his enemy with fierce animosity; and he who is entering with unbounded eagerness into the quarrel of his friend; he who ploughs the rough ocean in search of wealth; and they who are lavish of life in the pursuit of glory—are all becoming skilful and active beings. Amidst the agitated state of things, which is produced by so many passions, it often happens, indeed, that individuals refuse to submit their conduct to any rational restraint; and that mankind, in their own defence, are compelled to have recourse to violence and slaughter. But in such cases, when we say that a man is guilty and punishable, we mean, or at least we ought only to mean, that he is formed with dispositions which render his existence inconsistent with our safety. When we destroy him, the Author of this world disapproves not of our conduct; but at the same time, he regards the man whom we call guilty as an useful being, whom he himself formed with wise intentions, and whose conduct he renders valuable.—Let us guard then against the thunder and the storm, against hunger and disease, against the rage of wild beasts, and of men who obey their passions and not their reason; but let us not assert that deformity or that evil exists in the creation of God.' p. 413—416.

We do not mean to hold out this reasoning as altogether unexceptionable or satisfactory; but it is boldly and strongly urged, and is all, we think, that can be said for the advocates of moral necessity.

The next chapter, 'on the duties of religion,' begins with these sentences, which offered a striking specimen of the author's sagacity, of his coarseness, and of the unbecoming familiarity with which he occasionally treats of subjects, that ought never to be approached but with reverence.

'There is no subject upon which men have fallen into a greater variety of errors, or more gross absurdities, than in their ideas of the services and duties they ought to perform to superior beings. They have fasted, they have feasted, they have lamented, they have rejoiced. They have offered sacrifices of men and of all animals for their gods to feed upon. They have built fine houses for them to dwell in; they have burned incense to please the smell of their divinities, and made concerts

certs of muſic to gratify their ears; they have compoſed ſongs in their praiſe; they have torn their own fleſh with hooks and nails; they have waſhed their bodies almoſt without ceaſing, and they have gone abominably dirty; they have danced; they have remained immoveable on a ſpot for years; they have gone long journeys; they have acted plays; they have whipped themſelves; they have given money to prieſts; they have walked with pebbles in their ſhoes; and, in ſhort, there is ſcarcely a freak or fancy that the human imagination can deviſe, which has not been employed by ſomebody or other to pleaſe his God.

'All theſe errors have ariſen from improper ideas of the Divine Nature. Mankind are always willing to fancy that their Maker differs only from themſelves in the degree of his power to do good or ill. They are always, therefore, attempting to eſtabliſh a commerce with him, to conſiſt of flattery, gifts, ſervices, and ſubmiſſion on their own ſide; and on the ſide of the Deity, of protection, good health, long life, fine weather, good luck, and happineſs in another world. Even after they have become ſenſible of the abſurdity of this pretended traffic, and are ſatisfied that their appointed employment is to act with propriety in their ſituation in life, ſtill they are willing to ſuppoſe that the favour of the Ruler of the univerſe, like that of the rulers of this world, may at times be more ſucceſsfully attained by a ſpirit of humble dependence, of flattery, and of ſolicitation, than by ſeriouſly and ſteadily performing the buſineſs allotted to them. Hence has ariſen the high value which weak minds are continually ſetting upon devotion. They ſee that attendance and flattery at the court of a prince are often a ſurer road to preferment than the longeſt and moſt laborious ſervices performed to the ſtate; and they imagine that the ſame mode of ſeeking preferment will be ſucceſsful at the court of Heaven. This notion gave riſe to the practice of men and women retiring from the world and its buſineſs, to devote themſelves, as they ſaid, to God; and it ſtill gives riſe to the idea that we have duties to perform towards God different from thoſe actions which we ought to perform for the benefit of other men or of ourſelves.' p. 422-24.

In ſpite of all this, however, Mr Forſyth approves of public worſhip in the preſent imperfect ſtate of our intellectual energies, and rebukes profane ſwearers with the ſeverity of a preſbyterian Juſtice. The only duties he can conceive as owing to the Deity, are reſignation to his will, and an humble imitation of his virtues.

The next chapter, containing a compariſon of different religions, is filled with much miſcellaneous matter. The laſt is on a future ſtate of exiſtence. Mr Forſyth is inclined to indulge in this pleaſing belief; but only to a certain extent, and upon reaſons and conditions of his own. The greater part of the common reaſons for reckoning upon immortality, he conſiders as very unſatisfactory, and grounds his own argument entirely upon

upon the capacity of perpetual and unlimited improvement which ſeems to belong to the human underſtanding. But as all underſtandings do not advance in this career of improvement, ſo he thinks that immortality will only be the lot of thoſe who ſhall have made themſelves worthy of it by vigorous advances in the courſe of intellectual improvement; and that thoſe whoſe attention has been entirely engroſſed with ſenſual or worldly purſuits, will ceaſe to exiſt with the diſſolution of that body to which all their habits have a relation. The volume concludes with an oriental apologue, entitled the viſion of Hyſtaſpes, in which this peculiar view of immortality is more fully unfolded.

Such is the ſubſtance of Mr Forſyth's book; which appears to us in all places to indicate an underſtanding rather vigorous than refined, and preſents us with more proofs of the author's confidence in his own powers, than of the pains he has taken to guard againſt their occaſional inſufficiency; he writes, we think, like a man of ſtrong and acute parts, who is not very deeply ſtudied in the ſubjects upon which he is occupied, and who finds it eaſy to perſuade himſelf that the difficulties which he has not ſurmounted need not be attempted by another, and that there is nothing more to be ſeen than what has preſented itſelf to his eye. There is ſomething intrepid and manly in the conſiſtent independence of his argument; but, though there is no aſperity or controverſial acrimony, there is an ungraceful tone of irreverence towards other philoſophers, and ſomewhat too much of a cold and unfeeling dogmatiſm.

His ſtyle is perſpicuous and forcible; but it is never engaging or elegant, and is ſometimes exceedingly homely and vulgar. There are ſome paſſages, indeed, where this plain, low, and ſimple diſtinctneſs produces a very ludicrous effect. Thus, towards the beginning, he ſays, 'Shakeſpeare repreſents *Othello the Moor* as giving this account of the kind of courtſhip by which he, *though a black man*, contrived to win the affection of *a beautiful Venetian woman.*' And in a ſtill more important paſſage, which is meant for a declamation on the uncertainty of all human enjoments, we meet with the following delectable climax. 'We muſt ſow the ſeed, though a ſtranger may reap the harveſt, and we accumulate treaſure to be enjoyed by others: *even the dinner for to-day which we have already prepared may be eaten by another.*' The ſame laudable love of preciſion leads him into certain little redundancies of expreſſion, which have a ſingular effect in compoſition, as they violate our cuſtomary habits of ſpeaking. Thus, in talking of the human race in general, he never can, by any means, prevail on himſelf to uſe the common appellation of 'men,' but, with a due regard to the real ſtate of the

the fact, uniformly says '*men and women*;' and in the same taste we have 'Mahomet the Arabian;' Antoninus the Roman Emperor,' and 'Solomon, King of the Jews.' There are several other blemishes of style; but as the author utterly despises the character of a fine writer, we shall not gratify him by pointing them out.

ART. VIII. *An Account of the Life of Dr Samuel Johnson, from his Birth, to his Eleventh Year. Written by himself. To which are added, Original Letters to Dr Samuel Johnson, by Miss Hill Boothby, from the MSS. preserved by the Doctor, and now in possession of Richard Wright, Surgeon, Proprietor of the Museum of Antiquities, &c. Lichfield.* pp. 140. Small 8vo. London. Phillips. 1805.

In justice to the memory of Dr Johnson, who, more than any other eminent man, has been fated to suffer from the impertinence of biographers and collectors, we shall preface the few remarks which these pages have suggested, by stating, from the editor's own account, how they happen to come before the public. A few days before his death, the Doctor ordered his manuscripts to be indiscriminately committed to the flames; judging, doubtless, that they contained nothing worth preserving; at any rate, resolved to use the unquestionable right which every author has over his own literary property, by preventing any posthumous publication of his writings. His servant, Francis Barber, however, to whom this confidential office was entrusted, thought proper to secrete a small part of the papers, probably rather as a relic of his master than with any view to gain; and the consequence of his disobedience was, that, after his death, his widow sold them to Richard Wright, a collector of curiosities, who sold them to Richard Phillips, a publisher of books in *am*, who will sell whatever can be wire-wove and hot-pressed. And thus, by the combination of all these accessaries, the breach of trust, which was, perhaps, venial in Barber, has become the means of once more holding up his master to laughter. We say, to laughter; for when the world reads the wretched trifles so carefully recorded in this fragment of biography, they will laugh at Johnson's expence, without reflecting that the absurdity of the production consists entirely in its publicity, and that they alone are answerable for it, who have combined to bring it forward, contrary to the will of the author.

After the fragment in Dr Johnson's handwriting had been procured

procured by such means as these, the question next occurred how it could be made into a volume. Nor was this a matter of easy solution; for the relick, however 'curious and interesting' (to use the editor's expression), was unhappily so small, that all the resources of the eking-out art, types, vignettes, and margins, seemed to be set at defiance. Fortunately, it occurred, that a Miss Hill Boothby had written some letters to Dr Johnson, and Mrs Piozzi had published some letters from Johnson to Miss Boothby; so, by printing a number of the former, which, it must be owned have some relation to Johnson, and reprinting several of the latter, a volume has been at length accomplished, calling itself '*a Life of Dr Johnson, by himself.*' Of this volume, however, 'the life' occupies exactly twenty-four very small and widely printed pages, being equal in size, and not much inferior in importance, to the penny books sold by Mr Newberry for the use of children. Of these things our readers shall judge, and also of the merits of Miss Hill Boothby.

The information contained in this 'early biography' of the great English moralist, may be compressed within limits sufficiently narrow. The man-midwife who assisted his mother, said at his birth, 'There is a brave boy;' but he was at first thought to be dead, and could not cry. 'In a few weeks,' proceeds Dr Johnson, 'an inflammation was discovered on my buttock, which was at first, I think, taken for a burn, but soon appeared to be a natural disorder. It swelled, broke, and healed.' p. 10. The boil being thus settled, we have an historical sketch of an issue in his arm; some notices of his bad eyes and scrofulous habit; and a narrative of his adventures on being taken up to London to be touched by Queen Anne. The most remarkable incidents in this expedition, are the following: 'I remembered a little dark room behind the kitchen, where the jack weight fell through a hole in the floor, into which I once slipped my leg.'—'I seem to remember that I played with a string and a bell which my cousin Isaac Johnson gave me, and that there was a cat with a white collar, and a dog called Chops, that leaped over a stick: but I know not whether I remember the thing or the talk of it.' p. 16, 17. Furthermore on his return in the waggon, he was sick, which disgusted a woman, but another woman fondled him. Lastly, In this memorable journey to London, his mother bought him a speckled linen frock, which he afterwards knew by the name of his London frock. At this period of his life there occurs a *hiatus in manuscripto* of thirty-eight pages, and the narrative goes on at his ninth year, with some account of his school exercises. Of this detail, the following may serve as a specimen.

'On

'On Thurſday night a ſmall portion of Æſop was learned by heart, and on Friday morning the leſſons in Æſop were repeated; I believe, not thoſe in Helvicus. On Friday afternoon we learned *Quæ Genus*; I ſuppoſe that other boys might ſay their repetition, but of this I have now no diſtinct remembrance. To learn *Quæ Genus* was to me always pleaſing; and *As in Præſenti* was, I know not why, always diſguſting.

'When we learned our Accidence we had no parts, but, I think, two leſſons. The boys that came to ſchool untaught, read the Accidence twice through before they learned it by heart.

'When we learned *Propria quæ Maribus*, our parts were in the Accidence; when we learned *As in Præſenti*, our parts were in the Accidence and *Propria quæ Maribus*; when we learned *Syntaxis*, in the former three. *Propria quæ Maribus* I could repeat without any effort of recollection. I uſed to repeat it to my mother and Tom Johnſon; and remember, that I once went as far as the middle of the paragraph, "Maſcula dicuntur monoſyllaba," in a dream.' p. 20, 21.

His tenth year is occupied with ſimilar ſchool anecdotes, and alſo with a ſevere character of ſome of his relatives. With reſpect to himſelf we only find two facts noticed; that he was much pleaſed with a whip which had a rattle, and wrote of it to his mother; and that on a viſit to his aunt he ate ſo much of a boiled leg of mutton, that ſhe uſed to talk of it, and his mother ſaid it would hardly ever be forgotten. After a few more details of what they read at ſchool, how often they were puniſhed, what the maſter ſaid, and what the uſher ſaid; this 'curious and intereſting' work breaks off, as we before ſtated, at the twenty-fourth page.

Then follow Miſs Hill Boothby's letters, which make up the volume. Of this lady, Dr Johnſon ſaid 'that ſhe had the beſt underſtanding he ever met with in any human being.' Of a perſon ſo praiſed by ſuch a critic, the epiſtolary correſpondence may well excite intereſt. But, alas! we read but few pages of it before we recollect that the author was a lady, and ſuſpect that her critic was in love. In fact, letters of a leſs intereſting nature have not hitherto, we believe, been offered up to that indiſcriminate rage for letter-reading, which diſtinguiſhes the preſent generation. They conſiſt of Miſs Boothby's affection for Dr Johnſon, whom ſhe begins by taking under her protection, and ends by making her 'deareſt friend.' They are interſperſed with compliments and inquiries,—ſome few advices of a ſerious nature, which, we know not how, ſhe ſeems to have thought her correſpondent ſtood in need of,—ſome medical receipts, and other bits of doctoring; and innumerable accounts of the lady's health, from time to time, and of the progreſs of her nephews and nieces. The ſtaple article, however, of this epiſtolary commerce, ſeems to have been Miſs Boothby's admiration of Dr Johnſon's

Johnſon's writings; and it muſt be confeſſed, that, conſidering the relative magnitudes of the two correſpondents, ſhe deals it out as if ſhe were ſufficiently ſenſible of its high value. She ſeems rather to patronize and foſter Dr Johnſon's merit, than to lay her devotion at his feet, in the ſtyle of Richardſon's female correſpondents; and, indeed, in this particular, Miſs Boothby differs ſo much from all the other inſtances which we have ſeen of ladies honoured with the friendſhip of great men, that one can ſcarcely avoid thinking there muſt have been a little mixture of a more tender paſſion in the caſe, at leaſt on Johnſon's part. In the following advice, ſhe has mingled more flattery than ſhe uſually beſtows on him.

'I am enabled to march on ſteadily with my ſhattered frame; how long, I think not of, but wait cheerfully for

"kind Nature's ſignal of retreat"

whenever it pleaſes God.

'I hope, however, to ſee you the *author of a Great Dictionary* before I go, and to have the pleaſure of joining with a whole nation in your applauſe: and when you have put into their hands the means of ſpeaking and writing the Engliſh language with as much purity and propriety as it is capable of being ſpoken and wrote, give me leave to recommend to you your future ſtudies and labours—let them all be devoted to the glory of God, to exemplify the true uſe of all languages and tongues. *The vanity of all human wiſhes*, you have finely and forcibly proved: what is then left for you, but to ſeek after certain and permanent happineſs, divine and eternal goods,

("Theſe goods he grants, who grants the power to gain,")

and with all the great talents beſtowed on you, to call others to the ſame purſuit? How ſhould I rejoice to ſee *your* pen *wholly* employed in the glorious Chriſtian cauſe; inviting all into the ways of pleaſantneſs; proving and diſplaying the only paths to peace! Wherever you have choſen this moſt intereſting ſubject of Religion in your Ramblers, I have warmly wiſhed you never to chuſe any other.' p. 36—8.

We give this lady full credit for excellent intentions in theſe, as well as ſome other lectures of the ſame devout tendency, which ſhe delivers in her letters. But as they are abſolutely the only things in the leaſt degree reſembling diſcuſſion or remark, in the whole of her effuſions, we muſt venture to doubt whether they be ſufficient to ſupport the character given of her by Johnſon, and quoted above, that ſhe had the very beſt underſtanding he had ever ſeen in any human being. Indeed, when her piety finds a vent for itſelf in verſe, we find a ſtill leſs call to admire her. Thus, even the devoutneſs of the poetry (in p. 44.) about Gilead and Divine love, can in nowiſe excuſe its wretched taſte. The correſpondent of Johnſon lived too long after the days of Hopkins to encloſe ſuch lines as theſe in her epiſtles.

"The

" The ſovereign Balm for every heart-felt wound
" Is only in the *Heavenly* Gilead found:
" Whate'er," &c. and ſo forth, down to
——————" Wiſdom *Divine* muſt cure,
" And *Love* inſpire, which *All* things can endure."

But perhaps it was in her character, in the ſtrength of her mind, that Dr Johnſon diſcovered the beſt of poſſible underſtandings. Accordingly, this publication furniſhes an inſtance of her fortitude under afflictions, which is edifying. 'O,'—(ſays ſhe, talking with lightneſs and reſignation of her calamities) 'O—chaiſes and ſuch things are only tranſient diſquiets. I have, on a fine ſtill day, obſerved the water, as ſmooth as glaſs, ſuddenly curled on the ſurface by a little guſt of air, and preſently ſtill and ſmooth again. No more than this are my *chaiſe troubles*. Like Hamlet's ghoſt, *'tis here, 'tis gone.*' p. 96, 97.

That Dr Johnſon highly eſteemed this lady, there can be no doubt. In the courſe of his attempts to eke out the preſent volume, the editor has inſerted a prayer from his '*Prayers and Meditations*,' compoſed on the occaſion of her death; and in one of the letters to her, taken from Mrs Piozzi's collection, we find him preſcribing for her bodily infirmities with an anxiety ſo amiable, and, at the ſame time, a quackery ſo amuſing, that we cannot refrain from tranſcribing the paſſage.

'Dear angel, do not forget me. My heart is full of tenderneſs. Give me leave, who have thought much on medicine, to propoſe to you an eaſy, and, I think, a very probable remedy for indigeſtion and lubricity of the bowels. Dr Lawrence has told me your caſe. Take an ounce of dried orange-peel finely powdered; divide it into ſcruples, and take one ſcruple at a time in any manner; the beſt way is perhaps to drink it in a glaſs of hot red port, or to eat it firſt, and drink the wine after it. If you mix cinnamon or nutmeg with the powder, it were not worſe; but it will be more bulky, and ſo more troubleſome. This is a medicine not diſguſting, not coſtly, eaſily tried, and, if not found uſeful, eaſily left off.

'I would not have you offer it to the Doctor as mine. Phyſicians do not love intruders; yet do not take it without his leave. But do not be eaſily put off, for it is in my opinion very likely to help you, and not likely to do you harm; do not take too much in haſte; a ſcruple once in three hours, or about five ſcruples a day, will be ſufficient to begin; or leſs, if you find any averſion. I think uſing ſugar with it might be bad; if ſyrup, uſe old ſyrup of quinces; but even that I do not like. I ſhould think better of conſerve of ſloes.' p. 137-38.

This volume having quite left Dr Johnſon near the beginning, and gone to Miſs Hill Boothby, concludes, not inconſiſtently, with her epitaph from the pen of her nephew, 'the preſent Sir Brook Boothby,' who, we will venture to aſſert, inherits a large ſhare

of

of his late aunt's poetical vein. From this 'Tribute,' we cannot afford to extract much in justification of our eulogium." Suffice it to attract the notice of the lover of genuine poesy, by the following touching picture.

'Her soul too heavenly for an house of clay,
Soon wore its earth-built fabric to decay;
In the last struggles of departing breath,
She saw her Saviour gild the bed of death'—
—"Blest Lord, I come! My hopes have not been vain."
Upon her lifeless cheek extatic smiles remain.' p. 144.

We have dwelt longer upon this patched volume than its value might seem to require, in order to satisfy such of our readers as only know it by title-page or advertisement, that no publication ever was so misnamed; and that the present rage for memoirs, which infects the public, has seldom given birth to a more barefaced attempt at duping it. We wished also to record our opinion freely upon the hurtful consequences of holding out encouragement to persons entrusted with manuscripts to betray their duty, and bring them before the world, for whose eyes they were never intended. This remark applies to as much of the volume as comes from the pen of Dr Johnson. It signifies less what may be said of Miss Boothby; though we are not without hopes that a fair avowal of the unfavourable judgement which every one must form of such compositions as her's, notwithstanding their claims to mercy, as the posthumous works of a female author, will have some effect in checking the ease with which partial or careless relations now suffer the repositories of their ancestors to be searched by common publishers, whenever a book of anecdotes, or lives or letters, is to be manufactured.

ART. IX. *Recherches sur le Tems le plus reculé de l'Usage des Voutes, chez les Anciens.* Par M. L. Dutens, Historiographe du Roi de la Grande Bretagne, de la Société Royale de Londres, &c. &c. 4to. pp. 37. Deboffe, Londres, 1805.

THE object of this dissertation is to show that the scientific construction of the arch was known to the ancients, and was in practice, even from the most remote periods of antiquity. This opinion is supported by a great variety of citations from ancient and modern writers, and by arguments deduced from the actual remains of ancient buildings, as well as from the description of those which are now no more. Notwithstanding the vast range of time and place which Mr Dutens has embraced—from Egypt to Judæa, from Judæa to Greece, and

from Greece to Italy, he has not been able to ſatisfy us of the truth of his poſition; and we are ſtill of the vulgar opinion, that the ſcientific conſtruction of the arch was entirely unknown to the ancients before the time of Alexander the Great. As the invention of the arch is an event of the utmoſt importance in the progreſs of architecture, and one of the moſt intereſting objects of reſearch connected with its hiſtory; we may be permitted to enter more largely upon this ſubject, and to follow Mr Dutens more cloſely than the magnitude of his work, if conſidered independently of its erudition or the fame of its author, might ſeem to demand.

The author's firſt care is to preſent us with ſeveral words, which he ſays are always explained in dictionaries and by tranſlators, as arch, vault, or dome; and having determined this point, he concludes, that wherever theſe words are found, an argument is diſcovered along with them for the eſtabliſhment of his hypotheſis. That all theſe words may have been employed to ſignify the terms above mentioned, is undoubtedly true; but before Mr Dutens can expect our aſſent to his opinion, it is neceſſary for him to ſhew that they do not admit of any different interpretation, and that they are uſed by the *early writers* as deſcriptive of arches ſcientifically conſtructed. In the firſt place, the primitive and original ſignification of ἄψις, can only be the neceſſary connexion, ariſing from the touching or junction of parts, from ἅπτω, *necto*, ἅπτομαι, *tango*; and in this ſenſe it is uſed by the early writers, from which it came to ſignify the circumference of a wheel, or the wheel itſelf. Thus, Euripides.

Ἁψῖδα πέτρᾳ προσβαλὼν ὀχήματος.

Every circular figure was in like manner called *apſis*; [a] and this word, in later ages, was alſo applied to the circular termination of churches whether the roof was arched or perfectly flat. ψαλὶς, is ſimply *forfex*, ſhears, or ſciſſars; and if it be the form produced by the opening of this inſtrument which has been adopted in architecture, it gives us the idea of a pointed roof, rather than one of a circular ſhape. In after times, it appears to have been ſynonymous with *apſis*. [b] We ſhall have occaſion to diſcuſs the meaning of the word Θόλος, more at large, in the courſe of the following pages: ſuffice it to ſay, that there is every reaſon to believe that it merely ſignified a circular building, without any reference to the form of the roof; and, that it may be

[a] Ἄψιδες, τὰ κύκλα τῶν τροχῶν. αἱ περιφέρειαι. ἡμικύκλια. Heſychius in loco.

[b] Suidas in loco.

be applied to a building with a pointed, as well as a round roof, the ſubjoined paſſage from Heſychius will ſhew. [c] We ſhall however proceed to conſider ſeparately, the various arguments which Mr Dutens adduces in ſupport of his opinions.

The two firſt examples are drawn from periods of the higheſt antiquity; and after having ſufficiently expatiated on each, Mr Dutens concludes by obſerving, that we cannot deſire ſtronger proofs of the exiſtence of arches from the moſt remote ages. The firſt is, the Treaſury of Minyas at Orchomenus, in Bœotia, ſaid to have been built about 1350 years before the Chriſtian æra; and the other, the tomb of Agamemnon and his charioteer Eurymedon, at Mycenæ, erected about 1200 years before the ſame period. There is much confuſion in the deſcription of the Treaſury of Minyas by Pauſanias: it was certainly round, and the roof was not pointed; but there is no word of a dome. It probably was built by the ſtones projecting internally, until they nearly met at the top, when it was covered by a ſingle ſtone, which, according to Pauſanias, regulated the ſymmetry and proportion of the building; alluding, no doubt, to the regular gradation of the ſtones both in form and magnitude, in every direction from this central covering. As there are no remains of this monument, it is difficult to ſpeak concerning it with much accuracy; but if it be of the aſſigned date, we muſt be ſurpriſed to find no alluſion to it, either in Homer or Herodotus; although they both frequently mention Orchomenus. Goguet denies the antiquity of this edifice [d] upon this ground, but Mr Dutens maintains it is alluded to by Homer, and quotes the paſſage where Achilles declares 'he would not wed the daughter of Agamemnon, although ſhe brought for her dower twenty times the wealth which enters Orchomenus.' Now it is very certain from this and other paſſages of ancient writers, that Orchomenus was one of the moſt opulent and flouriſhing cities of the age; but as for the particular Treaſury in diſpute, we can no more conceive it to be alluded to in this paſſage, than we ſhould imagine a perſon talking of the wealth of London, to ſpeak neceſſarily with reference to the individual edifice called the Bank. Herodotus is perfectly ſilent reſpecting it.

The Tomb, Treaſury, or Temple of Agamemnon, ſtill exiſts at Mycenæ, probably in the ſtate in which it was left by the Argi-

[c] Θόλος. στρογγυλοειδὴς οἶκος. &c. Οἶκος ἐις ὃν ἐξὺ ἀποθήσαυρον ἔχων τὴν ἴσην κατασκευασμένος. Heſych. in loc.

[d] Goguet, t. 2. lib. 2. See King's Munimenta Antiq. vol. 2. p. 222. *et ſeqq.* Homeri Il. lib. 9.

ans, after the deſtruction of the city in the 78th Olympiad;[e] that is to ſay, entire as to the building, though deſpoiled of its internal decorations. This edifice is perhaps the moſt ſingular in Greece, and, from the ſtate of preſervation in which it ſtill exiſts, extremely worthy of attention. It is a cone of fifty feet in diameter, and as many in height. Nearly one half of the building is below the ground, which has been excavated for that purpoſe, although the whole be covered with earth, and preſents to a beholder the external appearance of a tumulus, about twenty-five or thirty feet high. It is compoſed of enormous maſſes of a very hard breccia, or ſort of pudding-ſtone: the block, in particular, over the door-way (which diminiſhes very much in breadth at the top, after the Egyptian manner) is no leſs than thirty feet in length, fifteen in breadth, and five in thickneſs. This extraordinary edifice has obviouſly been raiſed by the internal projection of one ſtone over another, until they nearly meet at the top; the curved form and ſmoothneſs being previouſly given to each. The central ſtone at the top has been removed, along with two or three others; and yet the building remains as durable as ever, and will probably laſt to the end of time; which would ſcarcely appear likely, if this had been the key-ſtone and ſupport of the whole edifice. We conceive the Treaſury of Minyas to have been conſtructed in a ſimilar manner, and that the central ſtone, which covered

[e] 460 years B. C. Pauſanias ſays that envy in the Argives, becauſe the inhabitants of Mycenæ ſhared with the Lacedemonians the glory of Thermopylæ, was the occaſion of its deſtruction. The nature and deſtination of the edifice in queſtion is doubtful. Pauſanias ſays that the tomb of Agamemnon was amongſt the ruins of Mycenæ. Μυκηνῶν ὑ δὲ τοῖς ἐρειπίοις. &c.; whereas this is at ſome diſtance from the walls. He alſo deſcribes the ſubterraneous treaſury of Atreus and his deſcendants, as being in the ſame place. Ἀτρέως καὶ τῶν παίδων ὑπόγαια οἰκοδομήματα ἔνθα ἐ θησαυρίσφιση τῶν χρημάτων ἦσαν. This agrees ſingularly well in every thing but the exact poſition. If it muſt needs be a tomb, he mentions that Clytemneſtra and Ægiſtheus are buried at a ſhort diſtance from the walls. Κλυταιμνήστρα δὲ ἰσάφη καὶ Αἴγισθος ὀλίγον ἀπω τέιχ τῦ τείχης. But we imagine that the intervening ſpace between the ancient walls and this edifice was formerly inhabited, and included by Pauſanias in the ruins of Mycenæ: which is the more probable, as the circuit of the ponderous and maſſive walls, ſaid to have been built by the Cyclops, and which ſtill remain, is ſo confined; and the ground itſelf bears ſome marks of habitations. We therefore conclude this to have been the Treaſury of Atreus; but, whatever may have been its uſe, thus much is certain, that it is of the ſame ſtupendous materials and workmanſhip as the walls, and very nearly, if not preciſely coeval with the time of their erection.

covered it alſo, had nothing more to do with the reſt, than as it might regulate the ſymmetrical form of each.

Mr Dutens next examines the plates of various travels in Egypt, with the deſcriptions of travellers; and concludes, as a thing of courſe, that all buildings in that country muſt be of the higheſt antiquity; entirely forgetting that it was long under Greek and Roman dominion, and that every ſpecies of magnificence known to either, was introduced into that luxurious region. We find the works of the Roman Emperors in abundance throughout the whole country, and even in Upper Egypt, amongſt the ruins of Thebes and Tentyra. There is no doubt that we ſhould place to their account, or to that of ſome people in later ages, the erection of arched buildings, whereſoever they may be found. Some which are cited by our author carry the neceſſity of this along with them. For inſtance, when Paul Lucas talks of a bridge of brick having fifteen arches, we recognize at once the Roman work. Aqueducts alſo muſt have been of Roman introduction; for we know that the Egyptians themſelves always conveyed their water by means of canals. Pococke and Norden deſcribe ſeveral bridges and aqueducts, but uniformly repreſent them as works of the Saracens or Turks. Norden, in particular, gives a deſcription of the bridges near the pyramids of Memphis, with a Saracenic inſcription found on them, of which he ſays there are ſeveral.[f] We are referred to the plates and deſcriptions by Denon, of the temples of Apollinopolis Magna at Edfou, and of Thebes at Kournou. It is true, in the views above mentioned are ſeen a variety of buildings containing arches; but we only requeſt the reader to turn to the work in queſtion, and to pronounce if any thing more be neceſſary to prove that they are of modern conſtruction, than the repreſentation there given of them. Thoſe at Edfou are abſolutely ſcattered about, within the very Pronäos and Cell itſelf of the temple; and in Denon's deſcription of the ruins at Kournou, to which Mr Dutens has the boldneſs to refer, we find the following words: 'Il eſt encombré de mauvaiſes fabriques modernes, qui ſe compoſent très pittoreſquement avec la ſéverité du ſtyle antique du monument, et ſon état de délabrement.'[g] Norden alſo mentions the modern buildings of the Arabs at Edfou.[h] But it were ridiculous to dwell longer upon aſſertions that refute themſelves.

Mr Dutens quotes the plates of Paul Lucas, to ſhew that there were arches in the Labyrinth; and ſays, the ſilence of Pococke concerning them is no proof to the contrary, as he did not viſit

[f] Norden, tom. I. pl. 64.
[g] Denon, tom. II. p. 29.
[h] Norden, tom. II. pl. 118.

the remains of this edifice; and that, in like manner, the teſtimony of Herodotus is inſufficient, as he only deſcribes the upper part of the building; not having been permitted to view the apartments below ground. The minutely detailed and particular deſcription of Herodotus, however, is perfectly ſufficient to ſhew that there were no arches in the buildings above ground, which he did examine; and is therefore a ſufficient refutation of the antiquity of thoſe repreſented by Paul Lucas. Pococke, notwithſtanding the extraordinary aſſertion of Mr Dutens, did viſit the Labyrinth, and gives a detailed account of it. He even mentions a ſort of gateway, where he obſerved ſomething like the indications of an arch, which, he adds, would have made him doubt of its antiquity, if there had been evident ſigns of that kind of architecture.[i] It is, indeed, a ſtrong preſumptive proof againſt Mr Dutens, when we find him obliged to neglect Pococke and Norden, the moſt accurate of travellers, as affording him no aſſiſtance, and to fly for ſupport to ſuch an author as Paul Lucas, whoſe very name is almoſt ſynonymous with miſtake and error.

However magnificent the ſtructures of Semiramis at Babylon may have been, there is ſo much uncertainty in the whole ſtory, and there are ſo very few really authentic notices to direct us, that little or nothing can be eſtabliſhed from the ſcanty information we poſſeſs. Strabo talks of hanging gardens ſupported by vaulted roofs.[k] Diodorus mentions the ſame objects, and proceeds to deſcribe an arched paſſage or tunnel under the Euphrates, which he ſays was twelve feet high, without reckoning, according to Mr Dutens, the arched roof. This roof, however, if it ever exiſted at all, we believe was formed by two ſtones of ſufficient length, ſo inclined towards one another as to meet, and cover the whole breadth. From what has been ſaid of ψαλις, the words themſelves we think imply this; but there is a paſſage quoted by Major Rennell, in his Geography of Herodotus, from the journal of M. Beauchamp, which goes far to prove it. Talking of the ruins of a wall which ran perpendicular to the bed of the river Euphrates, he ſays, 'I found in it a ſubterranean canal, which, inſtead of being arched over, is covered with pieces of ſand ſtone, ſix or ſeven feet long by three wide.'[l] We muſt here obſerve, that Herodotus, who had the beſt means of information on the ſpot, is quite ſilent concerning this paſſage, as well as the arches by which the hanging gardens were ſuſtained. It may

[i] Vol. I. ch. 7. Deſcript. of the Eaſt.

[k] Strabo, lib. xvi. Diodorus, lib. 2. 1. 9.

[l] Geogr. of Herod. ſect. 14. p. 369.

may likewiſe be proper to ſuggeſt, that when ſuch authors as Strabo, Diodorus, Pliny, and others, who wrote at a period when the arch was brought to its perfection, are engaged in the deſcription of ſome diſtant, ruined, or perhaps fabulous edifice, it is natural to ſuppoſe they would uſe thoſe terms, and relate that mode of conſtruction moſt familiar to themſelves. Thus, we cannot doubt, that in the time of Diodorus or of Strabo, arches would have been uſed in the ſupport of the gardens of Semiramis, and in the formation of the tunnel under the Euphrates; and, knowing nothing with certainty of the works themſelves, they did not ſcruple to employ ſuch phraſes in their account of them.

We next come to the temple of Solomon, the roof of which, Mr Dutens aſſures us, was vaulted; but the quotations he brings in ſupport of this aſſertion, ſufficiently explain the nature of its conſtruction. The covering was excluſively *of cedar*; and if we adopt the Maſorethic punctuation, the word גבים *gobim*, will ſignify planks, or beams ſawed or cut by inſtruments, from גב *aſſer*, 'tabula, trabs diſſecta et diffiſſa;' which excludes any idea of maſonry, or of an arch.

Mr Dutens refers us to the ruins of Athens for ſpecimens of the arch, in order to corroborate his ſtatements. In any diſſertation of this kind, we naturally turn to Athens for inſtruction and ſatisfactory illuſtration. There it is that every thing moſt admirable in architecture is ſtill to be found; there ſtill riſes the only pure fountain of taſte; and there it is incumbent on all profeſſors of this art to imbibe, by long ſtudy and continued admiration of their works, the true ſpirit and principles which guided the artiſts of Greece.[m] Our author quotes the celebrated work of Stuart, and adduces ſeveral examples from it; but we cannot too ſeverely cenſure the negligent manner in which he has done this. He ſeems merely to have turned over the plates of that valuable and accurate work, and, without ceremony, to have put down whatever he ſaw in the ſhape of an arch; but if he had taken the trouble to have read the author's deſcriptions, it is impoſſible he ſhould

[m] There is at this time an opportunity of giving to the country a ſpecimen of all that is moſt beautiful in Athenian architecture, by the propoſed plans of Downing College, ſhortly to be erected in the Univerſity of Cambridge. Mr Wilkins, the architect, has moſt aſſiduouſly examined his models at Athens; and, with the utmoſt propriety, has limited the object of his own deſigns to the imitation of theſe models, and their adaptation to the ſeveral purpoſes of utility and convenience. We moſt ſincerely hope that nothing may obſtruct the completion of this work, which may go far to lay the baſis of our national practice on the broad and ſtable foundations of Attic taſte.

have referred to him as an authority in favour of his theory. His firſt proof is the Ionic temple near the Iliſſus, where there is not the ſlighteſt mention of an arch of any kind; and accordingly in the plans of its ancient ſtate, nothing like one is introduced by Mr Sutart. But in the general view of its ruined ſtate, by that artiſt, Mr Dutens diſcovered ſomething like the remains of a dome, and he accordingly refers us to this plate; but if he had found it convenient to have looked into the accompanying text, he would have found that this part of the building was erected by the Greek Chriſtians, when the temple was transformed into a church.

The next inſtance is the Choragic monument of Lyſicrates, vulgarly called the Lanthorn of Demoſthenes, which is covered by a ſort of dome; but Mr Stuart would have informed him that the whole roof of this building was formed of a ſingle block of marble, which tapered to a point on the outſide, but was ſomewhat hollowed out within, which affords no ſort of reſemblance to the ſcientific conſtruction of an arch. (Stuart, Ath. v. 1. ch. 2.)

Next follows what Mr Dutens calls the temple of Jupiter Olympius, but which is ſuppoſed by Stuart to have been the Πωικίλη στοα. Here we are alſo referred to the general view of the ruin, where an arch is ſeen to riſe higher than the reſt of the building; but the text would equally have informed Mr Dutens, that when the edifice was converted to a Chriſtian church, this arch was erected by the Greeks to hold their bell, and that it no longer does ſo, owing to the prohibition of that ſound throughout the Turkiſh dominions: And, accordingly, in the plans of the ancient ſtate of the building which follow, this arch is entirely obliterated.[a] The ancient arch amongſt the ruins of the church, called Μεγάλη Παναγία, is, from its workmanſhip, obviouſly of the time of Adrian. Mr Dutens quotes the Theatre of Bacchus from Stuart,[b] and this naturally might appear to him an irreſragable argument; but if he had beſtowed any conſideration on this ſubject, he might have known that the building in queſtion is now determined to be, not the Theatre of Bacchus, but that erected by Herodes of Marathon, ſurnamed Atticus. Dr Chandler firſt ſuggeſted this idea; which has ſince been amply confirmed by excavations on the ſpot. We have alſo ſeen a medal of Athens, repreſenting the Theatre of Bacchus, which, from its relative poſition to the Parthenon, muſt have been on a ſpot quite different from that now occupied by the church in queſtion. The deſcription

[a] Stuart's Athens, Vol. I. ch. 4.

[b] Stuart, Vol. I. ch. 5.

deſcription of Pauſanias, we could alſo ſhew, were it neceſſary, corroborates the fact.[c] The bridge over the Iliſſus, leading to the Stadium Panathenaicum, Mr Dutens may find, is the work of the ſame Herodes Atticus, who entirely rebuilt the latter with white marble. Our author cites a paſſage from Plutarch,[d] which treats of the celebrated temple of Minerva, called the Parthenon, built by Phidias, under the direction of Pericles, and which he tranſlated thus: 'Xenocles de Colargue terminoit le dome ou la coupole qui etoit au deſſus du ſanctuaire du Temple.' The original is as follows: *Τὸ δ' ὀπαῖον ἐπὶ τῷ ἀνακτόρῳ Ξενοκλῆς ὁ Χολαργεὺς ἐκορύφωσε.* Our readers will perceive, in an inſtant, that there is here no intimation of a dome; nay, we will venture to affirm, that the word *ὀπαῖον* never, even in the later ages, ſignified any ſuch thing. It is derived from *ὀπή*, and ſignifies an opening, generally in the roof, through which ſmoke may paſs; it may alſo mean the roof itſelf, as we are inclined to believe it does in this inſtance; for enough remains of the Parthenon to ſhow that it never had a dome; and from the deſcriptions and repreſentations which we have of it towards the end of the ſeventeenth century, when perfect, and before the exploſion of the powder which deſtroyed the roof had taken place, we may be perfectly ſure that there never was any thing of the kind. The roofs of the early habitations of the Greeks, having a hole in the centre through which the ſmoke might paſs, occaſioned *ὀπαῖον* in after ages to be applied to the roof in general, although not of this peculiar conſtruction: inſtances of a ſimilar application of words are not uncommon in the hiſtory of Grecian improvements.

With reſpect to thoſe ſpecimens of arches, alluded to by our author in the Ionian antiquities, and which, without the ſlighteſt authority, he calls 'toutes des tems de la Grece libre' we will beg to aſſure him that, from an attentive examination of the greater part of the buildings themſelves, we are decidedly of opinion, that not one of thoſe mentioned by him in various parts of Aſia Minor, was erected before the Romans were in poſſeſſion of that country. We know that Epheſus, Miletus, Magneſia, Mylaſus, and in particular Troas Alexandria, were flouriſhing and extenſive Roman colonies, and in each of theſe the traveller will, with difficulty, be able to diſcover any remains which are not ſtrongly marked by the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of the age and manner of the Romans.

We now come to the key ſtone of Mr Dutens's ſyſtem: it is no

[c] Paus. Att. Mercur. atticen. Att. ch. 5.

[d] Plutarch. in vit. Pericl.

no leſs than what he thinks the united teſtimony of Plato and Ariſtotle in his favour: he reſts with ſatisfaction on the foundation which it affords him, and declares it would alone be ſufficient to prove that the Greeks were perfectly well acquainted with this manner of building, even if there did not exiſt a ſingle arch to atteſt it. Plato ſays, that the tombs of the principal men of the ſtate ſhould be built in a certain form, and of large and durable ſtones. [a] Mr Dutens tranſlates the paſſage, 'Le Monument—devra etre travaillé en forme de *voute oblongue* composée de pierres excellentes et capables de reſiſter aux injures du tems.' It is difficult to ſay what our author may mean by 'voute oblongue;' nor ſhould we expect our readers to underſtand us, were we to talk of 'an oblong arch.' We have ſaid enough at the commencement of this article to ſhew, that the words ἄψις and ψαλὶς admit of various ſignifications, ſo various indeed, as to juſtify our refuſing to give them the meaning of arch, when uſed by the early writers, unleſs accompanied by circumſtances deſcriptive in themſelves. We know that the ſepulchral monuments of the Greeks, even of the moſt eminent, were generally ſimple; a very ſmall column, or Cippus, as we call it, was uſually erected, and ſometimes a tumulus of earth; hundreds of each are at preſent to be ſeen throughout Greece. What Plato really intended in the preſent paſſage, is doubtful: but we are inclined to believe that he only meant one ſtone, both from the general practice of the people, and from his dwelling on its ſize and beauty.

The paſſage quoted from Ariſtotle would indeed be concluſive, if it were found in any authentic part of his writings; but it is extracted from the tract entitled 'De Mundo,' which we are ſurpriſed to find cited at all by a ſcholar, and utterly unable to receive as an authority in a queſtion of this nature. Mr Dutens can ſcarcely be ignorant of the diſputes concerning this celebrated treatiſe, or that it is given up as ſpurious, by the learned, almoſt with one conſent. We need only, among the hoſt of great names, mention thoſe of Muretus, both the Scaligers, Iſaac Caſaubon, Salmaſius, Voſſius, Heinſius, who all agree in this opinion. There is indeed every internal evidence of ſtyle and manner againſt its authenticity; and when we add the ſilence of the early philoſophers of the Ariſtotelian ſchool, none of whom attribute it

[a] Plato de Legibus, lib. xii. Although the printed copies have ἀψίδα, yet it is probable that the original word was ψαλίδα; for the paſſage is thus quoted, both by Suidas (in loc. ψαλ.) and by Pollux (lib. x. c. v.) If this be the caſe, our ſuppoſition is ſtrengthened by Heſychius, who ſays, ψαλίδες. ἄψιδες τῶν φύλων.

it to their maſter, there appears little reaſon to doubt its being the work of a later period.

It is now neceſſary to aſcertain how far Mr Dutens is juſtified in affirming, that 'as for the word θόλος, it always ſignified, amongſt the Greeks, arch, cupola, dome, rotunda.' After the period when we think it probable the dome was invented, we do not deny that θόλος was uſed with that ſignification: but we will venture to aſſert, that in no inſtance whatſoever can it be ſhewn to have borne any ſuch interpretation, in the deſcription of any building erected before the period alluded to. The only example brought of ſuch an edifice by Mr Dutens, is that at Athens, where the Prytanes were accuſtomed to meet in order to ſacrifice, or for other purpoſes, and which, by the Athenians, we are informed was called θόλος. Our author adduces Pauſanias to prove, that it was ſo denominated from its reſemblance to the heavens, 'ut cœli ſimilitudinem oſtenderet.' (Pauſan. lib. 1. cap. v.) Where he picked up theſe Latin words, we cannot imagine: for there is nothing to warrant them in the text referred to, nor do they exiſt in any tranſlation of that author which we are acquainted with. Pauſanias merely ſtates the fact, that neareſt to the Senate Houſe of the Five Hundred is a place called Θόλος, where the Prytanes are accuſtomed to ſacrifice. [a] From all the writers who mention the word in this ſenſe, it is clear that it was a proper name applied by the Athenians to this individual building; for if, as Mr Dutens imagines, it was the common and univerſal appellation of a dome, why ſhould we always find it mentioned as the ſole and peculiar name which the Athenians had given to this particular edifice? The fact is, that the word is derived from Θολια, a hat, and ſignified merely a circular building, without any reference to the form of its roof. If Mr Dutens had gone a little farther than the Ceramicus Geminus of Meurſius, and looked into Heſychius for information, he would have found ſufficient to have convinced of him of this truth. [b] By the ſame lexicographer, we ſhall alſo find the nature of the roof of this very Athenian building explained perfectly to our ſatisfaction. It was called Σκιας as well as Θολος, and expreſsly from the nature of its roof. Heſychius enters at large upon this article; from whence it is evident, that the covering of the edifice was either a ſort of canvas, or the branches of trees laid over the top. [c] It may

[a] Τῇ βουλευτηρίῳ τῶν Φ' πλησίον Θόλος ἐστὶ καλουμένη, καὶ θύουσί τε ἐνταῦθα οἱ Πρυτάνεις. Pauſan. Attic.

[b] Θόλος. τετραγωνολιθὶς οἴκησις, &c. Heſych. in loc.

[c] Σκιάς. ἡ ἀναδενδράς. καὶ σκηνὴ ἀνοφουμένη. καὶ τὸ Πρυτανεῖον. καὶ κλάδοι ἐυμεμίθεις, σκιάδαι λέγονται. Heſych. in loc. Conf. et Suid. in loc. et Pauſan. Lacon. iii. 12.

may perhaps be worthy of remark, that at Athens, even in the preſent time, the public place of the city, where the Turks and Greeks principally reſort, is always covered over with green branches, which produce the moſt agreeable ſhade. They are generally of the oleander, or roſe-laurel, and are twined in frames erected for the purpoſe.

Mr Dutens proceeds to affirm, that the Etruſcans were alſo acquainted with the uſe of the arch, but his proof reſts entirely on two points: the firſt is, that arches are to be found at Nola, an ancient Etruſcan city near Naples: But Nola was likewiſe a Greek and a Roman city; and it is neceſſary to aſcertain the date of theſe arches, as well as their exiſtence; which laſt our author affirms merely from hearſay. The ſecond proof is, that Pliny, ſpeaking of the labyrinths of Egypt, Crete, and Lemnos, deſcribes that which Porſenna, King of Etruria, built for a tomb; he repreſents it as reſembling thoſe above mentioned, and as being conſtructed on arches. We have already had occaſion to ſpeak of the Egyptian Labyrinth. That of Crete has been very variouſly deſcribed by ancient writers; ſo variouſly indeed, as to prove, in a convincing manner, their ignorance of its real nature. It appears, however, only to have conſiſted originally of natural perforations in the ſolid rock, which were afterwards enlarged and increaſed by art, for the purpoſe of conſtructing a priſon; and it is thus deſcribed by Tournefort, as he ſaw it towards the end of the ſeventeenth century, with much accuracy of detail. With reſpect to the labyrinth of Porſenna, we believe it never to have exiſted in any ſhape; but if it did, there is no reaſon for ſuppoſing it to have been deſcribed with any thing like correctneſs by Pliny, as it was utterly deſtroyed long before his time, and as he has ſo egregiouſly perverted the truth in his accounts of many buildings, the remains of which were to be ſeen in his age.

We have not time, nor is it neceſſary for us to follow Mr Dutens minutely through his concluding pages. Agrigentum, Syracuſe, Catanea, Taurominum, were all Roman cities. A friend is quoted to eſtabliſh the exiſtence of arches in all theſe places; many of the inſtances adduced we know to be erroneous; for example, there is no arch in the temples of Jupiter and of Concord at Agrigentum; and thoſe arches at Syracuſe, which are ſaid to ſupport the '*chateau of Dionyſius*,' we do not recollect to have ſeen any thing more of, than of the burden impoſed on them. The aqueduct at Carthage, there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe earlier than the Roman colony: the preciſe date is equally unknown to us and to Mr Dutens. The gate at Pœſtum would, indeed, ſufficiently prove the antiquity of the arch, were there not

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very ſtrong reaſons for ſuppoſing it a later work than the buildings to which it leads. Inſcriptions, in the Etruſcan character, have been diſcovered built up in the walls in ſuch a manner, as to ſhew that the builders were ignorant of their being applicable to any other uſe. The ſyren or winged ſphinx, which M. Dutens conſiders as of Etruſcan workmanſhip, we know to have been often uſed as a ſymbol, by Auguſtus and other Roman emperors.

Much has been written by antiquaries on the Cloaca Maxima at Rome: what is now ſhewn as the work of Tarquin the Magnificent, is, by the beſt informed, generally believed to have been completed by Agrippa, who entirely repaired and enlarged the old ſewers of the city.[a] Notwithſtanding what is ſaid of the greatneſs of the work, as undertaken by Tarquin, there is no ſpecific mention of arches; and it appears probable, that the Cloaca Maxima remained, until the time of Agrippa, either a mere excavation from the rock, or a ditch covered by ſtones and wood, or an open canal; perhaps in different places, it partook of the nature of all three. The Marcian aqueduct, deſcribed by Pliny,[b] does not in the leaſt lead us to ſuppoſe that any part of it was built by Ancus Marcius; but merely that he firſt attempted to bring that water into the city. The aqueduct itſelf was the work of other individuals of that powerful family. The time of the erection of the Fornix Fabianus is not mentioned by Cicero; but even if it had been of the age of Fabius the Cenſor, it might eaſily have been called Fornix, according to after uſage; as we ſhould, at this time, denominate a building erected to commemorate any ſuch object, a triumphal arch, even if it were ſquare at the top. The tomb of the Scipios was, in all probability, built by Scipio Africanus. And, in the liſt of ruins to which we are referred by Mr Dutens, the date of all is very doubtful, and of ſome comparatively modern. The temple of Venus was of the time of Adrian: the temple of Hope, and the Ponte Rotto, are of uncertain dates: the temple of Veſta appears never to have had any arch, but, at all events, it is very modern; for the columns are of the Corinthian order, and ten or eleven diameters high; and the deſtruction of the ancient temple is mentioned by Horace. The fountain of the nymph Egeria, inſtead of being built by Numa, is indiſputably of the time of Adrian.

Mr Dutens concludes this treatiſe, by obſerving that it will probably be aſked, why the Egyptians and Greeks, being acquainted with the mode of raiſing arches, did not uſe them in their buildings? To which he anſwers, that as the former had inexhauſti-

[a] Plin. lib. 36. c. 24. [b] Plin. lib. 31. c. 24.

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ble quarries of very hard ſtone, it was a ſhorter, eaſier, and cheaper method for them to uſe theſe blocks for their roofs and lintels of doors, than to arch them. And as for the Greeks, our author flatters himſelf, that any doubt of their knowledge of the arch is now put entirely out of the queſtion; and obſerves that, beſides the immenſe number of arches ſtill exiſting in Greece, and cited by him, Pauſanias has deſcribed many more which are now deſtroyed. To this very natural queſtion, we beg to obſerve, that Mr Dutens's anſwer is any thing but ſatisfactory; why it ſhould be a ſhorter, eaſier, and cheaper method for the Egyptians to bring enormous blocks of granite from a great diſtance, than to build an arch of ſmall materials found on the ſpot, we cannot imagine. The ſimple and, as it appears to us, real ſolution of the difficulty, is this: The Egyptians, being ignorant of the ſcientific conſtruction of the arch, and wiſhing, at the ſame time, to erect buildings equally ſtupendous for their magnitude and ſplendour, were under the neceſſity of procuring, from the quarries of Upper Egypt, thoſe enormous blocks, which we find invariably made uſe of throughout the country, and which rendered neceſſary a multitude of columns for the ſupport of a roof ſo conſtructed, by which the labour and expence were increaſed to a vaſt extent. It was not choice, therefore, but neceſſity, which compelled them to adopt this mode of building. Had the Greeks poſſeſſed no other ideas of grandeur and ſublimity in architecture, than thoſe which ariſe from ſolidity and extenſion, they would inevitably have recurred to the ſame means for the production of the deſired effect. The quarries of Paros, Mount Hymettus, and Pentelicus, are not leſs inexhauſtible than thoſe of the Thebais; and accordingly, in the earlier periods of their hiſtory, we find them cloſely imitating, in this reſpect, the manner of the Egyptians. The remaining temples at Corinth, Pœſtum, and parts of Sicily, the Pnyx at Athens, the walls of Mycenæ, and the treaſuries of Minyas and Atreus, are examples of this. But they in due time diſcovered, that although theſe qualities, in a certain degree, are indiſpenſably neceſſary for the entire conſtitution of architectural grandeur, yet that the perfection of form and proportion is a higher requiſite than either. By the combination of theſe ſeparate excellences, the Greeks arrived at the completion of the moſt perfect works of architecture, which the mind of man is capable of conceiving, or his power of executing. We may ſafely pronounce the Parthenon a model, which, in the variety of its excellences, its beauty, its ſimplicity, its grandeur, and its ſtrength, has baffled the exertions of all ſucceeding ages. But though the Greeks laid aſide the ponderous and maſſive ſtyle of the Egyptians, there is no inſtance of any building, executed in the

higheſt period of their taſte, in which the arch is ſeen; for we truſt that our readers are now pretty well ſatisfied as to the '*prodigious number*' of exiſting arches, cited by our author in ſupport of his propoſition: Nor is he leſs miſtaken with reſpect to thoſe deſcribed by Pauſanias; for it would be equally vain to ſearch for their deſcriptions in his pages, as for their actual remains in the country.

As we have now gone through the whole of Mr Dutens's treatiſe, and, as far as we are aware, left nothing unnoticed, we beg to ſtate ſhortly our own opinion upon this ſubject, and ſome of the reaſons on which it is founded. The Egyptians and Greeks certainly uſed arches in the earlieſt periods of their hiſtory; that is to ſay, of the ſimple conſtruction we have deſcribed, examples of which ſtill remain. The pointed arch was probably the firſt built in this manner; as it would be more eaſy to erect an arch of this ſhape, by the gradual projection of ſtones ſuperimpoſed, than to deſcribe a circular form by the ſame means. Notwithſtanding the many ingenious ſpeculations on the ſubject, we conceive this form to have originated entirely in neceſſity; where additional height was required, it was obtained by the ſimple proceſs above mentioned. The ancients, however, though well acquainted with the form, neglected the uſe of the pointed arch, as ſcientifically conſtructed; and it appears never to have been thus practiſed, until introduced amongſt the Weſtern nations about the period of the Cruſades, at which time the uſe of it was prevalent in the Eaſt. To trace accurately the progreſs of the pointed arch, from its birth in the Eaſt, where we are perſuaded it aroſe, until its eſtabliſhment in Europe, under the denomination of Gothic architecture, would furniſh materials for a moſt intereſting and deſirable work. The origin of the round arch, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, was in the form given to excavations from the ſolid rock; for we may at once perceive, that the workmen, in cutting a paſſage of this ſort, through which it was neceſſary that a man ſhould paſs upright, could not avoid leaving the top round, as being much eaſier and more expeditious, than cutting the whole to the ſame height, by making it ſquare.

It would be extremely difficult, if not impoſſible, to fix the preciſe period of the invention of the arch amongſt the Greeks; but we ſhould imagine that the age of Alexander the Great, or his immediate ſucceſſors, had the ſtrongeſt pretenſions. During that time, the greateſt change took place in the arts and ſciences of Greece; they had arrived at a degree of improvement which, though perhaps in ſome meaſure exaggerated, was certainly far beyond what former ages had witneſſed. The uſe of the arch was probably communicated to the Romans, by the Greeks,

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at the ſame time they beſtowed on their conquerors every other ſpecies of art and refined taſte. In Sicily and Magna Græcia, it might have been introduced ſomewhat earlier. The age of Auguſtus, although ſome have ſuppoſed it, is certainly too late for the period of its invention. But whatever may have been the exact date of its firſt general uſe, we are warranted in placing it after the reign of Alexander; and, chiefly, for the following reaſons:—None of the authors who flouriſhed before him ever make uſe of a word, as applied to buildings, and which, in later times ſignified arch, attended by thoſe circumſtances which ſhould lead us to give it that meaning, in preference to another more obvious; nor do they ever employ deſcriptive terms, which might ſerve to give us the idea of an arch ſcientifically conſtructed. Pauſanias, who lived at a time when the uſe of arches was very common, deſcribes no building, erected before the age of Alexander, in which an arch was to be found, conſtructed on thoſe principles which governed its formation in his own. The ſingle inſtance of the Treaſury of Minyas (and it ſtands alone)—we cannot admit; nor do we think, as has before been ſtated, that the paſſage by any means conveys an adequate idea of its conſtruction. But what we think ſufficient to decide the preſent queſtion, is, that notwithſtanding the number of buildings of every deſcription, which are to be found throughout Greece, Egypt and Italy, there are none, the date of whoſe erection we know poſitively to have been before the time of Alexander, in which an arch is to be ſeen; and in thoſe buildings where they are to be found, nearly all of them may be moſt ſatisfactorily proved to have been erected after the period alluded to. And with reſpect to thoſe whoſe age and deſtination we are ignorant of, it is by no means ſufficient for Mr Dutens merely to quote their exiſtence, and refer their dates to ſuch periods as may ſanction his hypotheſis. The weight of proving this, reſts with our author; and he muſt excuſe us, if we continue to believe them excluſively the works of later ages. His diſſertation, however, is full of erudition and acuteneſs, and is written in a ſtyle of great conciſeneſs and ſimplicity.

ART. X. *Travels through Italy in the Years* 1804 *and* 1805. By Auguſtus Von Kotzebue, Author of Travels in Siberia and in France, &c. 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 1195. London. Phillips. 1805.

THESE volumes contain the neweſt adventures of this indefatigable writer, who, true to the character of the literary German, only lives to print. We doubt if either any thing has of late

late years happened to him in life, or any idea has entered his mind, without a correſponding movement of his pen. Nothing ſtops by the way; nothing is treaſured up for reflection or correction; and, that any thing ſhould be written down without coming to the preſs, is a caſe not to be ſuppoſed. Hence the vaſt quantities of bad paper, which are yearly made ſtill more uſeleſs by the addition of bad printing all over the German empire; hence the careleſs and clumſy workmanſhip of almoſt all their treatiſes; and the multitude of ſtrong men, who are withdrawn from the more uſeful and lucrative employments of common induſtry, to ſhare the miſerable pittance of the literary labourer. We are far from ranking M. Kotzebue in this numerous and nameleſs rabble; but we are perfectly convinced, that, had his lot been caſt in a country which manufactures only a tenth part of the books which are made in Germany, and had he, in conſequence, written proportionably fewer himſelf, his name would have ſtood ten times higher in the eſtimation of men of ſound judgement and correct taſte. We had occaſion formerly to notice the ſhortneſs of the interval which ſeparated the performance of his journies from their appearance in print all over Europe. Since that time, his execution has become ſtill more rapid. He began his journey in autumn 1804; and, after traverſing Germany and Italy, landed of courſe in the printing-houſe before the end of winter. If we are not much miſtaken, the Engliſh tranſlation of his production, which is now before us, was advertiſed for publication laſt ſpring. It is true, the copy which we are reading is dated on the title-page 1806; and yet we have had it by us theſe three months. The German preface, too, is dated May; and yet the London publiſher advertiſed his Engliſh tranſlation, we think, in April, as ready for publication. But theſe inaccuracies may perhaps belong to the profeſſion—perhaps they may have their meaning.

The preſent production of M. Kotzebue belongs to the ſame claſs with his laſt. It is indeed leſs offenſive in ſome particulars which were there noticed; but it poſſeſſes very few additional excellences. The author's plan and ſyſtem of both obſerving and relating, is, however, calculated to prevent his book from being either ſolid or intereſting. If we rightly underſtand the following ſtrange introduction, he profeſſedly attempts, what is certainly not very difficult, to be ſuperficial.

'My method is already well known. I travel neither as a literary man nor as an amateur and connoiſſeur of the fine arts; but merely as a human being, following the dictates of my own feelings and inclinations. In my narrative, too, I do not mean to ſtudy my periods or my expreſſions; but conſider my reader as a friendly fellow-traveller, with whom I roll through towns and villages, or perhaps loſe myſelf ſometimes in

an agreeable or romantic foot-path. Whoever is ſo diſpoſed, may ſaunter careleſsly by my ſide, and accept of the noſegay of wild flowers which I mean to pluck for him in our travel onward. Whoever is not ſatisfied with this, I warn him at once not to begin the journey with me.' (Vol. I. p. 5. 6.)

There is prefixed to theſe volumes, too, a ſort of compoſition in the laſt ſtage of affectation and flippancy. It is entitled: '*To ſerve as a Preface;*' and begins with, '*a liſt of thoſe who are not to read the work;*' ſuch as, all artiſts or judges of the arts; all who really love the arts, and are fond of viewing their maſterpieces, not of hearing them deſcribed; and ſeveral other claſſes. This prefatory piece concludes with a plain ſtatement of the author's views of books of travels and of travelling. Our readers will recollect that we, upon a former occaſion, have pointed out M. Kotzebue as one of thoſe who 'judge of every thing by the ſtandard of the firſt impreſſion.' The fair avowal of this principle is contained in the following extract.

'For many years previous to my travels into Italy, I had read nothing on this country; and after having concluded them, I wiſhed alſo to read nothing upon it, that my judgement might not be warped. I flatter myſelf, therefore, with being able to offer the traveller a book which may ſerve him as a guide for ten years at leaſt; in which, if he finds indeed no deep reſearches, he will not be miſled by parrot opinions. Whoever, without the bias or prepoſſeſſions of artiſts, ſhall hereafter viſit Rome or Naples, will find a confirmation of this ſentiment in his own mind.

'My ſtay in Italy was certainly ſhort; yet I do not ſee in what reſpect this affects the validity of my judgements. The talent of obſervation is an endowment of nature; whoever does not carry it with him, will never acquire it. Moſt things are either viewed juſtly the firſt time, or never. The truly ſtriking and remarkable is diſcovered on the firſt ſurvey; and I may almoſt ſay, only on the firſt. When the eye is once accuſtomed to objects, the acuteneſs of inveſtigating them is loſt. I have alſo ſeen the moſt famous works of art twice, and even oftener; and yet in every caſe found that my firſt emotions, and my firſt judgement, were the moſt powerful and accurate. For that reaſon, I conſtantly wiſhed to retain this impreſſion, and commit it to paper within a few hours after. At the ſame time, every one is at liberty to regard my book as a collection of curſory remarks, if he pleaſes: he will not forget, however, that curſory remarks are not always the worſt.' (Vol. I. p. vii. viii. ix.)

Much as we diſapprove ſuch *methods* and *principles* as theſe, we are ready to admit that the mere imitative cant of connoiſſeurſhip with which ſome modern voyages are eked out, is equally uſeleſs, and ſomewhat more tireſome. However little we may prize the looſe rhapſodies and ſentimental effuſions of a middling perſon

perſon like M. Kotzebue, they are likely to intereſt us more ſtrongly than a bare repetition of what all former travellers had ſaid in better ſtyle, or a collection of the *cognocenza* which is poured out by *ciceroni* for a couple of piaſtres a day. There is ſomething more new and real in our author's materials; and one often feels diſpoſed to paſs over the tawdrineſs and flippancy of the greater number of his pages, and even to pardon the higher faults that frequently occur in them, in conſideration of certain claims to nature and originality, which he occaſionally preſents, however dull his ſimplicity and uſeleſs his innovations may generally be. It is in this ſpirit that we have devoted the preſent article to his ſervice; and we ſhall make it our buſineſs, in a curſory glance at the contents of theſe volumes, to notice, as well the moſt eminent of the abſurdities into which he falls, as the more intereſting particulars which he has recorded.

The firſt part of our author's journey that arreſts our attention, is his tour through the Tyrol; a country inferior to none in Europe, except perhaps Norway, for grand and romantic ſcenery; and far more happy than that frozen region, in the varieties of its ſoil and the charms of its climate. M. Kotzebue juſtly wonders at the inattention with which it has been paſſed over by travellers. He went by the Inſpruck road, and returned by Brixen through Carinthia. His moſt intereſting details are thoſe reſpecting the peaſantry, from which we ſhall make two conſiderable extracts; one giving a lively picture of their paſſion for the chaſe, the other deſcribing, in terms of the moſt merited praiſe, their unſhaken fidelity to the cauſe of their country, and valour in meeting the enemy; and both paſſages, we lament to ſay, illuſtrate moſt ſtrongly the wretched impolicy of the Auſtrian government towards this valuable part of its ſubjects.

'The Tyroleſe are univerſally paſſionate lovers of the chaſe. Before I had proceeded ſo far as Inſpruk, I was told that the liberty of hunting is not expreſsly allowed them as a right; but that, from their aſſiſtance having been much wanted in times of danger, the practice is connived at, in order to reward them for their good behaviour; and that, in fact, the chaſe is now no longer rented, the natural conſequence of which is, that the quantity of game is daily decreaſing. The conduct of the government in this inſtance appeared to me very commendable and prudent, in not forgetting theſe faithful ſervices, but rewarding them in the manner the moſt agreeable to the people, and leaſt expenſive to themſelves. But in Inſpruk I heard a different account. I was here told that it was not till the daring enemy had found in the paſſes of the Tyrol mountains the limits of their victories, and the courageous fidelity of the ſharp-ſhooters (who were never ſoldiers) had ſerved as a bulwark for the trembling capital, that this privilege was temporarily ſuffered; but that now again every unlicenſed hunter is

deemed a poacher, and, when seized, is invariably made a soldier. However, the practice is grown into a passion with them, more violent than that of the gamester. Neither threats nor punishments are capable of deterring them from it. One who had been many times caught in the fact, declared aloud, "And if I knew that the next tree would be my gallows, I must notwithstanding hunt." Gain cannot be the principal inducement here, for them to risk their liberty; for a goat, when shot, weighs only fifty or sixty pounds at the utmost, and sells, together with the skin, (which is of use only in autumn), but for ten or twelve florins. It is for this that the hunter exposes himself to a thousand dangers, and besides to ignominy and a severe punishment. For this he spends the coldest winter nights on the cliffs, buries himself in the snow, and sacrifices his hours of sleep. Provided with a scanty store of victuals, he ranges for many days the desert mountains around; and, in spite of hunger and thirst, and every other hardship, pursues this way of life as his highest enjoyment. But when he has gained his poor plunder, he is still exposed to great danger and trouble in the sale of it; unless he happens to be near the monastery at Wiltau, where he may find friends in the clergy there, who love to be provided, all the year round, with game at a cheap rate. The inns at Inspruk are also good customers to such of them as will carry them their prey in the middle of the night.

'One of these sportsmen alone seldom or never shoots a goat; they are obliged to go in company, and surround the animals. A herd of goats has always a sentinel planted at a distance. On the point of a rock, presenting no more space than can be covered by the hand closed, the goat stands; and when at a distance he perceives the human form, he makes a loud whistling sound, and in an instant the whole herd vanish. Besides these goats, there are also deer, and (still more numerous) bears, wolves, foxes, and badgers.

'The poachers wear masks, or, by some other means, render their faces undistinguishable. If they perceive a game-keeper at a distance, they beckon to him with their hands to depart in haste, calling to him at the same time, "Go, or we will make you." If he does not obey, they level their firelocks at him; and if he still refuses to return, they fire:—this, however, is in extreme cases only, and when they see no other means of saving themselves. If a game-keeper recognizes one of them in these excursions, and informs against him, he must himself afterwards guard against their revenge. Of this there have been some melancholy instances. A poacher who, in consequence of these practices, had been obliged for many years to serve in a distant regiment, was at length discharged, and returned to his country. He immediately began climbing the mountains again in search of game, met his informer, and shot him dead.' (Vol. I. p. 98—102.)

'They survey a stranger almost with the curiosity of children, follow him every where, are ever officious to do something or other for him, and are frequently troublesome in consequence of this disposition; but he cannot possibly be angry with them, as he must be convinced of their

their ardent desire to fulfil all his wishes. Such a race of men inhabit the former principality of Brixen; whose territory, watered by the Eisach, which rushes through a narrow valley, is interspersed with cheerful towns and villages; where cleanliness prevails within and without the houses, and where health and cheerfulness smile from the faces of the inhabitants upon the stranger. They principally subsist by breeding cattle: the climate is too sharp for the cultivation of the vine; for the valley lies high, and the inclement winds have a free passage through it. "Nine months in the year are winter," say the inhabitants of Niederdorf, for example, "and three are cold." The soil, however, is well adapted to pasturage. This may perhaps be the reason why this tribe of herdsmen appeared to me to be more brave and less corrupted than their neighbours, who cultivate the vine. What might not have been expected of them during the late war! With what courage they waited for the coming of the French! At Brauneken, two posts from Brixen, they had not heard of the arrival of the enemy till he was almost at their gates. They immediately sent to General Sporke, who commanded a corps at no great distance, to inform him they were ready to fight if he would come and support them. The General promised to comply with their invitation. More than four thousand country people assembled, armed themselves, baked bread for the Austrians, procured wine, and waited for their leader. He came not: he sent them word, that his orders obliged him to return over the mountains. This message the honest peasants could not understand. They were acquainted with their mountains: they knew that, especially in Spring, it was not possible to cross them, at least not with artillery. They wondered why the General should choose rather to throw his cannon into the water, than to bring it to their defence; and they still maintain, that if this had been done, if they had been organized, and had had any one to head them, not a man of the French would have escaped. Whoever has seen the country and its inhabitants, will give them credit for the assertion. The answer they received rendered them not dejected, but indignant. All the officers of government withdrew, leaving the people to shift for themselves. But whenever they met with one of these fugitives, they seized him by his queue, dragged him back, and tauntingly exclaimed, "Scoundrel, there is the enemy!"

'Had, at that moment, a man appeared among them, endowed by nature with military talents, he might have given the state of affairs a very different aspect, and have acquired great renown. Now their force was dispersed; but, even in this situation, they made head against the French. In a small town, a body of them assembled at the gate, merely opened a small door from time to time, fired, killed at each time a number of the enemy, and then instantly drew back their heads again. The French might threaten and storm as they pleased; the little troop continued to defend themselves in this manner, and at length compelled them to retire. Even in a village situated on a rock, the inhabitants resolved to oppose the entrance of the invaders. The women armed themselves as

well as the men, and the children rolled large ſtones down upon the French, who made a halt, and then proceeded farther. On their approach to Brannekea, the peaſants aſcended the mountains, kindled ſome hundreds of fires in the vicinity, and ſo alarmed the numerous army of the enemy, that he entered into a capitulation with this open town, the articles of which were faithfully obſerved. Theſe brave herdſmen were therefore indebted to their courage alone for not being plundered. The word *peaſant* was a terror to the French, and frequently reſtrained them from committing exceſſes. The heart of a German patriot bleeds, when he ſees what a two-edged ſword the government then had in its hand, without daring to draw it from the ſcabbard.' (Vol. IV. p. 274—278.)

'At Lienz the inhabitants likewiſe gave proofs of their courage; and here, too, they complain bitterly of having been deſerted by General Sporke with eleven thouſand men. He had reſolved to retreat with his artillery beyond the mountains. They repreſented to him that ſuch a meaſure was impoſſible, as there was not even a path for a ſaddle-horſe. All their repreſentations, however, were in vain: he treated them rather rudely into the bargain; and attempted to put his plan in execution, but was ſoon obliged to deſiſt, and to leave his cannon behind him. "Had he kept on good terms with us," ſay the Tyroleſe, "we would have drawn the artillery ourſelves to ſome place of ſecurity, and have concealed it where it would not be found by the enemy. It would then have been ſaved for our Sovereign."

'But the General was not only obliged to abandon the cannon, but likewiſe a great quantity of ammunition. He attempted indeed to deſtroy the greateſt part of it, but the time was too ſhort. What could not be deſtroyed was collected by the inhabitants, and with this they repulſed the French. Such was literally the fact: The anecdote is truly extraordinary. Deſerted by thoſe who ought to have protected them, unprovided with arms, except ſuch as the troops had thrown away in their precipitate flight, they ſeized theſe, placed an inn-keeper, who had once been a ſerjeant, at their head, boldly attacked the advanced guard of the French which had entered their little town, and drove them from ſtreet to ſtreet, out at the gate, and beyond the bridge, ſtrewing the whole way with the bodies of their enemies. An army of ſixteen thouſand men ſoon afterwards advanced, and the general who commanded it breathed vengeance againſt the town. But when he perceived that the peaſants and inhabitants had taken poſt unintimidated on the adjacent mountains, where they remained under arms, he altered his tone, and declared in a manifeſto, that he had relinquiſhed all idea of ſatisfying his vengeance, though juſt; that he wiſhed not to puniſh the innocent with the guilty, and merely demanded a free paſſage and bread for his troops. This capitulation was accepted; but no ſooner had the rapacious Frenchman entered the town, than he gave notice, that, unleſs the ſum of one hundred thouſand florins was raiſed in two hours, the place ſhould be ſet on fire at the four corners. The unfortunate citizens made every poſſible exertion: they went from houſe to houſe,

houſe, accompanied by a French guard, to collect money, but could not collect more than twenty-five thouſand florins. Five of the principal inhabitants were therefore taken as hoſtages. Theſe were ſhamefully treated during their march; were ſcarcely allowed bread; and, when the preliminaries of Leoben were actually ſigned, they were not informed, that by this treaty all arrears of contributions were remitted: they were ſeveral times led out as if for the purpoſe of being ſhot; and, by ſuch methods as theſe, a like ſum, which they were obliged to borrow of their friends and acquaintance, was extorted from them before they were diſmiſſed. It would certainly be worth the while of a good hiſtorian to reſide for a few months in Tyrol; he would there have an opportunity of collecting the moſt extraordinary particulars of a war, the individual occurrences of which muſt appear incomprehenſible to poſterity. They will not be a little aſtoniſhed to learn, that the military manifeſted a kind of hatred (I cannot poſſibly call it envy) againſt the brave peaſantry; and that they went ſo far as to call the gallant General Laudon, by way of ridicule, *the idol of the peaſants*, becauſe he was the only officer who knew how to avail himſelf of the courage and energy of the Tyroleſe; and who, let it be well remarked, himſelf fought at their head.' (Vol. IV. p. 281—5.)

We ſincerely hope that Auſtria may yet have an opportunity of correcting thoſe grievous errors in the Tyroleſe adminiſtration. It is certain, that ſhould the fate of war transfer this fine province to the enemy, no ſuch blunders will be repeated by him. But, at any rate, it is a uſeful taſk to record the inſtances of impolicy which pave the way for changes of dominion—to hold up ſuch ſpectacles as a warning to the nations, whoſe turn in the combat of ſtrength, and ſtill more of ſkill, is approaching—and enforce, by a thouſand proofs, what ſome infatuated perſons are ſo unwilling to believe, that there are no limits to the powers of mal-adminiſtration in deſtroying the energies, and precipitating the downfall of the fineſt and the proudeſt people.

From the majeſtic and various ſcenery of the Tyrol, our author, croſſing the rugged wall which bounds that country on the ſouth, proceeded towards the delicious plains of Lombardy—

> 'To happy convents buried deep in vines
> Where ſlumber abbots, purple as their wines;
> To iſles of fragrance, lily-ſilver'd vales
> Diffuſing languor on the panting gales;
> To lands of ſinging and of dancing ſlaves,
> Love-whiſpering woods, and lute-reſounding waves.'

But with theſe 'viſions of fair Italy' he appears to have been little enchanted. Some agreeable ſenſations are excited by the journey of the Appennines; but a whole letter, which, from its title, 'A Morning in the Appennines,' we ſhould expect to give a ſketch of that delightful diſtrict, is occupied with the homelier

and more German consideration, of how Mr Kotzebue contrived to cook his coffee every day, before the dawn, and to drink it with his first pipe, while the veturino was getting ready for the journey. Instead of the enchanting contrast which Lombardy stretches before a traveller from the Alpine territories—a theme which one might have expected a poet to be struck by, nearly twenty pages are devoted to the adventures of a Count Zambeccari, who went up from Bologna in a balloon, and fell into the Adriatic, and is now ready to go up again. Balloons are, indeed, a tender subject with our German traveller;—they inspire him mightily with a sort of absurd enthusiasm, which seems to have some object, but too dim and confused to be perceived. This furor frequently comes on him; and when Count Zambeccari is not to be had, there is a Mr Robertson, almost as irresistible, whose praises he sounds in the language usually reserved for great exploits and exalted character; and then concludes, by avowing that he thinks Garnerin an inferior man.

From Tuscany our author travelled on to Rome; and in his raptures on this magnificent remnant of ancient art and power, we can more easily sympathize with him. We do not find him so perversely singular in his taste upon some of the great objects of antiquity, as upon the monuments of the modern fine arts; and we fancy very few persons, who have seen the Coliseum, will think his apology very necessary for preferring it to all the other sights in Italy. His admiration of that wondrous pile is quite allowable, and not ill expressed, though we cannot help wishing that the flippancy inherent in Mr Kotzebue had been suppressed on this one occasion. Unfortunately he has chosen to display it here in a more than usual degree. After giving a pretty long discussion of the question relating to the holes in the walls of the Circus, he produces what he terms 'my own view of this matter, which I consider as the most natural.' He gives his theory at length accordingly, and then mentions a fact, which leads to the following notable piece of impertinence: 'And this at once destroys my hypothesis. Yet, why should I trouble myself with devising reasons for an inexplicable matter? Let every one think as he pleases.' Reserving his further observations on the arts and remains of antiquity until his return, he pursues his journey along the Appian way, in a terror of banditti rather livelier than necessary; and after passing some delightful hours in rambling over Cicero's villa, and the other beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of Gaeta, he reaches Naples, the end of his travels. His sketches of this singularly interesting capital, are frequently very lively, and generally correct. As they embrace, without any arrangement, and with but little selection, every thing which a man

sees

ſees there who walks forth with his eyes open, it would be an unprofitable taſk to attempt exhibiting them in an abſtract. We ſhall ſelect one of the moſt prominent by way of ſpecimen. The following is a ſpirited and clear outline of the paſſage of the Hoſt; a very ordinary occurrence, to which, in Catholic countries, one ſpeedily becomes inſenſible, and which, nevertheleſs, is probably the moſt ſtriking of all the ſights preſented for the firſt time to a ſtranger.

'Another ſtriking ſpectacle in the ſtreets is, when the Hoſt is carried by prieſts to dying perſons. We ſhould, if poſſible, ſee this in an open place; for in the narrow ſtreets it produces much leſs effect, I ſuppoſe. I live in the Largo del Caſtello, a very large ſquare, which is covered from morning till night with buyers, ſellers, animals, carriages, popular exhibitions, and ſpectators. Cloſe by me is a puppet-ſhew, at the entrance of which the owner ſtands and entertains the people with his droll remarks. Some ſteps further is a fiſh-market, and directly oppoſite to me the main-guard houſe. I do not exaggerate when I ſay that upwards of two thouſand perſons (beſides the cattle) are uſually aſſembled in this place. Suddenly the proceſſion I have juſt mentioned appears: colours flying before, announce it to the eye; and the perpetual tingling of little bells, to the ear. It is ſurrounded by finely dreſſed prieſts, and often alſo by a military guard of honour; and clouds of frankincenſe aſcend into the air before them. All the pious whoſe road leads this way, conſider it a duty to follow the train; which, like a ſnow-ball, thus enlarges in its progreſs. The ſhewman is directly ſilent; even the fiſh-women are perfectly ſtill; not a ſound eſcapes: all hats fly off, and thouſands fall on their knees, beat their breaſts, and croſs themſelves. The guards ſhoulder their arms, and a ſolemn tune is played as long as the proceſſion is in ſight. In the night the ſpectacle is ſtill grander. At every balcony (and let it be remembered that there is no window without a balcony) a light ſuddenly appears, and the darkneſs is converted as it were by magic, into broad day; for every ſtory is illuminated; and below in the ſtreet a number of rockets are lighted, which, with a whizzing and loud report, ſalute the ſolemn proceſſion. As I purſue it into the next ſtreet, the ſight varies in its ſingularity. At one moment all is perfect darkneſs; and the next, as the proceſſion enters, the whole ſtreet on both ſides aſſumes a brilliant aſpect: and thus the light appears to fly from houſe to houſe, and from balcony to balcony, in the moſt rapid ſucceſſion, till in the ſame order it by degrees vaniſhes again, and every thing returns to its former darkneſs. I have frequently put the queſtion to myſelf, whence comes it that this ſpectacle ſhould fill me (who am a heretic) with a ſort of awe, ſince I eſteem it the greateſt of all abſurdities to believe that God can be carried in a box in the ſtreets? I know not how to anſwer this otherwiſe than by the obſervation, that moſt things affect our weak minds, which occupy and influence ſuch a vaſt multitude of people at the ſame time. Who, for example, feels much pleaſure in ſeeing a ſingle ſoldier exer-

ciſe

cife only for five minutes? But put twenty thouſand ſoldiers in a row, and it amuſes us for hours.' I. 271, 272, 273.

The wonders both of nature and of antiquity in which the environs of Naples abound with a profuſion unknown elſewhere, have been deſcribed by our author with a degree of fullneſs that renders his ſecond and third volumes a tolerably good directory to future travellers. There are, however, few parts of his narrative where ſomething does not occur, either in the pertneſs of his ſtyle, or the childiſhneſs of his remarks, ſufficiently offenſive to good taſte. In climbing up Veſuvius, 'Nature appeared to have died in hoary old age, amidſt convulſions; and the ſight of her corpſe cauſed a cold thrilling through our veins.' II. 6. The ſenſibility with which Mr Kotzebue is afflicted, becomes alſo ſomewhat troubleſome; it even ſtops him in his journey on the mountain; for the cuſtom is, to have the aſſiſtance of perſons uſed to the ſlippery road of aſhes; and 'it is not every one's talent to be able to derive enjoyment from eaſe thus purchaſed by the exceſſive exertions of others.' Ibid. 13. We did think that the moſt ſenſitive ſoul might have viewed, without a hot fit, the well paid labour of a few idle *Lazzaroni*, employed in the buſineſs of all others the moſt congenial to their taſte and habits In the *Album* kept at the Hermitage, Mr Kotzebue had the candour to make one diſcovery, which amuſes us not a little. 'This medley,' ſays he, 'was to be found in all languages: but I confeſs, that, on a ſlight peruſal, it ſeemed to me that the Germans had written the moſt nonſenſe; at leaſt they affected the greateſt ſenſibility.' Ibid. 15. The account of Pompeii is extremely good; and ſome of the moſt ſtriking anecdotes, relating to that ſingular place, are both well ſelected and well told.

'A great and rich town, that, after lying eighteen centuries in a deep grave, is again ſhone on by the ſun, and ſtands amidſt other cities, as much a ſtranger as any one of its former inhabitants would be among his poſterity of the preſent day;—ſuch a town has not its equal in the world. The feelings which ſeized me at its gate may be very faintly expreſſed by words, but admit indeed of no adequate repreſentation. My foot now ſteps on the ſame pavement as was trodden on eighteen hundred years ago: the tracks of the wheels are ſtill viſible which then rolled over it. An elevated path runs by the ſide of the houſes, for foot-paſſengers; and, that they might in rainy weather paſs commodiouſly over to the oppoſite ſide, large flat ſtones, three of which take up the width of the road, were laid at a diſtance from each other. As the carriages, in order to avoid theſe ſtones, were obliged to uſe the intermediate ſpaces, the tracks of the wheels are there moſt viſible. The whole pavement is in good condition: it conſiſts merely of conſiderable pieces of lava; which, however, are not cut (as at preſent) into ſquares, and may have been on that account the more durable.

'What

'What muſt have been the feelings of the Pompeians, when the roaring of the mountain and the quaking of the earth waked them from their firſt ſleep? They attempted alſo to eſcape the wrath of the Gods; and, ſeizing the moſt valuable things they could lay their hands upon in the darkneſs and confuſion, to ſeek their ſafety in flight. In this ſtreet, and before the houſe that is marked with the friendly ſalutation on its threſhold, ſeven ſkeletons were found: the firſt carried a lamp, and the reſt had ſtill between the bones of their fingers ſomething that they wiſhed to ſave. On a ſudden they were overtaken by the ſtorm that deſcended from heaven, and ſunk into the grave thus made for them. Before the above mentioned country houſe was ſtill a male ſkeleton ſtanding with a diſh in his hand; and as on his finger he wore one of thoſe rings that were allowed to be worn only by Roman knights, he is ſuppoſed to have been the maſter of the houſe, who had juſt opened the back garden gate with the intent of flying, when the ſhower overwhelmed him. Several ſkeletons were found in the very poſture in which they had breathed their laſt, without being forced by the agonies of death to drop the things which they had in their hands.' II. p. 76, 78, 79, 88, 89.

There are occaſional paſſages alſo in Mr Kotzebue's deſcriptions of natural ſcenery, which are beautiful and impreſſive. We are tired, however, of the Bay of Naples, and the falls of Tivoli. There is more novelty and nature and picturesque effect, we think, in the following account of the Pontine marſhes.

'On my return to Rome I was as little incommoded as before by the noxious exhalations of the Pontine marſhes; on the contrary, I paſſed ſome of the moſt agreeable hours during my reſidence in Italy on their borders. It was the concluſion of December; the ſky was ſerene, and the air pure and warm. The veturino baited his mules near the deſerted convent of capuchins, which I have already had occaſion to mention in the firſt volume. We ſpread our cloth on the great flight of ſteps before the church, in the mildeſt ſun-ſhine, and took our cheerful repaſt in the open air. After dinner I ſtrayed alone behind the convent, where, in ſilent tranſport, I forgot all Europe, for I was actually in Arcadia. The verdant turf was decorated with innumerable flowers. Long trains of goſſamer waved here and there over the plain. The larks, riſing from the graſs at my feet, chanted ſtrains heard in other countries only in the ſpring. Tame flocks of ducks, ſnipes, and lapwings, hovered over the marſhes; ſolitary hawks uttered their harſh cries aloft; buffaloes bellowed; and the tinkling of the bells of paſturing ſheep was heard at intervals. Small birds of every kind chirped forth their joy. A ſhepherd, at a diſtance, ſung a *Ruſſian* air. On the oppoſite mountains was ſituated a town, the faint ſound of whoſe bells, now and then interrupted by the report of a muſket at a ſtill greater diſtance, broke upon the ear. Theſe various tones, which animated nature, were not, however, when combined, ſufficiently ſtrong to form a noiſe; a melancholy ſtillneſs reigned around, and I could hear the ruſtling

ling of every lizard in the graſs. What a contraſt with the tumult of Naples, where only two days before I was ſtunned with the harſheſt diſcords! Here all was ſo tranquil, ſo innocent; the earth appeared to be a paradiſe, and the ſky an arch of corn-flowers. What a horrible idea I had always entertained of the Pontine marſhes, and what an agreeable one I carry away with me from them!' III. 99—101.

There are not many of his deſcriptions ſo good as this; but there is ſpirit and feeling in moſt of them, as well as in many of his ſketches of national manners and character.

Mr Kotzebue's deſcription of modern galleries is much leſs calculated to aſſiſt the traveller, than his catalogue of natural beauties or remains of antiquity. His taſte is ſo faulty, indeed ſo profeſſedly lawleſs, that it is always a wonder if he takes any notice of the fineſt productions. We have ſaid already, that we do not object to his deciſions merely becauſe they are new, or unfettered by the prejudices of vulgar connoiſſeurs. But in avoiding cant, and what he calls parrot-work, our author has almoſt always gone into another extreme; and whoever ſhould follow him, would cant as much like a parrot as any *cicerone* in Italy, and be moreover in the wrong. It does not argue a reſpectable freedom from the reſtraints of trite opinion, to deny the beauty of the Etruſcan vaſe, and to call its painting a pot-daubing, inferior to the ordinary works of modern artiſts (vol. II. p. 209.); or to confound the cartoons with the freſcoes of the Vatican (III. 172.); or to find 'nothing remarkable in the Moſes of Michael Angelo but its ſize;' and then to abuſe it as a 'ſmall-ſhouldered, large-bellied figure, with a diſagreeable marble beard' (would he have had it of hair?) 'hanging down to the navel, which makes it look ſtill worſe' (III. 207.); paſſing over, with his eyes ſhut, the majeſty of attitude, and commanding wiſdom of expreſſion, which point out the ſtatue of the great legiſlator as by far the fineſt effort of the modern chiſel. Nor will even thoſe, who are the leaſt diſpoſed to overrate Bermini, go along with our author in his conſtant invectives againſt that expert artiſt, to whom he will allow no merit whatever; and, to cloſe a liſt of hereſies which might be extended to any length from either of the volumes before us, we conceive Mr Kotzebue is the firſt admirer of the fine arts who has been unable to diſcover any thing ſtriking in Dominichino's *Chaſe of Diana*, and Raphael's *Depoſition* (in the Borgheſe palace), of which the former has been admired by all judges as at leaſt ſecond to the St Jerome of the ſame maſter, and the latter is always eſteemed inferior to the Transfiguration alone, of the prince of painters. Under this department of our author's work, we muſt notice his continued irreverence towards thoſe names which moſt of his readers have aſſociated with the feelings of devotion.

It

It is ſomething more than bad taſte to call the *croſs* '*the Jewiſh gallows,*' and to term David a '*pious old rogue,*' (III. 111. & 216.) As one ſpecimen more of his method of leading us round picture galleries, we extract the following rare piece of Germanic livelineſs. After turning with indignation from a portrait by Leonardo da Vinci, merely becauſe the ſubject is Queen Johanna of Naples, and aſking why the friend of Francis I. could profane his pencil by ſuch a picture, he thus introduces a piece of Vandyke, who ſeems to be his favourite maſter.

'Let us haſten to that of an elderly lady by Vandyke. She ſeems to be one of our old acquaintances; ſhe is a chattering good old woman, and wiſhes to converſe with us. She waits eagerly for an opportunity to do ſo. Let us ſpeak to her: ſhe will certainly anſwer us; and every thing ſhe ſays will be ſo good-natured, that we ſhall hardly leave her.' Vol. III. p. 244.

Mr Kotzebue returned from Rome by the way of Loretto and Ancona to Bologna, where we are once more ſtopped with about twenty pages upon Zambeccari, and Balloons, and Garnerin. Thence he proceeded to Verona, and through Styria, to Vienna; but, ſtrange to tell, without viſiting the beauties and wonders of Venice. After a few ſlight notices of the moſt eminent perſons then reſident in the Auſtrian capital, he continues his journey, and with a loud panegyric on the Pruſſian government, arrives happily at Berlin—the '*finis chartæque viæque.*'—'Let every peaceful mind,' ſays he, 'devoted to the Muſes, repair hither, as the navigator doubling Cape Horn ſtrives to reach the Pacific Ocean, whoſe ſurface is never ruffled by the tempeſt.' (IV. 324.) This conveys a very intereſting diſcovery in geography. For our parts, we wiſh the government in queſtion were as eaſily ruffled as the Pacific Ocean. Although, however, Pruſſia is thus held up as the land of promiſe, it appears, by the concluſion of the work, that the beſt of poſſible countries is not Pruſſia, but Ruſſia; between which and Italy, a very long compariſon is drawn, entirely to the advantage of the former. Our author prefers it ſtoutly to the garden of Europe, firſt in point of climate, then for manners, comforts, freedom, arts and ſciences, liberality of opinions—every thing. 'Enough!' he exclaims at laſt, (and we echo the word) 'Enough! to the praiſe of ingenuity my parallel prefers no claim; but I pledge myſelf for its truth. Will any one now wonder that I quitted Italy without reluctance; that I never wiſh to ſee it again; and that I would not for millions paſs my life in that country?'

Before cloſing this article, we have, in juſtice to Mr Kotzebue, to ſtate, that we have not had an opportunity of peruſing his work in the original German, which, in point of ſtyle, we know

know must be greatly superior to the English translation. Indeed, to all appearance, this is very ill executed, and, without having compared it with the original, we are disposed to view it as the performance of a person but moderately learned in the German language. For example, he mistakes the names of countries and places; he talks of Ingermannland and Eastland, (which are not English words,) instead of Ingria and Esthonia. We are told of 'St Mary's *Cloister*' being surrounded with lava (II. 19.), which looks very like a mistranslation of the word *Kloster*, a *convent*. Nobody that understood German would have represented the emperor as hunting *wild swine*. (Ibid. 48.) We suspect that *mound* (in Vol. II. p. 171.) must be a mistake for *mouth* (the German being *mund*); at least, *mound* is downright nonsense as it now stands. In another place, speaking of mephitic vapour, he says, 'the effect of the *whole*, is as strong at Pyrmont as at the Grotto del Cane.' (172.) And, describing somebody's coins, he makes them 'rival the best *cameens* in perfection.' (203.) These examples will probably be thought to afford sufficient proofs of our suspicion that this translation is the work of some indifferent German scholar. That it is executed with a very moderate knowledge of the English language, the extracts already given furnish evidence still more clear.

ART. XI. *The Wealth of Nations, with Notes, Supplementary Chapters, and a Life of Dr Smith.* By William Playfair. London. 1805.

IN the whole course of our literary inquisition, we have not met with an instance so discreditable to the English press, as this edition of the Wealth of Nations. It may be given as a specimen of the most presumptuous book-making. The editor proves himself quite ignorant of his author, and of the science on which that author wrote: he does not scruple, however, sometimes to correct, and sometimes to confirm, what he generally misunderstands in both cases. But what has most moved our indignation, is, that he has presumed to thrust his own supplementary chapters, as he calls them, not in the form of notes or an appendix separate from Mr Smith's text, but into the very body of the work itself, and in the same types; breaking the continuity of the author's great design, and adulterating the purity of its composition with this editor's ignorant and vulgar writing. Our readers must accept of it as a sufficient specimen, that subjoined to the inimitable digression on the corn laws, and

before

before the reader can proceed to the chapter on treaties of commerce, is a tract of fifteen pages by this Mr Playfair, in which he gives *his* opinion, that monopoly, foreſtalling, and regrating exiſt in the trade of proviſions, and that Lord Kenyon had many real and credible proofs of it. We have no objection to this being ſaid by thoſe who have ſuch notions; but it is rather indecent to interpolate them into the text of the Wealth of Nations.

We ſhall ſay no more of this publication, except to expreſs our ſurpriſe that it ſhould have appeared with the name of ſo reſpectable a bookſeller; who, having had the original property of this immortal work, might have been expected to feel ſome tenderneſs and veneration for its fame. We are happy to announce, that, ſince the expiration of the original right of property, ſeveral editions have been publiſhed in different parts of the country; particularly a very cheap one by a bookſeller in Newgate ſtreet, London, the advertiſement of which, addreſſing this philoſophical treatiſe to artiſans and tradeſmen, may be regarded as a literary curioſity, and a ſignal proof of the diffuſion of liberal information.

An edition of the Wealth of Nations, with notes by an editor properly qualified, would be a moſt acceptable publication. It ought to compriſe, either in the form of illuſtrations or of corrections to Mr Smith's propoſitions, the facts which have been more carefully obſerved ſince he turned the attention of men of letters to theſe ſubjects, as well as the reaſonings which later inquirers have purſued. It would be deſirable alſo, that the editor ſhould be acquainted with thoſe writings which preceded the Wealth of Nations, that he might aſſign the moſt important reaſonings to their real inventors; and it would be uſeful to multiply the examples which Mr Smith has taken from the inſtitutions, or ſtatiſtical experience of foreign countries, to elucidate his general principles: in this reſpect, conſiderable aſſiſtance might be derived from the French edition of the work by Garnier, and the Spaniſh edition by Ortiz.

ART. XII. *Lyric Poems.* By James Mercer, Eſq. Second Edition, with ſome Additional Poems. London. 1804. 12mo.

FROM a ſhort advertiſement prefixed to this elegant little volume, we learn that the public are indebted for its appearance, not to the author himſelf, but to a very near relative, to whom the greater part of its contents had been communicated many years ago, and whoſe amiable partialities for the compoſi-

tions

tions of a friend had not been ſubdued by 'more than twice the time of deliberation preſcribed by Horace.' In 'taking upon himſelf to hazard the publication,' and to deliver over the verſes of another 'to the ſevere tribunal of general criticiſm,' the Editor may fairly be preſumed to have felt all that 'trembling ſolicitude' which he expreſſes; yet we may venture to predict, that few readers of feeling or of taſte will heſitate in acquitting him of raſhneſs, or indiſcreet prepoſſeſſion. Indeed, it can be aſcribed only to the exceſſive modeſty of the learned and excellent author himſelf, that his literary talents were not more generally known, and more eminently exerted in the public ſervice.

Major James Mercer * was the ſon of Thomas Mercer, eſq. a gentleman of private fortune in Aberdeenſhire, whoſe political attachments to the abdicated family of Stewart, had engaged him in the rebellion of 1745; and who, on the event of that ill-fated enterprize, had retired to France. His ſon was educated at the Univerſity of Aberdeen; and, under Profeſſor Blackwall, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſcholars of his time, acquired a decided taſte for the ſtudy of Greek literature, which he continued through life to cultivate and improve. After acquiring diſtinguiſhed reputation at the Univerſity, ſeveral years were ſpent on the Continent, with his father, till the commencement of the Seven-years War called him back to England, and induced him to enter into the ſervice of his country as a ſoldier. Having joined one of the expeditions to the coaſt of France, he ſoon obtained a commiſſion, and ſerved with great zeal, and an ardent love of his profeſſion, during a conſiderable period of that war, under Prince Ferdinand, in Germany. He afterwards continued in the army till about the year 1772, when he had attained the rank of Major, and was on the point of being advanced to that of Lieutenant-Colonel. In conſequence of a well-grounded diſguſt, occaſioned by an undue interference in the buſineſs of his promotion, he then quitted the profeſſion, and never afterwards reſumed a military character, excepting as an officer of fencibles during the American war. Having been married ſeveral years before to a lady of extraordinary beauty and accompliſhments, he now retired with his family to Aberdeenſhire, where, with the exception of a few years ſpent in the ſouth of France, he continued ever afterwards to reſide.

Theſe few particulars we have thought not unworthy of being commemorated in the private life of a man, who was the intimate and valued friend of ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſcholars

* Born 27. Feb. 1734.

lars of his age. Among theſe, the names of Lord Hailes, Dr Reid, and Dr Beattie, may be ſufficient to mark the ſtation which his virtues and talents had entitled him to hold. With the two former, he entertained a literary correſpondence; with the latter, he lived for many years in the habits of almoſt daily intercourſe. His almoſt uninterrupted leiſure was indeed chiefly devoted to the luxuries of claſſical reading and ſtudy; and to a very intimate acquaintance with the writers of Greece and Rome, he added an extenſive knowledge in moſt departments of modern literature. In the ſociety of private life, he was courted and admired for the livelineſs of his wit, and for the purity and elegance of his manners.

Though the far greater part of his time had been dedicated to the acquiſition of knowledge, yet his native modeſty appears to have repreſſed the ambition of communicating to the world the fruits of his ſtudies; and though the correctneſs of his taſte enabled him to contribute very valuable aid to the literary undertakings of others, it does not appear that he ever ſeriouſly employed himſelf in writing for the public eye. The little collection of poems which has appeared under his name, cannot be regarded as an exception. They are obviouſly the occaſional effuſions of a man of ſenſibility and cultivated mind, rather than the anxious efforts of a poet, ambitious of extended or permanent fame: They ſeem to have been originally deſtined to float within the circle of private friendſhip; and their publication appears rather to have been permitted than ſanctioned by the ingenious author. The firſt edition was publiſhed in 1794; that which is now before us, appeared only a few months before the death of Major Mercer, in November 1804.

The greater number of pieces in this little volume belong to a ſpecies of poetry in which few Engliſh writers have eminently excelled. They are decidedly of the lyric caſt; but they neither aim, on the one hand, at thoſe bolder flights of imagination, and louder burſts of paſſion which almoſt bewilder and aſtoniſh in the higher claſſes of the Pindaric ode; nor, on the other hand, do they deſcend to the playful levity of the Anacreontic, or remain contented with the freedom and careleſs grace which conſtitute the charm of mere *vers de Societé*. They are the offſpring of thoſe more gentle and regulated feelings which accord with the real events of common life; and in communicating to them the genuine characters of poetry, Fancy is called to officiate as the handmaid, rather than the miſtreſs of ſentiment. Juſtneſs and elevation of thought, equally remote from trivial vulgarity and far-fetched refinement,—terſeneſs of expreſſion,—purity and poliſhed elegance of diction, may be enumerated a-

mong the happieſt characteriſtics of this ſpecies of poetry. Of their perfect attainment, the fineſt examples muſt, undoubtedly, be ſought for among the lyrical compoſitions of Horace. The verſatility of his exquiſite genius enabled him, indeed, to rival, if not to equal the daring ſublimity of Pindar, and the frolic gaiety of Anacreon; but, in that intermediate claſs which is peculiarly his own, he muſt be allowed to have remained not only without an equal, but without a rival. That Horace was the great maſter whom the writer now before us had propoſed to follow, we can entertain no doubt; and it is no mean or ſcanty praiſe to ſay, that he will often pleaſingly remind his reader of the rare excellences of his model.

The firſt poem in the collection, on the influence of the love of Novelty, as a principle of action and a ſource of happineſs, may be quoted as a fair ſpecimen of the poetical talents of Major Mercer. We have to regret, that the length of the quotation muſt oblige us to ſuppreſs a few ſtanzas, not inferior in excellence to thoſe which we ſhall tranſcribe.

'To Novelty.

'For thee, in infancy, we ſigh,
And hourly caſt an anxious eye
Beyond the priſon-houſe of home;
Till, from domeſtic tyrants free,
O'er the wide world, in ſearch of thee,
Fair Novelty! we roam.

'Full on thy track, by dawn of day,
The ſtripling ſtarts, and ſcours away,
While Hope her active wing ſupplies,
And ſoftly whiſpers in the gale,
At every turning of the vale,
"Enjoyment onward lies."

'Nor far remote—athwart the trees,
The landſcape opens by degrees,
And yields ſweet glimpſes of delight—
Beyond the trees the views expand,
And all the ſcenes of fairy land
Come ſwelling on the ſight.

'Tis here, where wild profuſion flows,
On ev'ry ſhrub there hangs a roſe,
And mellow fruit on ev'ry ſpray—
Here Pleaſure holds her bounteous reign,
And here the wand'rer might remain,
Could Pleaſure bribe his ſtay.

'But ſtill the love of Thee prevails—
He quits the port, and ſpreads his ſails,

Careleſs

Careleſs if Ocean frown or ſmile;
So Fate ſhall give him to explore
The vaſt expanſe, th' untrodden ſhore,
And undiſcover'd iſle.

'Tir'd with the ſtillneſs of the deep,
While yet he chides the winds that ſleep,
The clouds collect, the lightnings play;
And the torn veſſel drives at laſt,
A wreck, abandon'd to the blaſt,
And found'ring on her way.

'Again the vext horizon clears—
The hills emerge—the coaſt appears—
He and his mates their mirth renew;
They man their boats, their oars they hand,
And ſoon the hoſpitable ſtrand
Receives the jolly crew.

'What in th' interior parts befell,
In after times we hear them tell,
When they at laſt their limbs recline;
The tongue, well pleas'd, its office plies,
And, all the while, their brimful eyes
With dews of tranſport ſhine.

— — — — —

'While thus, with pleaſing warmth, they boaſt
Their gay excurſions on the coaſt,
Where all ſeem'd brilliant, all divine;
The fond adventurers little know
It was thy pencil gave the glow,
The vivid charm was thine.

— — — — —

'Ah me! beyond thy ſhort-liv'd reign,
And does there nought of love remain?—
Can nought the ſluggiſh heart engage?
Shall ev'ry joy with thee decay,
And Heav'n afford no parting ray
To gild the hours of age?

'Heav'n ſtill is kind—When thou art fled,
Comes gentle Habit, in thy ſtead,
With ſilent pace—nor comes in vain—
For, growing with declining years,
The good man's comforts ſhe endears,
And ſoftens ev'ry pain.

'Where ſhe, ſweet ſober maid, abides,
Contentment at the board preſides;

No vagrant wiſh her votary ſtings—
In his own grounds he loves to tread;
Nor envies, on his houſehold bed,
The couch of eaſtern kings.' p. 1—6.

'The Caſtle in the Air' contains ſeveral pleaſing ſtanzas, and exhibits a fanciful picture, of which many readers may be able to trace an original in their own waking dreams of Utopian happineſs, to be enjoyed in the undiſturbed ſociety of thoſe whom we prize ſolely for their virtues,

'Without a ſingle thought on thoſe,
Who live beyond the hill.' p. 16.

The verſes 'to a Fountain,' though diſtinguiſhed by no great novelty of ſentiment or of imagery, are written with great elegance, and rendered more peculiarly intereſting, by the reference they ſeem to bear to the real feelings of a mind wounded by injuſtice and unkindneſs in its intercourſe with the world, and ſeeking relief in retirement, but ſtruggling, at the ſame time, to repreſs thoſe painful ſentiments of diſtruſt which are ſo apt to flow from diſappointed ambition, and which indeed give to it one of its bittereſt pangs. From this poem we ſhall ſelect a few ſtanzas.

'Sequeſter'd Fountain! ever pure,
Whoſe placid ſtreamlet flows,
In ſilent lapſe, through glens obſcure,
Where timid flocks repoſe:
Tired and diſabled in the race,
I quit ambition's fruitleſs chaſe,
To ſhape my courſe by thine;
And, pleas'd, from ſerious trifles turn,
As thus, around thy little urn,
A votive wreath I twine.

'Fair Fountain! on thy margin green,
May tufted trees ariſe,
And ſpreading boughs thy boſom ſkreen
From ſummer's fervent ſkies;—
Here may the ſpring her flow'rets ſtrew,
And morning ſhed her pearly dew,
May health infuſe her balm;
And ſome ſoft virtue in thee flow,
To mitigate the pangs of woe,
And bid the heart be calm.

'O! may thy ſalutary ſtreams,
Like thoſe of LETHE's ſpring,
That bathe the ſilent land of dreams,
Some drops oblivious bring—

With

With that bleſt opiate in my bowl,
Far ſhall I from my wounded ſoul
The thorns of ſpleen remove—
Forget how there at firſt they grew,
And, once again, with man renew
The cordial ties of love.

'For what avails the wretch to bear
Imprinted on his mind,
The leſſons of diſtruſt and fear,
Injurious to mankind?—
Hopeleſs in his diſaſtrous hour,
He ſees the gath'ring tempeſt lower,
The burſting cloud impend—
Tow'rds the wild waſte he turns his eye,
Nor can that happy port deſcry,
The boſom of a friend.

— — — —

'Ah me! to Youth's ingenuous eye
What charms the proſpect wears!—
Bright as the portals of the ſky
The op'ning world appears;
There every figure ſtands confeſt,
In all the ſweet advantage dreſt
Of Candour's radiant robe—
There no mean cares admiſſion find,
Love is the buſineſs of mankind,
And Honour rules the globe.

'But if thoſe gleams fallacious prove
That paint the world ſo fair;
If heaven has plac'd for gen'rous love
No ſoft aſylum there;
If men fair faith, fair fame deride,
Bent on the crooked paths that guide
To Int'reſt's ſordid ſhrine;
Be yours, ye gloomy ſons of Woe!
That melancholy truth to know,
The dream of bliſs be mine.' p. 41—45.

To theſe quotations, we ſhall only add the following lines from a poem, entitled, 'Reflections by a Father.' They are perhaps in the author's beſt manner.

'Though ſweet the breath of vernal hours,
When garlands hang on ev'ry thorn,
When ev'ry path is ſtrew'd with flow'rs,
And opening roſe-buds greet the morn;
Who knows what blaſts may yet ariſe;—

However ſweet, however gay,
The bloſſom may our hopes betray—
It is th' autumnal fruit, we prize.

'Alas! the ſame precarious fate
Attends on childhood's pleaſing ſhow—
The parent views with hopes elate,
His favourites round the table grow;
Who loſt to worth in riper years,
To duty loſt may yet conſpire,
To wring thy heart, unhappy ſire!
And drench thy furrow'd cheek in tears.

'While the poor child of homelier mien,
Who in the corner ſits forlorn,
Sobs hourly at parental ſpleen,
And eats the bitter bread of ſcorn;
Untainted by the pamper'd crew,
And faithful to affection's call,
Perhaps, in his paternal hall,
Shall trim the lamp of joy anew.' p. 90, 91.

From theſe paſſages, which have been ſelected at random, the reader may be enabled to form a very fair eſtimate of the ſtyle and peculiar merits of the poems contained in this little volume; and we doubt not that the whole collection will be found to juſtify the praiſe we have ventured to beſtow upon it. To that praiſe, however well merited, the excellent author himſelf can now no longer be ſenſible; and, by a ſingular coincidence, we may with characteriſtical propriety apply to him the *lament* of a celebrated Scotiſh poet of the ſixteenth century, for the loſs of a contemporary bard of the ſame name.

'He (*i. e.* Death) has reft Merſar, his indyte
That did in luve ſo lyfly wryte,
So ſhort, ſo quick, of ſentens hie,
'Timor mortis conturbat me.'
Dunbar's Lament for the Deth of the Makkaris.

Art. XIII. *Speech in the Houſe of Commons, on the War againſt the Mahrattas.* By Philip Francis, Eſq. 1805. Ridgway.

We have read this ſpeech with great approbation of the judgement and temper with which it is compoſed, and with a very melancholy aſſent to the reaſonings of the ſpeaker. It is upon a ſubject of far greater importance to the Aſiatic intereſts of this nation, and indeed to its character all over the world, than the public in general ſeems aware of. Thoſe who have obſerved

ſerved the progreſs of events in India for the laſt ſix years, wait in anxious ſuſpenſe for the reſult of the criſis to which they are now brought; whether councils of juſtice and peace ſhall yet be able to reſtore our empire to its former ſtability, or incurable diſtruſt and hoſtility in all the warlike tribes of Hindoſtan are to be the puniſhment of unprovoked aggreſſion. We mean to take another opportunity of laying before our readers the grounds of the opinion which we entertain upon this ſubject, and which has not been formed upon a ſlight or haſty conſideration of the ſubject, but upon a careful examination of all the documents that are within our reach. In the mean time, we earneſtly recommend the preſent ſpeech to be ſtudied by our readers, as containing a perſpicuous and very candid abſtract of facts, as well as of the principles by which their import is to be judged of. It is itſelf too conciſe, to admit of being abridged with any advantage. We ſhall not attempt, therefore, to enter more particularly at preſent into its contents. But there is one paſſage which we cannot refuſe ourſelves the pleaſure of extracting, from the minutes which precede the principal ſpeech. On the bill to enlarge and regulate the powers of the Governor-General and Commander in Chief, Mr Francis ſaid,

'I do not perceive that the bill gives Lord Cornwallis any new or extraordinary powers; and if it did, I ſhould not be inclined to oppoſe it, for two reaſons: firſt, becauſe I ſhould think it not at all unlikely that the exigency of the caſe might require ſuch powers; and then, becauſe I know of no perſon among thoſe, who have acted in great ſtations in my time, whom I ſhould be more ready to truſt with great power, than my Lord Cornwallis. Judging of him by all his public conduct, I am convinced that power may be ſafely truſted in his hands, and that he will never uſe it but for the benefit of the public ſervice. If *my* voice could contribute to his honour, he ſhould have it without reſerve, for the ſpirit that prompts him to undertake ſuch a taſk, as I know it to be, and at ſuch a time; and if it were poſſible to give him ſupport in the execution of it by any effort of mine, he might be ſure of it. I am convinced that his great object will be to compoſe the diſorders of India, and to reſtore peace and tranquillity to the unfortunate inhabitants of that country.'

It is impoſſible to read this teſtimony to the character of the preſent Governor-General, without calling to mind, how honourably the name of Mr Francis himſelf is connected with the hiſtory of our Indian adminiſtration. It has been from the beginning placed in ſteady oppoſition to all thoſe enterprizes of unjuſt ambition, which have diſhonoured the Engliſh empire of the Eaſt, and from time to time have brought it to the brink of ruin. In a reſolute and diſintereſted oppoſition to the two Mahratta

wars of a former governor, he maintained the same principles with regard to the extension of our dominions, and the rights of the native powers, to which he now appeals. And, after all that has been said or written upon the government of India in its foreign relations, we should refer to the extracts of Bengal Consultations, printed for the information of Parliament in 1782, as affording, in the minutes and protests of Mr Francis, the most satisfactory exposition of the true maxims of policy. These maxims were, upon that occasion, as they are upon the present, urged without effect, until the guilt of violating them was thrust upon the public attention, by the disaster which ensued. They were in the end sanctioned by the House of Commons, and confirmed by the Legislature into a general law, not yet repealed, which declares, that 'schemes of conquest and extent of dominion in India, are repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of this nation.' What a commentary upon this enactment, the recent transactions in Oude, in the Carnatic, and at Bassein!

ART. XIV. *The Tomb of Alexander. A Dissertation on the Sarcophagus brought from Alexandria, and now in the British Museum.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, L.L.D. Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. 4to. pp. 161. 1805.

DR CLARKE, to whose active and classical spirit we are mainly indebted for the possession of the Alexandrian sarcophagus, has here presented us with a very interesting memoir respecting this trophy of his zeal and perseverance. We cannot, indeed, conceive any relic of antiquity which could more powerfully captivate our attention, than that which forms the subject of this publication. The discovery of the supposed memorial of a western conqueror, in a country which entombs so much native greatness, wealth, and learning, is itself a very striking incident; while, on the present occasion, we need not say that the images of Grecian and Egyptian story mix themselves very finely, in every English mind, with the recollection of other victories and other tombs than those of Alexander the Great. Researches, therefore, into the history of this valuable bequest of ancient times, are in some degree useful, when considered merely as ministering to the pleasures of imagination. Whether their utility stops here, and whether the imagination be not the faculty principally concerned in them, are questions not very easily answered. Yet, when it is once settled that the study of anti-

antiquities,

quities, however overvalued, is not without its uſe, and prefers, on this ground, a clear title to our regard, it certainly is not neceſſary to make out this title in every particular inſtance. To demand this, were about as reaſonable as to aſk, why care is taken to turn, with the fineſt preciſion, every volute and olive-leaf on the capital of a lofty column, although theſe minuter graces are hardly diſtinguiſhable from below? Every thing muſt be done carefully, that nothing important may be done ill. Beſides this, the ſpirit of experimental philoſophy requires us to accumulate obſervations, although we ſhould not always be able to figure out to ourſelves the ſpecific ſhape and magnitude of the benefits which may accrue from them. If we fail in our principal inquiry, we are often rewarded by obtaining ſome unhoped collateral advantage, which overpays our labour and our diſappointment.

This ſarcophagus was forcibly taken from the moſque of St Athanaſius in Alexandria by the French, in ſpite of the howlings and lamentations of the inhabitants, to whom it was the object of ſuperſtitious veneration; and on the capitulation of Alexandria to the Britiſh, it fell into the hands of the conquerors. It had then been long removed from the ſight and adoration of the people of Alexandria; it was already deſtined for Europe; however it might have been obtained by the French, it was to us the prize of war; laſtly, it was a moſt tempting article; and, on all theſe accounts, we ſeized it, brought it into England, and placed it in the Britiſh Muſeum, where it now lies, a wonder to the ignorant, and a riddle to the wiſe. Seriouſly, although we are of opinion that the acquiſition of this treaſure by our victorious army, ſtands on very different ground from the lawleſs ſeizure of it by the pretended deliverers of Egypt, yet it ſeems a nice inquiry, whether conqueſt ſtrictly conferred on us the right of converting it to our own uſe, and whether the feelings of thoſe, to whom it had previouſly belonged, were ſufficiently conſulted in this tranſaction.

The capitulation of Alexandria being already on the tapis, Dr Clarke was commiſſioned by Lord Hutchinſon, to enter the city, and obtain the ſurrender of the monument of Alexander, which report had already made known to the Engliſh. Dr Clarke ſet forward on this expedition, accompanied by two other gentlemen. The following extract from his account of it, will give our readers a very favourable idea of the manner in which an antiquarian can draw up a narrative.

'We had ſcarcely reached the houſe in which we were to reſide, when a party of the merchants of the place, who had heard the nature of our errand, came to congratulate us on the capture of Alexandria, and to expreſs their anxiety to ſerve the Engliſh. As ſoon as the room was cleared of other viſitants, ſpeaking with great circumſpection and

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in a low voice, they asked if our business in Alexandria related to the antiquities collected by the French? Upon being answered in the affirmative, and, in proof of it, the copy of the Rosetta Stone being produced, the principal of them said, "Does your Commander in Chief know that they have the Tomb of Alexander?" We desired them to describe it; upon which they said it was *a beautiful green stone*, taken from the mosque of St Athanasius; which, among the inhabitants, had always borne that appellation. Our letter and instructions from Cairo evidently referred to the same monument. "It is the object," they continued, "of our present visit; and we will shew you where they have concealed it." They then related the measures used by the French; the extraordinary care they had observed to prevent any intelligence of it; the indignation shewn by the Mahometans at its removal; the veneration in which they held it; and the tradition familiar to all of them respecting its origin. I conversed afterwards with several of the Mahometans, both Arabs and Turks, on the same subject; not only those who were natives and inhabitants of the city, but also dervises and pilgrims; persons from Constantinople, Smyrna, and Aleppo, who had visited, or who had resided at Alexandria: and they all agreed in one uniform tradition, namely, ITS BEING THE TOMB OF ISCANDER (*Alexander*), THE FOUNDER OF THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA.

'We were then told that it was in the hold of an hospital ship, in the inner harbour; and being provided with a boat, we there found it, half filled with filth, and covered with the rags of the sick people on board. Nothing could equal the admiration with which I viewed this beautiful Tomb, having never seen, among the fine works the ancients have left us, an instance in which nature as well as art vie with each other to such perfection. True indeed are the words of Denon before cited: "*Qu'il peut être regardé comme un des morceaux les plus précieux de l'antiquité:*" and strictly does the appearance of it correspond with the description given by Diodorus of the shrine constructed for the body of Alexander.' p. 39—41.

This sarcophagus is one entire block of green Egyptian *breccia*, and is covered with hieroglyphics. Its dimensions are as follows; the elevation, three feet ten inches; its greatest length (for it swells out towards the head), ten feet three inches and a half; its greatest breadth (near the head), five feet three inches and a half; its least breadth (at the foot), four feet two inches and a half. The object of Dr Clarke in this dissertation is, to prove that this mighty receptacle did actually once contain the corpse of Alexander the Great; and it is now incumbent on us to follow him through his reasonings on this subject. With our criticisms upon this learned author, we shall combine some strictures on a shorter paper by Mr Henley, which is subjoined to the dissertation of Dr Clarke, and maintains the same hypothesis. The following is a compressed

ſed and popular view of the evidence produced by theſe gentlemen.

It is demonſtrable that Alexander the Great was buried within the old walls of Alexandria; but within thoſe walls, there is, at this day, a place called the *Tomb of Alexander*, and from that place the ſarcophagus was taken. It is demonſtrable that Alexander was deified as an Egyptian god; for which reaſon, to conciliate his new votaries, he muſt have been buried with Egyptian rites and in an Egyptian ſarcophagus; but the ſarcophagus in queſtion *is* Egyptian, being covered with hieroglyphics. From the immenſity of the preparations made for Alexander's funeral, it is fairly preſumeable, that his ſarcophagus would be extremely magnificent; and, accordingly, this is wonderfully the caſe with the ſarcophagus of Alexandria, which has perhaps no rival in the world. It is demonſtrable that the ſuppoſed coffin in which Alexander was ſent to Egypt, was merely a cloſely-fitted coating of gold; to contain his body, therefore, together with his armour and robes, ſome outer receptacle was neceſſary; and what more proper for this purpoſe than a ſarcophagus of this ſort? It is demonſtrable that the tomb of Alexander ſtood in a large conſecrated encloſure, and the ſite of that which is now called the Tomb of Alexander anſwers to this deſcription. All theſe coincidences make it highly probable that the ſarcophagus of Alexander has a fair claim to its title, unleſs hiſtory or tradition ſhould furniſh preſumptions hoſtile to that ſuppoſition. It happens, however, that both hiſtory and tradition furniſh the ſtrongeſt preſumptions, and even much more than preſumptions in its favour. From the burial of Alexander till the eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity throughout the Roman empire, the tomb of the conqueror in queſtion was held in the higheſt veneration, and its hiſtory can be traced through that long period with facility. When the Chriſtian religion became general, the idols and temples of Paganiſm were in a great meaſure deſtroyed; but the ſarcophagus of Alexander, either from its ſolidity reſiſted, or from its beauty eſcaped, the general deſolation. We read nothing poſitive, with reſpect to its fate, for many centuries after this; but it is curious that, during the greater part of this interval, it was in the cuſtody of the Mahometans, whoſe veneration for Alexander was quite as profound as that of the earlier Alexandrians themſelves. Thus its ſafety and its identity were inſured, and at length it again became the ſubject of deſcription in the beginning of the ſixteenth century.

Such is the ſubſtance of Dr Clarke's arguments. It would have been ſurpriſing, if, in detailing them, he had never been miſled by his zeal for a favourite hypotheſis, and, whether he has been ſo or not, it would be ſurpriſing indeed, if a reviewer ſhould fail

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to charge him with this ſort of partiality. In preparing to indulge a little our profeſſional prejudices on this occaſion, we beg leave to anticipate and to ſoften the reſentment of ſome of our readers, by conceding to them all that they can ſay upon the facility of raiſing doubts and cavils in every caſe and againſt every theory. Certainly the ſpirit of the famous Socratic apothegm, *I know only that I know nothing*, is marvelloufly perverted by thoſe ingenious philoſophers who are decided only in believing nothing, and who haraſs mankind and themſelves with an eternal buz of objections and heſitations and ſolemn indeciſion and moſt ſapient doubts about every thing but their own judgement. It is therefore requiſite to premiſe that we think the hypotheſis of the authors before us by no means improbable; at leaſt, we know of no inſuperable objection to it; but we ſee what appear to us to be ſome awkward objections to the evidence upon which it is here maintained, much as we may commend the learning employed on the ſubject. We do not think ſo ill of the ingenious authors on whom we are about to comment, as to offer to them any apology for a free and candid diſcuſſion of this queſtion.

In ſifting the evidence brought forward by Dr Clarke and Mr Henley, we ſhall adopt nearly the ſame order which we followed above in ſumming it up, not becauſe we think this arrangement ſyſtematically accurate, but becauſe it is the moſt convenient for our purpoſe.

The firſt point to be eſtabliſhed is, that Alexander was buried in Egypt, and at Alexandria. This is proved in the work before us by a profuſion of teſtimonies, which it will be unneceſſary to detail in this place. Merely, however, by way of furniſhing our quota to the completing of this part of the evidence, we ſhall add to theſe teſtimonies two others. The firſt is that of Arrian; for, although Arrian's hiſtory of the ſucceſſors of Alexander is loſt, there is extant an abridgement of it by Photius, which diſtinctly informs us that Arrhidæus conveyed the body of Alexander to Ptolemy the ſon of Lagus in Egypt, travelling thither from Babylon by the way of Damaſcus.* The other authority is Juſtin, whoſe evidence, however, merely proves that Alexander deſired to be buried in the temple of Hammon.†

But in order to account for the hieroglyphics found on the ſuppoſed ſarcophagus of this great man, it is neceſſary to ſhew, not only that he was buried in Egypt, but that he was buried with Egyptian rites. This, we are told, was *indiſpenſable*, becauſe it can be proved that he was deified, not as a Grecian, but as an Egyptian deity; for the Egyptians could never have regard-

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* Phot. Eclogæ ex Arriani ſcriptis. † Juſt. lib. 12. c. 16.

ed him as one of their own gods, had he been interred in the Greek manner, and with a Greek epitaph. To ſhew that Alexander was conſidered as an Egyptian divinity, ſeveral quotations are given, of which the ſtrongeſt comes from Lucian's entertaining dialogue between the ſhades of Alexander and Diogenes. We ſhall give this paſſage rather more fully than it is given by either of the learned authors before us. Alexander, aſking Diogenes why he laughed, the latter gives the following among other reaſons.

'*Diogenes.* Becauſe ſome of the Greeks have enrolled you among the twelve gods, and have honoured you with temples and ſacrifices, as being the ſon of Jupiter diſguiſed under the form of a dragon. But, tell me, where have the Macedonians buried your body?

'*Alexander.* It ſtill lies in Babylon, and has done ſo for theſe three days. But my general Ptolemy promiſes that, if he can find leiſure from the troubleſome affairs in which he is at preſent occupied, he will convey it to Egypt and bury it there, that I may become one of the Egyptian gods.

'*Diogenes.* Can I help laughing, Alexander, when I ſee you ſtill indulging this folly, even in hell, and aſpiring to be Anubis or Oſiris?'

Beſides this, it is to be obſerved that Alexander was *embalmed*; a circumſtance conſonant to the cuſtoms of Egypt: whereas (obſerves Mr Henley) 'long before the age of Alexander, the Greeks burned all their dead.' Speaking further of Lucian and Diodorus, Mr Henley ſays: 'Whoever admits the account of the former (Lucian), that Ptolemy transferred to Egypt the body of Alexander, there to inſhrine him as one of its gods, can have no doubt but the ſacrifices and games, mentioned by the latter (Diodorus), were rites eſſential to the deification.' p. 119.

We believe this to follow from the very words of Diodorus, without any aſſiſtance from Lucian. *To honour with ſacrifices* (τιμᾶν θυσίαις) ſeems to be a mere periphraſis for *to ſacrifice to*; and thus Cyril uſes the expreſſion, when he ſays that Alexander deified his friend Hephæſtion, and commanded him ναοῖς καὶ θυσίαις τιμᾶσθαι, *to be honoured with an altar and ſacrifices*.‡

The reader, we preſume, cannot but diſtinctly perceive Mr Clarke's object in contending for the Egyptian character of the deified Alexander. He wiſhes to prove that the burial and the ſepulchre of his hero were Egyptian; and, in the abſence of any very direct evidence to this fact, attempts to infer it from the circumſtance of his Egyptian apotheoſis. But both the poſition which he

‡ Cyril contr. Julian. VI. p. 205.

he would ultimately eſtabliſh, and that intermediate poſition from which he wiſhes to infer the former, ſeem to us to require, at leaſt, ſome qualification before they can be received; and the very great ſtreſs which our author lays on this part of his argument, renders it neceſſary that our doubts with regard to them ſhould be ſtated. We ſhall firſt, therefore, ſay ſomething on the ſuppoſed Egyptian burial of Alexander, and next ſhall endeavour to ſhew that even his deification was not excluſively Egyptian.

We ſhall not here lay much ſtreſs on the form of Alexander's mauſoleum, as it is deſcribed in Strabo, but ſhall barely obſerve, that, on the whole, it ſeems to have been conſtructed rather in a Grecian than in an Egyptian taſte. Still leſs do we inſiſt on the circumſtance (although the fact appears capable of proof), * that, even in the age of Alexander, the Greeks did *not* burn '*all* their dead.' It is certain that this was their uſual practice; and, connecting this conſideration with the wiſh of Alexander to be interred in Egypt, it may be allowed that, as far as the *animus* of the hero himſelf is concerned, the ſcale inclines in favour of Dr Clarke's opinion. But let us examine what we are told of the burial itſelf. Diodorus ſays that it was diſtinguiſhed by *heroic ſacrifices* and *magnificent games*. The queſtion is, Was this, then, an *Egyptian* ceremony? Now, firſt, it is plain that the magnificent games wear an appearance extremely *Argive*; for theſe exerciſes formed no part of the Egyptian worſhip. We allow that to this general rule there was a ſingle, and that a *local*, exception. We are informed by Herodotus, that the inhabitants of Chemmis, a place in Upper Egypt, committed *this Greciſm* (τόδε Ἑλληνικὸν) in the worſhip of Perſeus; they celebrated games in his honour. 'I aſked them,' proceeds the hiſtorian, 'why Perſeus was accuſtomed to appear to them alone, and why *they were diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of the Egyptians by the celebration of gymnaſtic games?*' † But, we fear, the caſe of Chemmis here mentioned could furniſh no precedent for the burial of Alexander in Alexandria; for every dabbler in claſſical antiquities knows that the provincial ſuperſtitions of Egypt were no leſs hoſtile to each other, than they were to the religions of foreigners. So far, then, it would ſeem that the burial of Alexander was a *Greek* ceremony; unleſs, indeed, with ſome very learned men, we proſcribe Herodotus for an old woman, and his hiſtory for a romance.

Another adjunct to the obſequies of Alexander, was the oblation of *heroic ſacrifices*. But to whomever theſe heroic ſacrifices might

* See Potter on the Grecian mode of burial.

† ὅτι μοῦνοι Αἰγυπτίων τῶν ἄλλων, ἀγῶνα γυμνικὸν τιθέντες. Euterp. 91.

might be offered, certain it is that, if Herodotus is to be relied on, no genuine and unſophiſticated lover of Egyptian inſtitutions could poſſibly have partaken of them. The diſtinction between *heroolatry* and *theolatry*, or the ſacred rites of heroes and the ſacred rites of Gods, was perfectly well known in Greece; and Herodotus expreſsly ſays, that the Egyptians of his time 'paid *no* religious honours to heroes.' * It may, perhaps, be inquired, whether the teſtimony of Herodotus, in this inſtance, be quite uncontradicted by other ancient authors. We are afraid that nothing amounting to a poſitive contradiction of it can be produced; nothing, at leaſt, that can effect more than to involve the whole matter in complete doubt. Even this we cannot ſay of the little that we ourſelves have found on the other ſide of the queſtion; but it is incumbent on us to produce that little. Diodorus tells us three things, which, it muſt be owned, ſeem a little ſtaggering at firſt ſight; he ſays, that according to the Egyptians whom he conſulted, Egypt had formerly been governed by demigods or *heroes;* ‡ alſo, that Oſiris was one of theſe heroes, and, upon his death, was deified by Iſis, and honoured, on the occaſion, with ſumptuous ſacrifices; † and, laſtly, he ſays, that the Egyptians ſeemed to venerate their kings as if they had been really deities. ‖ But it will be the reader's own fault, if theſe things ſtagger him long. The Greeks made a very clear diſtinction between aſcribing a human origin to a divinity, and worſhipping him *as* ſprung from ſuch an origin, or with *heroic rites*. Jupiter was univerſally adored, not as a hero, but as the greateſt God; yet many believed in the ſtory of his birth and his tomb. But the inſtance moſt appoſite to our purpoſe is that of Lampſace, whom the Phocæans originally worſhipped only with heroic honours, but afterwards voted a full goddeſs, knowing her all the time to have been a mere woman. § The ſtory may be true or falſe; but ſtill it curiouſly proves the diſtinction between the *hiſtoric* and the *ritual* character of a divinity. Diodorus, therefore, who tells us that ſome Egyptian traditions talked of demigods, by no means contradicts Herodotus, who aſſerts the abſence of all heroic ceremonies from the Egyptian ritual. But, in truth, that which Herodotus here aſſerts may be deduced with almoſt equal clearneſs from Diodorus himſelf; for, whoever will take the trouble to wade through this hiſtorian's account of the cuſtoms, and eſpecially the religious cuſtoms, of Egypt, will not find there one ſyllable implying

* Νομίζουσι δ' ὡς Αἰγύπτιοι Ο'ΥΔ' ἥρωσι Ο'ΥΔΕ'Ν. Euterp. 50.

‡ Lib. i. c. 4. † Lib. i. c. 2. ‖ Lib. i. c. 7.

§ καὶ τὴν Λαμψάκην πρότερον ἡρωϊκὰς τιμὰς ἀποδιδόντες, ὕστερον εἰς θεὰν ἱδρύσαντο. Plut. Mulier. Virtut. 18.

ing the existence of hero-worship in that country. A sanguine examiner might even contrive to persuade himself that this writer wished to guard against any impression of that kind, by the strong language in which he speaks of the apotheosis of Osiris: instead of mentioning heroic sacrifices, he seems almost carefully to state that this monarch was made a *God*, and received *all the honours paid to the most eminent of the Gods.** In the same manner, while he informs us that the Egyptians seemed to regard their king as a species of divinity, his remark manifestly confines itself to the king while *alive*, it being clear that nothing like a funeral deification took place. As an instance of the strong monarchical attachment of the people in question, the historian adduces and describes their ordinary conduct on the decease of a monarch; it was merely a deep and general mourning; not a trace or a hint can be discovered of divine or heroic honours, which would clearly have been mentioned had they existed.† It would seem, indeed, from Diodorus, that no apotheosis had occurred in Egypt within the period of authentic history; and this is involved in the larger proposition of Herodotus, that Egypt had never deified a mortal.‡ Perhaps, therefore, a very zealous opponent of Dr Clarke would contend that the whole apotheosis of Alexander was one grand *Grecism*; but much less than this will satisfy our ambition.

We are not aware of any thing else that can be quoted against us on this subject, unless it be a vague story recorded both in Arrian§ and Diodorus. On the death of Hephæstion, it seems that Alexander sent to inquire of the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, whether his deceased friend should be worshipped as a *God* or a *Hero*, and that the oracle decided for the latter. Arrian seems to decline vouching for the truth of this story; nor is it indeed very probable that the messenger of Alexander, supposing him to have been sent, would really take the trouble of visiting the oracle to find a reply. But, at all events, we may leave this unaccredited tale to make its full impression on the minds of those who are fond of light reading.

And now, shall we admit that the funeral rites of Alexander were not quite *à l'Egyptienne?* Or, shall we believe that Diodorus, mentioning the deification of this conqueror, carelessly and mechanically slides into the expressions descriptive of that ceremony among his own countrymen? The minuteness of our historian's whole account makes us unwilling to think that he has, even through inadvertence, materially misrepresented any incident; especially

* θυσιῶν καὶ τῶν ἄλλων τῶν ἐπιφανεστάτων θεῶν τιμῶν. Lib. i. c. 2. Some for θεῶν read ἐν θεοῖς. Would it not bear ΘΕΗΝ?

† Lib. i. c. 6. ‡ Euterp. 143. § Arr. lib. 7. c. 14.

especially since, if there be one, there are here two misrepresentations; *funeral games* being associated with the *sacrifices* of Ptolemy. Besides, we may see reason, in the sequel, to doubt whether the tomb of Alexander was not always honoured with heroic, rather than with divine, oblations.

There is a passage in Pausanias, which, though inaccurate, seems to confirm our doubts with relation to the supposed Egyptian interment of Alexander. The corpse of our hero, we know, was first conveyed to Memphis, and, after some years, transferred to Alexandria. Pausanias, apparently confounding these two transactions, informs us, that Ptolemy interred Alexander in Memphis. But he uses here one remarkable expression; the burial (he says) was *in the Macedonian fashion*; Καὶ τὸν μὲν ΝΟΜΩ, ΤΩΝΠΕΡ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΩΝ ἔθαψεν, ἐν Μέμφει.*

Having ventured to call in question the general opinion of our author and Mr Henley on this subject, we will now take the liberty to offer a few remarks on the principal ground of that opinion. Alexander, they tell us, was honoured as one of the Great Gods of the Egyptians, and hence every thing about him must taste of the Nile. Dr Clarke always speaks of him emphatically as *an Egyptian* God; and Mr Henley, though more moderate, yet seems fond of considering him as enrolled among the Twelve Deities of that people. Their learning has been very successfully employed in collecting some strong, or at least specious authorities, to prove their position. Yet we cannot quite concur with them; and have the misfortune to think, that our deified conqueror, so far from being *generally* thought one of the Egyptian Twelve, or perhaps indeed a Great God of any country, was usually worshipped as a hero; in other words, that the son of Ammon was worshipped under a Grecian character, or, as a Greek would have expressed it, ἑλληνικῶς ἐτιμᾶτο. Whether we can make this appear or not, we may, at least, venture to correct some misconceptions into which, as we make bold to suspect, the learned authors before us have been betrayed.

The critical question is, In what light was the man of Macedon regarded by those distinguished sovereigns who, as we learn from history, visited his tomb? Dr Clarke seems to be convinced that these persons regarded the object of their adoration as one of the great Egyptian gods. Now, we happen to be quite convinced that they considered him as something much inferior to those deities; that they were careful to pay him no more than heroic honours; and, of consequence, that, though they might

* Paus. lib. 1, c. 6. This passage seems erroneously referred to by Dr Clarke.

acknowledge him to be the ſon of Ammon, they yet worſhipped him with Helleniſtic ceremonies. We read of three princes born in different ages, who did homage to the remains of Alexander, and we read of them in different hiſtorians. Theſe princes were, Ptolemy the Firſt, Auguſtus Cæſar, and Caracalla.

The honours paid by Ptolemy to his deceaſed maſter are deſcribed in Diodorus; but we have already ſaid enough of this deſcription. We ſhall therefore merely remind our readers of a remark made above, that the 'heroic ſacrifices' of Ptolemy were manifeſtly offered to Alexander himſelf. To theſe oblations of Ptolemy, we ſhall ſee that thoſe of Auguſtus Cæſar and Caracalla appear to have been, in their kind at leaſt, very ſimilar; and this fact, while it confirms the accuracy of Diodorus, throws light on what we have already ſaid reſpecting the circumſtances of the burial.

Auguſtus, entering Alexandria as a conqueror, gave his free pardon to the citizens, profeſſedly (ſays Dio) on account, *both* of their *god* Serapis and their *founder* Alexander, *καὶ τὸν θεὸν τὸν Σάραπιν, καὶ τὸν Ἀλέξανδρον τὸν οἰκιστὴν αὐτῶν.** Afterwards he viſited the body of Alexander, and (as Suetonius relates) honoured it with an offering of a golden crown and flowers, which, we need not ſay, was in accordance with the cuſtomary tributes of reſpect paid to the dead. Being urged by the Alexandrians (not neceſſarily the *prieſts*) to ſee the bodies of the Ptolemies, he replied, 'I wiſhed to ſee a king, and not merely the dead.' On the ſame principle he declined viſiting Apis, obſerving that he had been accuſtomed to worſhip *gods*, and not *oxen*.' Dr Clarke here lays a ſtrong emphaſis on the word *gods*, clearly referring it to Alexander, and apparently ſuppoſing that the refuſal of Auguſtus to ſee the bodies of the Ptolemies, and his refuſal to viſit Apis, were two connected parts of the ſame tranſaction. He ſays that the conſecrated relics of Alexander 'repoſed with the holy Apis, and the moſt ſacred divinities of that country, in a ſarcophagus, under the guardianſhip of Egyptian prieſts.' (p. 48.) But this is inadmiſſible; for Apis always reſided at Memphis,† and therefore the offer to exhibit him could

* Dio Caſs. lib. 51. c. 16.

† This is affirmed by ſuch a cloud of authors, that to fill a long note with their names were as eaſy as it would be uſeleſs. Happily, two of the firſt rate atteſt it with reſpect to the very time of Auguſtus. Diodorus wrote about twelve years before this emperor's viſit to the tomb, and Strabo about thirty years after that event. The former ſays that Apis was kept in the grove of Vulcan at Memphis, and that all the ſacred

could not have been made by the priests of Alexandria. In whatever way, then, Dio is to be explained, the refusal to worship Apis had no necessary connexion with the visit to Alexander's tomb. But, again, if we even believed in this connexion, we should be apt to refer the expression of *divinity*, in Augustus's speech to Serapis, and only that of *royalty* to Alexander; in the same manner as Apis is before called the *God*, while Alexander has merely the appellation of the *founder* of the city.

That Caracalla adored Alexander only as a hero, will be evident to every man who consults Herodian himself, though it is not quite so evident in the translation (for it seems to be intended as such) of his account by the ingenious author before us. This cruel monarch directed his course to Alexandria, with a professed view partly to see the city founded by Alexander, and partly to consult the divinity whom the inhabitants particularly venerated. Whether this revered divinity was Serapis or Alexander, let the reader judge from what follows. 'These, therefore, (says Herodian) were the *two* pretexts which he studiously gave out; his desire to worship (θρησκεῦσαι) the *god*, and his desire to commemorate (μνησθῆναι) the *hero*. Accordingly, he ordered preparations to be made, *both* for divine sacrifices (ἱερουργίας), and for every species of funeral honours (ἐναγισμούς).' In the sequel we learn, that, 'having entered the city with his whole army, he first betook himself to the *Temple* (*i. e.* the Serapeum*), where he offered many sacrifices and heaped the altars with incense. Thence he repaired to the *Monument of Alexander*, and despoiling himself of his purple robe, his rings set with precious jewels, his belts, and any other costly ornament which he happened to have about him, placed them on the tomb of that

ered animals were immured in sacred inclosures, ἐν ἱεροῖς μὲν περιβόλοις, lib. i. c. 6. Strabo uses an equivalent expression (ἐν ἕρκεσιν), and further states, that this animal was never suffered to leave his confinement, excepting occasionally for the outer court, when he was to be exhibited to strangers, (Strab. p. 807.) But how then are we to explain Augustus's declining to see Apis? Did Augustus visit Memphis, and there make this uncourteous speech? This, in itself, is not unlikely; but no author, as far as we know, records it. Perhaps, then, he spoke it in Alexandria, and, in fact, refused to visit the city of Apis's residence. The reader, however, will observe, that Dio's words do not imply any connexion between the remark on the Ptolemies and that on Apis; and farther, that Suetonius records the former of these remarks, without mentioning the other.

* Ἱερόν in Alexandria meant the *Serapeum*. In this sense, it occurs at least six times in Philostratus's life of Apollonius, Vid. lib. 5. c. 25.

perſon.' † Theſe citations reflect great light on the former extracts both from Dio and from Diodorus; and, on the whole, the diſtinction between divine and heroic honours ſeems irreſiſtibly clear. Mr Henley does not actually quote theſe paſſages of Herodian; but, from his manner of referring to them, it is evident that he was aware of the diſtinction here intimated.

Both Dr Clarke and Mr Henley produce ſome very plauſible teſtimonies in favour of the very exalted mythological character of their hero. But we beg leave to obſerve, that the ſtrong expreſſions of ſatiriſts deriding, or of moraliſts rebuking, the abſurd and impious practice of deifying the dead, may fairly be underſtood with ſome abatement, ſince both rhetoric and ridicule are univerſally privileged to employ a very bold ſtyle of colouring. Moreover, theſe learned authors muſt forgive us if we hint that they have occaſionally taken too many liberties with the evidence of their own witneſſes. Thus Clemens is adduced by Dr Clarke (if we have not miſunderſtood him) as ſtating that *the Roman Senate* inſcribed Alexander 'their thirteenth god,' while Mr Henley infers from the ſame authority, that this folly had been committed by the Egyptians. Now, if the context of Clemens be conſulted, it will be found that he attributes this doctrine neither to the Roman Senate, nor to the Egyptians; he expreſsly calls thoſe who had broached it, ΣΥΡΦΑΚΕΣ ΤΙΝΕΣ, *certain of the refuſe of the people.* ‡ A ſimilar remark applies to ſome others of the authorities here adduced. Beſides all this, if it be true that the Roman Senate enrolled a Grecian prince among the twelve gods (and really we doubt it), theſe muſt have been the twelve *Dii majorum gentium*, and not the Twelve Deities of Egypt; and that neither the Egyptians nor the Romans placed the Macedonian conqueror on a level with Serapis, we have already ſhown. § We ſhall cloſe this part of our ſubject with a quotation from Plutarch, which indirectly confirms all that we have now advanced. In reprobating thoſe who had attributed to the gods a human origin, Plutarch pleads the impoſſibility of effectually deifying mortals, and inſtances thus: 'Cyrus led his victorious Perſians, and Alexander his Macedonians, only not to the very boundary of the world; yet theſe conquerors are now

† The expreſſions of Herodian appear the more remarkable, when we contraſt them with his ſtrong language in deſcribing the apotheoſis of a Roman Emperor; μετὰ τῶν κοινῶν θεῶν ἀριθμεῖται. lib. 4. c. 3.

‡ Cohort. ad gent. p. 77.

§ Alexander's inferiority to Serapis, is expreſsly ſtated in Julian's Letters. 'If you neither revere Alexander your founder, nor, *ſtill more*, (μᾶλλον δὲ) the great and moſt holy God Serapis.' Ep. 10.

now mentioned and commemorated merely as excellent kings.' * He proceeds to remark, that, although a few princes had, in their pride of heart, arrogated to themſelves divine honours, yet their triumph had ſoon faded away. 'They have been torn (ſays this eloquent philoſopher) like fugitive ſlaves, from their altars and their temples, and nothing is left them but a monument and a grave.' † Could an author, ſo well-informed as Plutarch, have written this, if Alexander had, in his time, been worſhipped as one of the Supreme divinities in Alexandria? and written it, too, in a work expreſsly treating of the religious rites of the Egyptians?

We have thus endeavoured to ſhew, in oppoſition to the ingenious author of the treatiſe before us, that neither the obſequies, nor the deification of Alexander, were ſtrictly according to the *coſtume* of Egypt. Suppoſing this to be proved, is it ſtill credible that a ſarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics, could have contained the relics of that prince? We may reply; Probably not, if we muſt ſuppoſe with Dr Clarke, that, to command the veneration of the Egyptians, it was neceſſary for the burial to be *excluſively* Egyptian; that there could be no compromiſe between the religion of the conquerors and that of their ſubjects, no neutral ground interpoſed, no *outer court of the temple*, in which the native and the ſtranger might kneel together. But there is, as it appears to us, another ſuppoſition, on which the theory reſpecting Alexander's tomb may ſtill be ſupported, and this a ſuppoſition not unnatural. We conjecture that, in Alexandria, a Greek city, and the ſeat of a Greek court, the Egyptian ſuperſtitions, with all their pride of originality, condeſcended to *hellenize* a little; and either from fear, or gratitude, or even overcome by the principle of imitation, to fraternize partially with their new neighbours. And yet ſome people will think this idea ſupremely abſurd. The ſame Herodotus (they will allege) who ſays, 'There are no heroic ſacrifices in Egypt,' ſays alſo, 'The Egyptians deteſt the inſtitutions of foreigners.' If, then, it may be conjectured that, after the death of Herodotus, this haughty nation abated a little of their contempt for foreigners, why may it not be conjectured that they admitted hero-worſhip into their ritual previouſly to the building of Alexandria? But between the times of Herodotus and Alexander there elapſed little more than a century; and the proverbial fondneſs of the Egyptians for their old cuſtoms, and even their known antipathy to thoſe of foreigners, forbid us to ſuppoſe that, during this interval, they

* ὀνομα καὶ μνήμην ϕαυλίων ἀγαθῶν ἔχουσιν. De Is. & Oſir. c. 24.
† Ibid.

innovated sensibly on their ceremonial code, either by inventing, or by importing new rites. The case was much altered when the Greek dynasty mounted the throne, or at least, altered with regard to the capital of the new government. Alexandria had grown up, out of a paltry village,* at the command of a Grecian; the worship of Isis, and that of the European deities, were established there by the same person, † and that person was to be entombed among the creatures of his bounty: Is it therefore incredible that, in celebrating the obsequies of their common benefactor, the two religions should have been on tolerably free terms of borrowing and lending?

It is plain that Alexander, and it seems likely that the Ptolemies also, wished to effect some sort of friendship between the two religions in question. Before the time of Augustus, this friendship seems to have taken place, for we find the enthusiastic veneration of the populace divided between the god Serapis and the hero Alexander; and, indeed, in the very case before us, it has been proved, that the reputed son of Ammon was invested with the insignia of an European demigod. If this was not inconsistent, it seems to follow, that a Grecian apotheosis might consist with an Egyptian sarcophagus.

And yet, even in making this supposition, we do not move quite so smoothly as might be wished. Philostratus, in his fabulous life of Apollonius, introduces the high priest of Serapis saying, (in the time of Vitellius) 'and who can alter the sacred institutions of Egypt?'‡ Was this a mere *façon de parler?* It should seem so; for it is clear that the people at least had become less rigid; and this may be inferred, even from Philostratus himself.‖ But if any think otherwise, we have yet an alternative. Ptolemy might contrive the funeral of Alexander, with the hope of conciliating the religions of Egypt and Greece, and might be unsuccessful. It is well known how much the Macedonian princes of the East affected the customs of the countries they had subdued; although by a curious, and yet a natural process, when the Ptolemies had really become Egyptians by dint of time, they were fond, as we learn from Pausanias, § of recalling, and being reminded of their Macedonian origin. If this our second hypothesis too should be rejected, we have nothing better to offer, and must lament our inability to explain hieroglyphics.

The arguments by which we have attempted to account for these hieroglyphical inscriptions, are, we acknowledge, not only directly at variance with that of Dr Clarke, but are also, if we

may

* Strab. † Arrian. ‡ Lib. 5. c. 25.
‖ Lib. 5. c. 43. § Paus. lib. 10. c. 7.

may so speak, less effective. He says, Alexander's tomb *must* have been inscribed with hieroglyphics, because the Eastern and Western superstitions were *not* compatible. We say,—it *may* have been so inscribed, because these superstitions *were* compatible. This reasoning, however, is equally good for defensive purposes, as it repels the objection founded on those hieroglyphics.

In the course of this inquiry, we were surprised to find that Mr Henley should, with apparent acquiescence, have copied from Athenagoras and Augustine, the story of Leo the Egyptian priest, who, it is said, informed Alexander the Great that the gods of the Egyptians had formerly been mere mortals. Older authority might be found for this story, than either of the two vouchers cited by Mr Henley, since it is related by no fewer than four of the fathers.* But we agree with them who suppose it to have originated in an odd confusion of Alexander the Great with Alexander Polyhistor.

Bidding adieu to hieroglyphics and Egyptian gods and Greek heroes, we now come to consider the form of the Alexandrian sarcophagus itself, as well as that of the place in which it was found, and to compare these with what history records of the cemetery of Alexander. The hypothesis of Dr Clarke requires us to believe, that the remains of this hero were enshrined within four successive enclosures. First, there was the shell or case, originally of gold, and afterwards of glass, in which the body was immediately reposed. The body, thus cased, lay in a huge sarcophagus of stone, which also contained the armour of the deceased. Over this sarcophagus was built a small shrine or chapel. Lastly, this chapel stood in an open area, surrounded by a wall, or perhaps by a circular building. Our inquiry then is (to speak in homely phrase) *four deep*, and the reader will feel its difficulty, when he hears that, of the four supposed parts of this monument, no one ancient writer mentions more than *two*, so that their various expressions must be carefully sorted together, before they can be turned to much account. Diodorus speaks of πύλος and τάφος, Strabo of πύλος and περίβολος, Herodian of μνῆμα and σορός, and Suetonius of the *conditorium* which contained Alexander's armour. These are the principal witnesses, and from their confronted testimony we are to find out a coffin, a sarcophagus, a chapel, and a *belt*. Of the two extremes, indeed, of this series, we must say that their existence is unquestionable. Dr Clarke makes it clear that the πύλος which immediately enwrapped the body, was merely a frame of golden

* Tertullian, Athenagoras, Minucius Felix, and Augustine. See Davis's notes on it in Tertull. *de pallio*, and Minucius's *Octavius*. Fabricius, however, seems almost to believe the story. See his *Scripta deperdita*.

golden chaſe-work; and it is equally clear from Strabo, that the body was interred in the midſt of a large court or conſecrated encloſure. We muſt allow farther, that, between the gilding of the corpſe, and the *belt* of the burying-ground, ſomething under the name either of a ſarcophagus, or of a ſmall ſhrine, muſt have been interpoſed; for the corpſe could never have been placed in an open area, under the ſhelter of a ſlight metal coating. But what was this ſomething? Was it a ſmall building? Was it a ſarcophagus? Or muſt we ſuppoſe both? Here it is that the evidence ſeems to halt a little. The *conditorium* of Suetonius, and the *ſorus* of Herodian do aſſuredly ſound as if there had been a ſarcophagus; and if this be granted, it may be granted alſo that a ſarcophagus of exquiſite workmanſhip might be thought to want ſome exterior covering. Yet the word *conditorium, might* be applied to a ſacellum or ſort of oratory built immediately over the corpſe, enchaſed as it was in gold; and though σορὸς and τύμβος are not properly ſynonymes, yet we ſee not that Herodian, in uſing the former, muſt neceſſarily have meant ſomething different from the latter. The *ſarcophago contentus erit* of Juvenal ſeems really not much worſe authority, in this place, than either Suetonius or Herodian.

Our author, however, in behalf of the ſarcophagus, reſorts to preſumptive evidence of no contempible kind.

'The forms of Greek and Egyptian ſepulchres, when conſtructed for eminent perſons, were diſtinguiſhed by little variety. Wherever traces of their mode of ſepulture appear, whether in the pyramids of Egypt, among the chambers excavated in the rocks of Syria and Aſia Minor, in Cyprus, the Iſles and Continent of Greece, or in the remote territory of thoſe colonies whoſe *tumuli* dignify the deſolate plains of Tartary, the ſarcophagus invariably appears.' p. 45, 46.

This evidence is ſo ſtrong in favour of Dr Clarke's hypotheſis, that it may ſafely bear a little reduction; and we ſhall therefore ſubmit to this learned gentleman, whether the form of ſepulture in queſtion was really ſo very general as he ſtates it to be? We think we can adduce an inſtance or two of deviation from the rule.

Arrian has given us a moſt minute and curious account of the tomb of Cyrus; ſo curious indeed, and ſo illuſtrative of our preſent ſubject, that we ſhould almoſt have expected it to make a prominent figure in a diſſertation on the tomb of Alexander. Dr Clarke, however, has not mentioned it; his learned coadjutor only alludes to it ſlightly; and we are obliged to compreſs it without mercy. In the midſt of a large encloſure, aroſe a very ſmall ſhrine, containing the remains of the great Cyrus. They were, like thoſe of Alexander, embalmed, and encloſed in a caſe of

of gold; but, inſtead of being entombed within a ſarcophagus, lay upon a couch or ſtand, ſupported on legs of maſſy gold. Upon the couch was alſo placed the imperial robe, together with ſcymitars, chains for the neck, and a variety both of Babyloniſh and Mediſh articles of dreſs, of the richeſt texture and moſt beautiful colours. Alexander always longed to viſit the tomb of Cyrus; and, when he at length effected his purpoſe, was incenſed to find that this magnificent ſepulchre had been plundered of almoſt all its coſtly furniture. He was careful to replace what was loſt, and ſealed up the tomb with the royal ſignet, that it might not be expoſed to a repetition of the injuries it had ſuſtained. The reſemblance between the tomb of Cyrus, as here deſcribed, and what we are told of the tomb of Alexander, is moſt ſtriking, even to the expreſſions uſed by the authors that deſcribe them reſpectively. We have here alſo a περίβολος, a πύλος of gold, with a veil or covering over it (πῶμα or καλυπτὴρ), the arms and regal apparel of the deceaſed interred with the body, and the ſmall chapel which is preſumed to have alſo enſhrined the remains of Alexander. Suppoſing, then, ſome theoriſt to infer, from the cloſeneſs of this reſemblance, from the apparent veneration of Alexander towards the tomb of Cyrus, and perhaps alſo from his known attachment to Perſian faſhions, that he had probably expreſſed a wiſh to be buried in the manner of his great precurſor, and that his body therefore muſt have been laid, not in a ſarcophagus, but on a κλίνη, this conjecture, though much leſs likely than Dr Clarke's, would have its ſhare of plauſibility.

The corpſe of Alexander was placed firſt in a caſe of gold, and afterwards in a caſe of glaſs; and as we have adduced a parallel to the former, we will now ſeek for a *caſe in point* to match the latter. Xerxes (as we read in Ælian *) having entered the monument of an old Babyloniſh king, found there a πύλος of glaſs, which contained the corpſe preſerved in oil. Cloſe by the πύλος, ſtood a low column, bearing an inſcription. But an ill omen occurring, while the king was engaged with the πύλος, (we have not room to detail the matter), he ſhut up the tomb, and retired in diſorder. This anecdote wants minuteneſs; but, from its general complexion, it would not appear that Ælian held the neceſſity of an exterior coffin of ſtone to cover the body and its frame of glaſs, though ſome ſort of roof or building, as a ſhrine for both, is clearly ſuppoſed.

On theſe grounds alone, then, it might be doubted whether the ſarcophagus was univerſally uſed in ancient times; but there is another

* Var. Hiſt. lib. 13. c. 3. The ſame ſtory is told in Photius's Cteſias. Perſ. p. 8. where alſo πύλος is the word.

another important circumſtance to be mentioned, which, however, it muſt be owned, Dr Clarke has not quite overlooked. However common the uſe of ſarcophagi in other countries, if we underſtand that term to mean *recumbent coffins of ſtone*, it was clearly not univerſal in Egypt. Moſt writers, we believe, admit that the Egyptian dead were generally placed in a caſe of wood, and in an erect attitude. The only queſtion, indeed, ſeems to be, whether the contrary was ever the caſe. Pauw decides the queſtion with his uſual coolneſs. 'That rule' (the burying the corpſe upright) 'ſeems to have been always obſerved, except with the kings, who lay at full length in the ſarcophagus.' † Could this be proved, Dr Clarke's hypotheſis would be even a gainer by the circumſtance of the *rare* uſe of the recumbent mode of ſepulture. But the aſſertion of this learned man ſeems to militate againſt the repreſentation of Herodotus, who, ſpeaking of his own time, mentions the erect poſture of the corpſe, even when he is treating of the funeral ceremonies of a man of conſideration, σὺν τῷ ἄλλῳ λόγῳ ἡ. ‡ Yet, on balancing evidence, we lean to an opinion not very different from that of Pauw. Dr Clarke, however, we muſt think, gets rid of the whole queſtion in ſomewhat too ſummary a manner. It is in vain to appeal to the ſarcophagus of Cheops, and 'that monument,' the principal pyramid; ſince the controverſy reſpecting the uſe of the pyramids themſelves turns, in ſome meaſure, on the deciſion of the queſtion reſpecting the uſe of the ſarcophagi, which they were all probably intended to contain. 'Denon' (Dr Clarke ſays) 'proves that ſuch a mode of burial was conſiſtent with the cuſtoms of Egypt in the remoteſt periods of its hiſtory.' We do not think he has poſitively *proved* it, though he has made it likely; for ſome of his own diſcoveries ſeem to afford preſumptions, at leaſt, on the other ſide. But we decline any farther diſcuſſion of a queſtion that has been ſo often diſcuſſed, particularly as we have here no quarrel with the work under examination.

Both the learned authors before us refer to the interment of Joſeph, who was put into 'a coffin,' (σορὸς); and this it ſeems was all. Hence they infer, that the σορὸς was a ſarcophagus. But it ſhould be recollected that, according to the context, Joſeph's remains were to be preſerved, and carried out of Egypt by his poſterity. It was therefore natural that he ſhould not be entombed; and the circumſtance of his being placed in a σορὸς, if it follows that the σορὸς was portable, is ſomewhat againſt the hypotheſis maintained in this publication.

A

† Differt. on the Egyptians and Chineſe, § 6.

‡ Euterp. S. 5.

A word or two must now be said upon the appellation borne by the tomb of Alexander. Strabo informs us that the bodies both of Alexander and of the Ptolemies reposed within an enclosure called *Soma*. This word has attracted notice, and Casaubon supposes it to be an erroneous reading for *Sema*, or *the Monument*; but adds that, if *Soma* be right, the building must have been so called from its containing the body (σῶμα) of Alexander. We incline to prefer *Soma*, not because it is in itself the more likely reading, but because (as Dr Clarke justly intimates) the pure text of so accurate an author as Strabo is not to be lightly altered. Mr Henley proceeds farther, and attempts to support the present reading, partly by shewing its propriety from the convertibility of the terms *soma* and *sema*, and partly by discovering a confirmation of it in two passages of Dio Cassius. In the former attempt, he certainly displays much curious learning; but we shall attempt to shew, that his interpretation of the two extracts from Dio are much more refined than solid.

The historian tells us, with reference to Augustus, Καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα τοῦ μὲν τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου σῶμα εἶδε, καὶ αὐτοῦ καὶ ἁψάμενος, which any plain man would render, 'And after these things he saw the body of Alexander, and even touched it.' But Mr Henley turns it thus; 'He saw both the *Soma* of Alexander, and his *body*, and is said, in handling the latter,' &c. To say nothing of the awkwardness of this construction, which makes Dio talk very indifferent Greek, the context alone will decide the question. Τὸ μὲν τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου σῶμα εἶδε,—τὰ δὲ δὴ τῶν Πτολεμαίων οὐκ εἶδεν. *The* σῶμα *of Alexander indeed he saw, but he did not see* THOSE *of the Ptolemies.* It is obvious that Mr Henley's construction of the word σῶμα would reduce this sentence to something absurd. Augustus might decline seeing the *bodies* of the Ptolemies; but it would have been very odd in him to decline seeing their *Somas*, since they were all interred in the same Soma, and that happened to be the very one which he had already seen.

The other passage of Dio states, that the emperor Severus, having seized the archives of all the Alexandrian temples, shut them up together in the monument of Alexander, that no man might, in future, either see the body, or read the books; ἵνα τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου μνημεῖον συνεκλείσθη, ἵνα μηδεὶς ἔτι μήτε τὸ σῶμα ἴδῃ, κ. τ. λ. According to Mr Henley, this means, 'that the *Soma* might be no more seen.' Now, conceding the propriety of this rendering, either μνημεῖον must signify the same thing as the soma, or it must mean the interior chapel which enshrined the body. If it means the same thing, why this awkward jumble of synonymes? If it means the interior chapel, how could the shutting up of this render the Soma inaccessible? In both these translations from Dio, the learned author before us appears to understand the verb εἶδον in

in ſomewhat of an Engliſh meaning. When we talk of going to *ſee* a fine building or a fine ſeat, we underſtand the entering and examining it, or *inſpicio*; but ἰδεῖν is not this; it implies ſimple *viſion*, and, in this ſenſe, neither Auguſtus nor any other perſon could have walked through Alexandria without ſeeing the Soma, whether it were locked up or open.

We may obſerve, that as Caſaubon propoſed to change the word σῶμα in Strabo into σῆμα, ſo Xylander wiſhed to ſubſtitute ζῶμα, *clauſtrum, cingulum*. There is no end to theſe conjectures; we might as well proceed to recommend χῶμα or ξῶμα, both equally applicable.

There are many ſubordinate points on which we wiſhed to comment; but we have barely left ourſelves ſpace for a few remarks on the *hiſtory* of the tomb of Alexander. Dr Clarke endeavours to accompany it with a chain of hiſtorical evidence from its firſt formation until the preſent time. Ancient hiſtory traces it down as low as the reign of Caracalla. Modern hiſtory is ſuppoſed to take it up about the commencement of the ſixteenth century, when Leo Africanus flouriſhed. In ſpite of the ſilence of a few travellers reſpecting this tomb, it ſeems clear that, beginning at the preſent time, what we call *the tomb of Alexander* can be traced back to the age of Leo. On the other hand, it can hardly be doubted that the real tomb of Alexander was that which was ſeen by Caracalla. But, then, how are we to prove that Caracalla and Leo ſaw the ſame tomb? This is, indeed, a fearful queſtion; for the interval of time between theſe two characters was no leſs than twelve hundred and ſeventy years! Hiſtory fails here; nothing is recorded of the tomb during this interval; and, in the place of hiſtory, Dr Clarke has recourſe to Arabian traditions, which, however, are of too filmy and ſubtle a texture to fill the void. Soon after the death of Caracalla, it is to be obſerved that the pagan idols and temples were deſtroyed, and it was not very long before the Saracens took poſſeſſion of Alexandria.

The veneration of the Mahometans for Alexander, makes it probable that his tomb would be very ſafe under the cuſtody of perſons of that perſuaſion. The difficulty, however, is to prove that it originally arrived ſafe into their hands, or that it ſurvived the ruin which overwhelmed ſo many of the Alexandrian temples. Could we once learn this, we might be the leſs anxious on account even of centuries of ſilent obſcurity, through which it might ſleep under the guardianſhip of its new maſters. On the other hand, could we trace back the adoration paid it by the Mahometans, a few centuries higher, we might be better ſatisfied of the genuineneſs of that monument which they called the tomb of Alexander, though nothing definite were to be known with reſpect to its fate during the deſolation of the pagan edifices of Alexandria. Thus it is neither our ignorance of the fortunes of the

tomb

tomb of Alexander at the period in queſtion, nor the ſubſequent ſilence reſpecting it for ſo many ages, that, ſingly taken, induces us to heſitate in identifying the tomb of Alexander with the ſarcophagus of St Athanaſius; it is the union of theſe two circumſtances, it is the occurrence of a tempeſt which might *poſſibly* deſtroy both the tomb and the ſuperſtitions attending upon it, followed by ages of ignorance in which new ſuperſtitions had time to raiſe themſelves on the ruins of the old, and in which even a new tomb might by degrees become confounded with that which had really held the remains of the Macedonian conqueror.

Yet even theſe difficulties would not be inſuperable, provided it could be proved that the ancient tomb of Alexander, as far as we know its hiſtory, agreed in any characteriſtic circumſtance with that which is now ſo called. In that caſe, the coincidence of features would prove the identity of this monument, however great the difficulty of tracing its fortunes through ſucceſſive ages. But of the ancient tomb of Alexander we ſeem to know hardly any thing poſitive, excepting that it was magnificent, and that it was within the walls of Alexandria. Theſe circumſtances, it is clear, are not marked enough to authoriſe us to pronounce deciſively upon the claims of the Alexandrian ſarcophagus.

Theſe, then, ſeem to be the three principal difficulties in coming to a deciſion on this whole matter; our imperfect knowledge of the form, ſite, and moſt prominent *inſignia* of the ancient tomb of Alexander; our utter ignorance of its fate during the deſolation that overtook the Alexandrian temples; and the total abſence of any information reſpecting it for a thouſand years after that event. Could we clear away but any two of theſe three difficulties, we ſhould not heſitate to give a deciſive opinion on the hypotheſis of Dr Clarke. As the caſe ſtands, we can only ſay that the hypotheſis is *not unlikely*; an expreſſion by which we mean to aſſign to it a poſitive though not a high degree of probability. It is however ſaying not a little, to ſay, that of a hypotheſis neceſſarily made up of a number of ſeparate preſumptions, no direct objection can be urged againſt any one part, and that all the evidence of which the queſtion allows is either friendly to it, or at leaſt not unfriendly.

Independently, indeed, of the difficulties which we have noted as attaching themſelves to the diſcuſſion before us, there is a ſort of prejudice which we cannot quite ſhake off, ariſing from the recollection of certain other hypotheſes that antiquarians have framed, and framed no leſs erroneouſly than plauſibly. Five years, we believe, have ſcarcely elapſed, ſince a book was written to prove that the well-known column called Pompey's Pillar, had originally formed a part of the famous Serapeum or Temple of Serapis. This theory had apparently no other fault than that of being

being a theory, and, what is ſingular, the line of argument adopted in that caſe, did not greatly differ from that which is now purſued by Dr Clarke. Arabian legends were contraſted with Grecian hiſtory; Dr White talked of Serapis, as the preſent author talks of Alexander; and, as Dr Clarke ſuggeſts that the age of the Ptolemies alone could have produced the Alexandrian ſarcophagus, ſo Dr White pronounced that Pompey's Pillar could have been built only in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Yet in that caſe, the decyphering of a few mouldering characters on the baſe of the pillar itſelf, went far indeed to refute a quarto volume replete with Egyptian learning. It would be doing great injuſtice to the ingenious author of the preſent diſſertation, to pretend that his hypotheſis ſtands on the ſame level of probability with that of Dr White. It is indeed conſiderably more probable; yet who can baniſh the idea, that the diſcovery of a ſingle manuſcript, which ſhould throw light on the hiſtory of this ſarcophagus, might confound all our reaſonings on the ſubject? This, however, is to ſay little more than that Dr Clarke has not made his point *certain*; and when we add that he probably would have no reaſon to be confounded in the caſe ſuppoſed, and that, on the contrary, his hypotheſis would have every thing to hope from the diſcovery of ſuch a manuſcript, we aſcribe to it a degree of weight much beyond that of the great maſs of antiquarian conjectures and learned reſeaches.

We intended fully to have taken diſtinct notice of ſome collateral but very intereſting inquiries, purſued in this publication. Such are Dr Clarke's conjectures with regard to the medals of Lyſimachus, his account of his diſcovery of the ruins of Saïs, as well as of thoſe of Tithorea at the baſe of Parnaſſus, and Profeſſor Hailſtone's letter on the ſubſtances employed in the Egyptian monuments brought to England. Theſe points we are neceſſitated to leave; and the curſory peruſal which alone we have been able to give to the papers mentioned, authoriſes us merely to recommend them to the attention of our readers, as worthy their regard.

We muſt again compliment Dr Clarke on the ſpirit with which he both travels and writes. His work is free from all ſorts of pedantry, though he is at once a traveller, and a ſcholar, and an antiquarian. With reſpect to his performance, indeed, in the ſecond of theſe characters, we could have forgiven him, if, in one reſpect, he had hazarded a nearer approach to pedantry. We wiſh that, after the manner of his learned coadjutor Mr Henley, he had diſcarded the Latin tranſlations which he ſubjoins to his Greek extracts. Theſe tranſlations are ſometimes very inaccurate; witneſs that of Herodian in page 63.

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